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A Magazine of General Literature

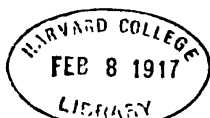
EDITED BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

THIRTY-SECOND YEARLY VOLUME

1904

Dublin

M. H. GILL & SON, O'CONNELL-STREET
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REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.,

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THE IRISH MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1904

OLD-TIME JANUARY

Hail ancient manners ! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws ;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws ;
Hail usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, mountains old !—

WORDSWORTH.

JANUARY is often uncouth, but the bards will not admit that he is unkind. It is true that one of them has sung, absurdly enough, of the "season of snows and sins," and poets, who enrich the blood of the intellectual world, may be forgiven if Spring is dearer to them than Winter, Autumn more beloved than Summer. "Tolerant of the colder time," they may be, and are, but the sweet of the year is not brought by January. The month of the biting breath too often comes to us clad in complete ice, wrapped from head to heel in a flaky mantle of white ; and though he catch the holly wreath from dead December's hand, and appear to us crowned with leaves of green and berries of red, smiling happily through his glacial vizard, at his passing we do not weep. There are poets who loved him well : it would be hard to find an English singer who cares for him not at all—albeit some have loved him at a distance. From the sofa, behind curtained windows, from their own fireside, they have wooed him ; but he was never the darling of their heart. Even Virgil sends his husbandman home and looks at winter from the retreat of the chimney-corner. "Winter

is come," he says; "the Sicyonian berry is crushed in the olive-presses, the swine come home sleek from their acorns, the woodland yields her arbute-clusters. . . . Meanwhile sweet children cling round his kisses, the home abides in sacred purity, the kine droop their milky udders, and on the shining grass fat kids wrestle with confronting horns. *Himself keeps holiday.*"

Large leisure seems to have been the rule of older times, both classical and mediæval. "Himself kept holiday" might be said of the labourer and the yeoman of the middle ages, as well as of the knight. Christmas lasted from the Nativity to the Purification. No one dreamt of removing the holly and the ivy until the day of Our Lord's Presentation in the Temple. January was a festal month. Even after the Reformation a poet says—

Let the russet swains the plough
And harrow hang up, resting now.

Yet city life and country life were always dissimilar. Streets dumb with snow must still be noisy with business: trade could not be stopped for an entire month. Husbandry might or might not be suspended, partly on account of the frost and snow. Yet even in great cities the twelve days from Christmas to the Epiphany were holidays. Local Councils of the Church had so proclaimed them: kings and emperors had enforced the Church's legislation. A French authority tells us that "in the eleventh and twelfth centuries servile work and traffic were suspended from the 20th of December until the 6th of January." Merry-making was of course, but the good God was not forgotten even by the indolent. We hear of "true men fearing God" being stationed in the streets of cities and villages, and on the public ways, to exhort the negligent to repair to church. During such a sacred season with its delightful cycle of feasts, St. Stephen the Martyr, St. John the Beloved, the Holy Innocents, to say nothing of the Octave of the great Feast of Christmas, the devout would become more devout, and the careless could scarcely escape the holy influences of the time.

Pre-eminently was Christmas, and the days that followed it, a period of large almsgiving. The well-to-do kept open house. In England the beef and beer were scarcely ever removed from the great hall tables. The poor could dine at a fresh board upon each one of those twelve days. The needy man had not to wait for an

introduction : his claim to the hospitality of the rich was just his poverty. Children were received with acclamation, clothed and fed and warmed and sent away laden with food and raiment. The minstrel received ten thousand welcomes.

The citizen's hall was sometimes preferred to the baron's. The burgomaster had not so many lackeys as the nobleman, and the smaller hall was sometimes the warmer, the crowd was less, the servants more kindly, the table just as well spread. At such times the master of the house multiplied his bedesmen ; the mistress thought herself happy to be commended to God in the prayers of the poor and of the young. " 'Twas merry in the hall when beards wagged all " ; 'twas merrier still when the hungry had been fed and the shivering warmed and clothed. 'Twas happy for the hospitable when he or she lay before the altar between the yellow candles and a crowd of weeping men and women and children prayed heaven for rest and peace for the departed almsgiver.

Monastery gates, never upon any day in the year closed upon the poor, were thronged at this gracious time. Men thrown out of work by the rigour of the January weather, flocked to the abbey for their daily food ; the cloister was the poor man's second home. The monks gave rights to the needy, so that the hungry should not blush to ask for their dues. All day long, in gate-house and guest-hall, warm food stood in plenty waiting for the guests of God. Whatever the faults of the middle ages may have been, neglect of the corporal works of mercy was not among them. Like a big, beautiful mother, standing with outstretched arms to welcome her children, the abbey towered over thorp and village and town, always inviting the people, always providing and never refusing food for body and soul.

After a visit to the monastery buttery, a poor wight could pass into the minster to pray his prayer, and to make his soul. The Church was his art gallery and museum ; it was his palace of music. It contained treasures that in coming ages kings and countries would wrangle over, and for which millionaires and corporations, even governments, would bid in vain. " Stained windows of that old glass which . . . grows into a poem in the brain ; " priceless tapestries showing forth the mysteries of the Word Incarnate ; silken banners embroidered with the sacred heraldry of the Church ; altars draped with jewelled velvet and

adorned with candlesticks of precious metal ; lamps burning before statues and shrines ; the very pavement

Inscriptured, covering their sacred bones
Who lie i' the aisles which keep the names they gave,
Their trust abiding round them in the grave ;
Whom painters paint for visible orisons,
And to whom sculptors pray in stone and bronze ;

frescoes which show forth the dealings of God with men from the birth of the world ; a screen whose intricate and delicate carving seems to support the massive Rood as if by miracle ; the wonder of the mystery that lies beyond the screen—the great high altar looming majestically at the end of an avenue of canopied stalls.

"There is a magic in beautiful buildings which exercises an irresistible influence over the mind of man," say Lord Beaconsfield in his *Sibyl*. "One of the reasons urged for the destruction of monasteries, after the dispersion of their inhabitants, was the pernicious influence of their solemn and stately forms on the memories and imagination of those that beheld them. It was impossible to connect systematic crime with the creators of such divine fabrics." And when one of his characters asks why the people did not rise in favour of their benefactors, the monks, the novelist answers him at once : "They did rise, but too late. They struggled for a century, but they struggled against property, and they were beaten. As long as the monks existed, the people, when aggrieved, had property on their side. It was war that created these ruins, civil war, of all our civil wars the most inhuman, for it was waged with the unresisting. The monasteries were taken by storm, they were sacked, gutted, battered with war-like instruments, blown up with gunpowder ; you may see the marks of the blast against the new tower here. [The speakers are visiting a ruined abbey.] Never was such a plunder. The whole face of the country for a century was that of a land recently invaded by a ruthless enemy ; it was worse than the Norman Conquest ; nor has England ever lost this character of ravage. I don't know whether the union workhouses will remove it. They are building something for the people at last. After an experiment of three centuries, your gaols being full, and your treadmills losing something of their virtue, you have given us a substitute for the monasteries." The speaker adds that he is considering the question not as a matter of religion, but as a matter of right—"of *private right and public happiness*."

The minster was the poor man's paradise of music. No true lover of sacred song would wish to belittle the modern oratorio. It is full of meaning, full of beauty, generally inspiring, nearly always ennobling. No thoughtful man can listen to the *Messiah*, the *Elijah*, the *Hymn of Praise*, without being the better for their moving melodies and massive harmonies, yet how incongruous are the oratorio's surroundings! A public hall filled with fashionables, an arena crowded with the frivolous and the smart! An unbeliever has been heard to express his contempt for the "light half-believers of our casual creeds," who amid such a mob could listen to and applaud the singing of sacred words so closely wedded to the deepest mysteries of religion. We do not defend his view, nor do we hold a brief for the conditions under which the oratorio is often produced. Who will may take sides on a question of this sort. If a verse can catch the man who flies a sermon, what may not an oratorio do? It is something that smart frivolity should now and again be brought within hearing of this "blest pair of Sirens, pledges of heaven's joy, sphere born, harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse."

It is hard to disassociate the idea of an oratorio from that of a mere performance, even if it be executed in a Protestant cathedral. Edward Fitzgerald felt the incongruity. He says in one of his letters: "I think Handel never gets out of his wig, that is, out of his age: his Alleluiah Chorus is a chorus not of angels, but of well-fed earthly choristers, ranged tier above tier in a Gothic cathedral, with princes for audience, and their military trumpets flourishing over the full volume of the organ."

The Church's liturgy was the oratorio of the middle ages. Sight and hearing were at one and the same moment sanctified. The heart was touched and raised to God. Solemn High Mass brings Heaven so very near. Men and boys consecrated to God sing before the throne of the Lamb songs of adoration and of praise, and the most illiterate may unite his will and intention with the Holy Act that is in progress. Like the poor man who knelt in a corner of a tavern room while St. Ignatius and his companions were wrapped in prayer, the simple peasant can say: "Lord, what these Thy servants chant and sing I humbly wish to make my own." Union was so easy when everything was directed to and connected with a common end. Words and music, priest and singers, the vestments they wore, the altar at which they stood,

the objects they touched, the very building in which they were assembled—all had been dedicated to God. Worship was a reality. Losing faith in the Real Presence, the reformers lost also the faculty of worship. Little by little every church in England took on the appearance of an auditorium. People assembled to listen to a preacher. Prayer and praise became incidental, and Worship in its fullest sense was unknown. The supreme point, the chief musical attraction in choirs and places where they sang was, and is still in many Protestant cathedrals, the anthem. Now the anthem is an oratorio in miniature, and the people hear it gladly. Having arrived just in time for it, as soon as it is over they leave in a body. The writer has seen and heard a stampede of this sort which drowned the voice of the minor canon who was intoning the State prayers that follow the anthem.

Like most things good and beautiful, the oratorio came to us from Italy. The pious Catholic composers of the first oratorios of course intended them to be sung in churches, and the Fathers of the Congregation of the Oratory still make use of them on special days. They fittingly superseded the pious little dramas and interludes that lingered in some of our churches even when the mysteries and miracle plays were banished to the churchyard or to the market-place.

Our point is that Holy Church has always been mindful of her children's needs, and that when life was simpler and more pious the laity needed little or nothing beyond what their mother provided. She recognised man's composite character and made provision for it. "Man is not a creature of pure reason," as Charles Lamb reminds us: "he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your Quakers' spirit of unsensualizing would have kept out." We may quote Lord Beaconsfield again, for here is a matter that he had evidently thought out. "Formerly," he says, "religion undertook to satisfy the noble wants of human nature, and by its festivals relieved the painful weariness of toil. The day of rest was consecrated, if not always to elevated thoughts, at least to sweet and noble sentiments. The Church convened to its solemnities, under its splendid and almost celestial roofs, amid the finest monuments of art that human hands have raised, the whole Christian population: for there in the presence of God all were brethren. It

shared equally among all its prayer, its incense, and its music : its sacred instructions, and the highest enjoyments that the arts could afford."

Thousands of modern folk owe a deep debt of gratitude to Sir John Lubbock : but how amused would a mediæval man have been at the idea of a Bank Holiday ! After three centuries' neglect of the Church's festivals, Parliament had to intervene and enforce the observance of an August Monday, and one or two other days in the course of twelve months ! "The Puritan interpretation of Christianity has had a fair trial," says Mr. H. F. Benson, "and indeed it seems to have made but a poor job out of it. . . Starved lives and unrealised ideals !"

Except for a favoured few, the days of large leisure have passed away with the widening of the world and the multiplying of its population—still more with the growth of individual greed of wealth. Never again will Christmas last from St. Thomas' Day until the Feast of the Purification. All the world has become a shop, its population shopkeepers. And an exceedingly noble pursuit shopkeeping may be, and often is : but it should not starve lives and destroy ideals. It should not warp character and shatter health. It ought not to lead to the selling of all that a man has in the shape of mental goods, for the purchase of a little yellow dust. It should not turn a richly endowed youth into a kind of slot machine, or change an artist into an automaton. It must not be permitted to extract from life all that makes existence worth the having. Above all it must not be allowed to rise between man and his Maker, and deprive him of the exercise of that Faith which makes the unseen more real than the seen : of that Hope which is the one anchor of a soul immortal and imperishable : of that Love of God and man which is the only rule of life, the one tie that binds us to a Creator whose mercies are indeed over all His works, but Who has said : "Be not deceived, God is not mocked. For what things a man shall sow, those also shall he reap."

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

MURNYEL

IN Murnyel, where my heart is,
 The fields are fair ;
 The whinny hills are yellow
 As a cailin's hair ;
 In wisps of sun-slit silver
 The mist hangs low,
 Where purple stains the heather,
 And the bog-flowers blow.

But not for green o' meadow
 My heart craves still ;
 Ah, not for gold or purple
 Of heath or hill !
 The silver o' the bog-mist
 Is nought to me,
 Nor any flower in Murnyel
 Where the wind sings free.

A weeny cot my thought is
 All else above ;
 In dreams I seek its threshold,
 My nest of love.
 I'll travel far to find her
 Who dwells within—
 To Murnyel, where my heart is,
 Its pearl to win.

CHARLES QUIN.

OLD THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR

FAITH and reason, religion and philosophy, have many striking things to tell us about the flight of time as measured by the beautiful succession of minutes and hours and days and weeks and months and years. The largest manageable fragment of time is a year, and the beginning of a new year brings home to us more emphatically those solemn lessons that are suggested by the least serious consideration of life and time. "Sands make the mountains—minutes, years"; but we trample the sands under foot, uncounted and unobserved, while the mountain rises up before us, calm, immovable, and the eye must needs rest upon it constantly; we cannot ignore it. Nor can we ignore the passing of a year, however lightly we may heed the minutes that compose it.

And therefore it is that at this epoch of the year, when one year has just ended and another has just begun, even the most thoughtless find themselves constrained to put this question in some form or other to Him who alone can answer it: "Make known to me, O Lord, the number of my days, that I may know what is wanting to me" (Psalm xxxviii. 5). This prayer of the Psalmist springs naturally to our lips whenever anything makes us realise how quickly life is passing away from us. So much of our term of life is gone already and the rest is following so swiftly that the question presses upon us: how much of it still remains? "Make known to me, O Lord, the number of my days." God will not do so; the number of our days and years He keeps a secret to Himself, and this secret is one of the most important provisions of God's providence in working out the sanctification of our souls. This secret adds a terrible emphasis to the often repeated warning of our Redeemer, who will be our Judge: "Be ye always ready—watch and pray, for you know not the day nor the hour."

On New Year's Day we look back, and then look forward. We are like travellers climbing a mountain, who must at certain stages pause to take breath. Now, the first use the climbers are sure to make of such breathing-spaces is to turn their faces away from the heights above them and to gaze down at the place from which they started, the road by which they have come. Something like this,

we, too, have done in bringing the old year to a close ; but such a retrospect, such a glancing backward, is chiefly useful as an incentive to make us form the resolution that St. Paul had formed before he said : " Forgetting the things that are behind, I stretch myself forward to the things that are before me." We, also, must now again face resolutely the heights above us, and, with renewed courage and energy, we must continue the toilsome ascent.

For many of us, however, the remainder of life's journey can hardly be called an ascent. We not only speak of life as an uphill journey, but we speak of those who have reached a certain stage of that journey as going down the hill. Life is not a journey from sea-beach to mountain-top, but rather from shore to shore, across the steep and rugged and perilous isthmus which separates two oceans—the ocean of nothingness from which we have come, and the ocean of eternity towards which we are hastening, however reluctantly ; hastening, not by voluntary effort of our own, but by the very gravitation of our mortality. Every step brings us nearer to the margin of that dark mysterious sea, which all must cross over, never to return. The waves of that ocean dashing on the rocks below—we may hear them more and more clearly at every step.

Yes ; at every step. For here it is not as with those mountain-climbers we spoke of a moment ago. For us there is no pause. Whether we rest or toil, sleeping or waking, life goes on. The very moment in which we are speaking, even before we have finished the sentence, nay, the words upon our lips, is already gone, as irrevocably gone as the day of our First Communion, long ago.

These are mere truisms, but we sometimes require to be reminded that certain mere truisms, however plain and commonplace and tiresome, are after all true ; and this is true, that even the longest life is made up of a limited number of moments of time, and that moment after moment, without the slightest break or pause between them, is passing away silently and swiftly, and with each moment passes away, used or unused, an opportunity of increasing our security of a happy eternity and of making that eternity happier.

Yes, happy and happier. For it is not merely a question of being lost or saved, though that ought to be enough " to make us work out our salvation with fear and trembling," in real earnest,

without a day's break or an hour's delay. But over and above the final saving of our souls, every hour of the year that is just over, every hour of all the past years of our lives, which was not employed in God's grace and according to God's will, is a loss to be deplored, a loss, to a certain extent, irreparable. Yes, every hour once lost is, in a certain true sense, lost utterly and for ever. That individual hour can never be made up for, can never be employed for the purposes for which God gave it to us. Some other hour, indeed, may try to atone for it; but that other hour has its own work to do, its own merits to gain, without seeking to supply for other portions of God's gift. Heroic penance, it is true, can leave languid innocence behind in the race for sanctity; but with poor sinners like us, with such penance as we are likely to perform, has not each day of our lives quite enough to do to atone for itself? Why should we allow our daily debt to God to fall into such terrible arrears?

Let us then strive to begin the New Year not only with a pure conscience and a fervent and humble determination (to save our souls at any cost, but with an earnest wish and a firm purpose to spend each month and week and day, as it passes, in such a manner that we shall be able to look back upon them, not with remorse but with joy and gratitude, from that future day (God knows how far in front of us it lies), that day of death which shall be for us the New Year's Day of eternity. Fancy that you have reached that day or the eve of that day—fancy that you are lying on your deathbed, and looking back on your past life from your deathbed, and try now to realize what shall be your feelings and desires *then*: then, when we shall know better how perfectly God deserves to be loved, how faithfully and fervently He merits to be served, and how generously He will reward through the endless day of eternity each separate additional moment of this fleeting time that is spent in His service.

In this effort to read the present in the light of the future we may be helped by a little apologue of Jean Paul Richter—the same idea indeed which was developed into a delightful Christmas Tale in our own language and made many laugh and some almost weep some sixty Christmases ago, and often since.* The New Year's

* Charles Dickens's "Christmas Carol," the first and far the best of his four Christmas Books. It has just been translated into Irish by the Rev. Patrick Dinneen.

Night of a Miserable Man (as the German writer calls his phantasy) supposes a certain man, miserable indeed and old, friendless and desolate, to be forced by the epoch of the year which has suggested to us a similar train of thought to look back on the life which he felt was for him coming to an end. He looks back, and he sees nothing there but a dreary blank and worse than a blank: folly and sin and crime—opportunities lost, graces abused, inspirations stifled, the promise of youth blighted—all lost utterly and for ever. And he cries out in the bitterness of his soul: “Oh that I could live my life over again! Oh! that my youth could return!”

And lo! his youth returned. He was young again. His life was still before him. It was all a dream of what might have been, of what might still be, if he did not now at once shake off his sloth and curb his passions and live for God and eternity. Let us also dream this dream and awake from it to a like resolve.

M. R.

THE SAINTS

HERE they lived in labour,
 Hungering for grace,
 Meek and very humble,
 Each one in his place:
 There they rest, nor hunger,
 Crowned kings for aye,
 Time gone by and trouble
 Fled away.

All day long they followed
 Toiling after Christ,
 For whose hearts undaunted
 Hope alone sufficed;
 Now His face for ever
 Fills them full of joy,
 Great delight is in their souls
 That cannot cloy.

J. W. A.

DR. SHEEHAN'S NEW BOOK

AN APPRECIATION

FOR some months past there have been whisperings of another treat in store for us from the pen of Father Sheehan, and eagerly have we watched and waited for it. Some indeed could not resign themselves to wait for it in book-form, but hastened to enroll themselves among the readers of the fine magazine which, under the curious name of *The Dolphin*, caters cleverly for educated Catholic laymen in the United States, and which had the privilege of first introducing to the world *Under the Cedars and the Stars*, even as its more theological sister, *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, had done for *My New Curate* with such brilliant results.

It is therefore with a hearty *ceud mile faillte* that we at last hail the appearance of this beautiful book. As we open the crisp volume, with its bright crimson cover, we note to our greater satisfaction that it is an Irish firm that has the privilege of publishing *Under the Cedars and the Stars*.

This time, it is not a story that Dr. Sheehan has given us. Some perhaps will be disappointed to hear this; but let them "taste and see" how pleasantly (as well as profitably) he can beguile for us the tedium of the winter evening, even when he is no longer tracing those incomparable scenes and life-like pictures of Irish life which we enjoyed so much in *My New Curate* and in *Luke Delmege*. His new work is a psychological study, but this high-sounding description need not deter us from the book—which some will doubtless prefer even to its immortal predecessors.

It has the one charm in particular of revealing to us more of the author's personality than his novels; and who amongst us is without that craving to see "behind the veil"? Many have quite a morbid curiosity concerning the inner life of a man whom they admire. Whether he be a Napoleon, a Leo XIII. or a Tennyson, they like to know everything about him, down to his very weaknesses and hobbies. Are we not then privileged in being allowed to penetrate into Father Sheehan's sanctum? Here in his cosy study, "by firelight and lamplight," he talks to us of all things under

the sun (and "under the stars"), giving us so many interesting side-lights on his own views, tastes, and feelings, that we are quite flattered by his confidences, and come to think his definition of literature as "a General Confession" a very apt one.

Still, though we are made to feel at home, we need not imagine the style is homely, for it is polished and refined—nay, often sublime. Even when he is treating of "the meanest flower that blows," Dr. Sheehan does not scorn to lavish on it the wealth of his eloquence; and, indeed, he owns to being "sentimental enough to find poetry in an earth-worm." Much of his prose is poetry, though without the adjuncts of metre and rhyme. Perhaps he has had the good fortune to meet with that wonderful fairy of one of Grimm's Tales, whose gift, to those she touched with her wand, is that every time they speak gold falls from their lips!

Under the Cedars and the Stars consists of four parts, entitled "Autumn," "Winter," "Spring" and "Summer"; and subdivided as it is into a number of lesser sections (each under a separate heading and more or less complete in itself), this is just the book for those who can only snatch odd moments for their reading: one can dip into it at hazard without detriment to the sense or interest.

The variety of subjects discussed, the subtle, almost imperceptible gradations in which the author glides from one topic to another, the marvellous erudition to which every page bears testimony, and the quantity of beautiful word-painting and description. At one moment we find ourselves soaring to the empyrean through the lofty realms of philosophy; at another, gazing earthwards to watch a redbreast hopping at our feet, to admire the intricate construction of a little flower, or perhaps merely to contemplate a fragile snowdrop. Now, we are visiting a monastery, or else walking the hospitals and the prisons, learning there great lessons of charity and humanity; anon we are transported to the shore to view "the eternal war of Nature" between "the aggressive sea, flinging its tonnage of waters on the land, and the patient rocks, washed and beaten and tortured, for ever turning their patient faces to the sea." But evermore our author is philosophizing and insensibly leading us back from each starting-point to Him whom he calls the Great Warden of the Universe.

Mangan has been called "the Prospero of ruthless wand," but Father Sheehan, too, is in very truth a new Prospero when he

conjures up for us "a great magnetic storm," and bids us harken to "the mighty nocturnal oratorio of the Heavens." As we read, perhaps we instinctively draw near to the fire with the grateful feeling that comes to us when we hear the elements raging outside, while we are cosily ensconced at our *ain ingle nook*. The description of a "Cataract day" is also very telling. *Apropos* of this, we are reminded of the story of one who, reading *Le Conscrié* on a summer's evening, went abstractedly to don a heavy overcoat—so vividly and with such grim reality has Erekmaan-Chatrian here depicted the severity of a Russian winter. It is this same dramatic power of description which Father Sheehan possesses, and by which he can enhance even the simple story of the captive lark: he sets each pathetic detail before us in such a way that, when the little prisoner-bird is set at liberty, we ourselves almost exult with a new sense of freedom.

Then, with what a novel quaintness of style he can paint pictures, at which perhaps every artist, of the pen as of the brush, has already wrought. Here is his interpretation of Autumn:—"The first patch of gold is seen on the chestnut, Nature is winding up her little affairs in view of her approaching demise—and the winds are beginning to practise their winter requiem over a dead and silent world." His description of a late and sudden autumn he condenses into two words, telling us that "this is not the burial but the cremation of Nature." We have to ponder a moment to see the full force and beauty of this poetic idea. For "the Fall of the Leaf," too, Father Sheehan has his fanciful metaphor ready:—"To the swift march of the west wind Nature is opposing her resisting legions (the leaves), and in the struggle and collision, amid the inspiring sounds of battle, they fall in myriads, the slain of the autumnal fight." And here is one of his pictures of Dawn:—"Presently the sun arose, and all the flowers began to turn their gentle and wistful faces towards him. It was as the face of a mother bending over the cradle of children awakened in terror of the night."

Graveyards he calls "the silent cities, where the beautiful mysterious dead sleep on," the soul is a "king in exile," *gravitation* "the Hercules of the heavens."

But, though we would fain quote *ad infinitum*, we must hasten on, for if Father Sheehan can unroll endless panoramas before our gaze, and cast on everything that "light that never was on sea or

land," nevertheless there is much in his book besides word-painting. It is, in part, biographical, for we get an insight into the lives and life's work of saints, philosophers, scientists, poets, and writers of every description. The great men who defile before us, as we read, are legion. In two pages alone Fénelon, Lacordaire, the Curé d'Ars and Lamennais are all introduced, and still we get of each as perfect a *tableau vivant* (so to speak) as we could wish for.

Of the poets the great Florentine seems to reign supreme in Father Sheehan's estimation. It is easy to see that "the Philistine deity" Burns, and "Carlyle's godkin," Goethe, are no favourites of his. Nor are Macaulay and Ruskin in the realm of prose!

Of Shakespeare he says that "he is the greatest of dramatists but not the greatest of poets; the greatest interpreter of the human, the poorest interpreter of the divine." Amongst the finest pages in the book are those devoted to Shelley—"mad Shelley," for whose incomparable lyrics and odes Dr. Sheehan seems to have a warm admiration—though he draws here his parallel of the robin and the worm, and laments that we so easily forget the mangled worm in the song and plumage of the little butcher-bird—and the free love and atheism of the poet, in his "music as of Ariel."

And now, what tit-bits of information can we glean from his book concerning our reverend author himself? Well—to begin with—he seems to be a true lover of Nature, to take a great pride in his garden, and to be passionately fond of birds and of flowers. Of these he says "they are the sweetest things that God has made and forgot to put a soul in." For children, too, he has a great liking, and there is a passage of wonderful beauty (the 90th paragraph in "Autumn") describing a little child.

His books—what of *them*? He tells us himself that he has "two constant, never-varying loves—his philosophers and his poets." . . . But, though Father Sheehan seems indeed to have fathomed the depths, and to be at home with every literature, especially Greek and German, nevertheless he is no book-worm, but is endowed with all those finer susceptibilities of feeling which enable him to lend a living interest to his stores of erudition. The memory of his sisters he seems to cherish fondly: "of one in particular, the only dark-haired one of the family," the presence haunts him through life. More than once he alludes to a sister's love, and tells us that it is, of all loves, the most abiding and

unselfish. Then, quoting the examples of Balzac, Pascal and Mürger on the one hand, and of Rénan on the other, he shows us how great an influence, be it for good or for evil, a sister can exercise.

We infer that Father Sheehan is rather a home-bird than a traveller, and knows not that craving for constant change of which we moderns are so often the victims; still he gives us an interesting disquisition on the subject of travel in general, and of the Alps in particular.

But it would be "wasteful and ridiculous excess"—and a hopeless task besides—to try and touch on all that is to be found in *Under the Cedars and the Stars*. We owe Father Sheehan a debt of deep gratitude for his wonderful literary kaleidoscope. Let us hope that he will continue like his "Child of Genius" to "put forth beauty after beauty," nor find the path of Literature the all too thorny one he describes. Doubtless there are little minds who always overlook the general beauty of a work, and see but the inevitable flaw or spec; but Father Sheehan, for one, can afford to soar above petty criticism and pursue his course undaunted.

One word more: we could not close without a reference to his intense love for Ireland and evident sympathy with all things Irish. He calls us the People of Destiny, and prophesies great things for our future, founding his hopes on those "religious instincts which nothing can uproot," on that "power of adapting all that is best in life with all that is useful for eternity," and, last but not least, on our sense of humour! So thoroughly indeed does he seem to enter into the spirit of our people and to understand them, that we venture to think he must have something of dear old Daddy Dan's temperament, and is not so much the staid P.P. or the learned D.D. as our own *Soggarth Aroon*.

C. P.

OUR STORY

HOW FAR HAS IT GONE ?

OUR story is of course the story that Miss Frances Maitland is telling us month by month, making us intimately acquainted with half a dozen people, young and old, and slightly acquainted with another half dozen. There are, we may say, two heroes and two heroines, and one of the latter has a mother and grandmother. Then there is an old priest and a young priest, and among their flock at the two extremes of the social grade Mrs. Molly Delaney and General Shotover.

Why is this matter broached here and now ? Because at this opening month of our Magazine's thirty-second year several new subscribers have enrolled themselves under her banner, and more are likely to come ; and it seems hardly fair that our thirteen or fourteen pages of fiction should every month be unintelligible to these new friends who would thus be excluded from the best part of our entertainment. It has therefore occurred to us that we might employ in favour of these late comers a device that is used sometimes in magazines, especially in New York, introducing each new instalment of a serial tale by a summary of the preceding chapters. Let us try to tell the story ourselves very briefly and baldly, as far as it has gone, so that the plot and the situation may be fairly understood, even by those who take up the narrative for the first time at its forty-third chapter.

We have ventured to speak of two heroes : for is not Dr. Jem Tracy a sufficiently prominent character to be called so ? But probably that dignity is meant to be reserved for James Lycett, a young American who is at present "in the old country," chiefly for the purpose of finding out if any of his grandfather's relatives still reside in the neighbourhood of Stockton-on-Maze. As his people are Catholics, he naturally consults the old priest of the place, Father Matthew Consett, through whom he becomes acquainted with Miss Teresa Harnett, whose grandmother, old Mrs. Makepeace, had known the Lycetts in days long gone by. Teresa and her mother and grandmother are very cleverly contrasted, the convent-bred maiden being very gentle and refined,

while Mrs. Harnett is particularly unsentimental and coarse of fibre. It is unnecessary to add that the quiet stranger falls in love with Miss Teresa ; but when at last he manages to "propose," he is meekly and kindly but firmly "declined with thanks"—like an unsuitable manuscript (editorial simile)—though everyone respects him and likes him, and though he has all social advantages on his side.

While these things are going on at the Glebe Farm, Annie Priddock is dying in Baronscourt. Her twin sister Mary is the other heroine. These friendless orphans had lost most of their scanty means and been decoyed to Stockton by a swindling advertisement ; and just before the story opens they had drifted into very unsuitable quarters in the town. The only Baronscourt of our acquaintance is the beautiful seat of the Duke of Abercorn near Newtownstewart in the north of Ireland, with its brilliant terraces of flowers sloping down to the margin of the lake ; but the Baronscourt of our story is a squalid alley of Stockton where a good, warm-hearted, religious Irishwoman, Molly Delaney—who is not, however, a bigoted abstainer—lives with others of that class, paying their weekly rent at the point of the bayonet to a dissipated old termagant, Mrs. Braddall, who is dying in a less interesting manner than her new tenant Annie Priddock. Annie dies first. In fact we don't know ourselves whether Mrs. Braddell is to die just yet. We have not got so far as that in the story. She is in a bad way, however, and Molly Delaney is nursing her under difficulties.

Like most Annies, this one was sweet and gentle ; while Mary was strong and a little hardened by their misfortunes, strikingly beautiful, with a refined, haughty kind of beauty. The dying girl was attended by the two kinds of physician, Father John Harrington, Father Matthew's grave, holy, big curate, and Dr. Jem Tracy who becomes greatly interested in the girl who is *not* going to die. He carries his interest so far as to debate with himself what would happen if he asked Mary Priddock to be his wife and began a new career elsewhere. He does not commit himself, however, but on the contrary, we are sorry to say, he lets himself be carried away by vanity and by jealousy of the young American to pay court to Teresa Hartnett who gives him the full devotion of her innocent heart.

The accepted lover tries to train himself for his part. He knows how good and sweet Teresa is, but he has not sufficient love for

her, and he has a very decided aversion for her worthy but somewhat vulgar mother. If the marriage had come off, we are afraid he would have cherished to the full the traditional feelings that are supposed to be a mother-in-law's perquisite.

He stood on his head on the hard sea shore,
And joy was the cause of the act ;
And he felt as he never had felt before—
Insanely glad in fact.
And why ? In yon vessel that leaves the bay
His mother-in-law sets sail
For a tropical island far away,
Where tigers and snakes prevail.

But happily the event did not come off. The out-spoken, half-doting old grand-mother never liked the doctor ; and she diagnoses accurately (the term is appropriate in the context) all the symptoms of the case, and speaks out her mind on the subject. Teresa, after sundry complications, consults Father Matthew and finally insists on releasing Dr. Jem from his engagement.

Meanwhile, after his unsuccessful suit at the Glebe Farm, James Lycett has been consoling himself by increased energy in his cousin-hunting. Father Matthew finds out by an old entry in the parish register that his grand-aunt, Elizabeth Lycett, was secretly married to General Shotover, who is now in the parish, supposed to be an old bachelor of eighty-five. Interviewed, he acknowledges the marriage, and, though a very cynical, hard old fellow, he very emphatically frees his wife from all blame as regards the separation. But though he provided amply for her, he is able to trace her history no further. It is ascertained, however, that she had a daughter who married a bank-clerk named Prideaux, of small means and large pretensions. After two or three changes of residence all trace was lost.

This is almost enough to qualify an intelligent reader to begin "In the Old Country" with its forty-third chapter. Father Matthew has, indeed, got a clue which seems to connect Mary Priddock with the long-dead Elizabeth Lycett ; and before that, he had been struck by her likeness to the Shotover family. A desk, too, which she had preserved from their old family belongings, bore the name *Prideaux*, of which *Priddock* was, no doubt, a corruption. Mary herself has meanwhile been at death's door from fever caught while attending the child of James Lycett's landlady, by whom she has been employed as a dressmaker, having

left Baronsecourt immediately after Annie's death. Old Dr. Bucknill, to whom our friend Dr. Tracy is a sort of junior partner, has brought her safely through her illness ; and when she is moving about again we may expect complications, especially as James Lycett has returned to Stockton, and will find that Teresa Harnett is again—shall we say in the market or *disponible* ? Both expressions are objectionable when there is question of so true and modest a maiden as the heiress of the Glebe Farm. What her fate is to be—whether the quiet, good, true-hearted American is to find more than a cousin—only Miss Frances Maitland knows.

SONNET

SUGGESTED BY THE 44TH SONNET OF LUIS DE GONGORA .

" No os engañen las rosas que al Aurora" [Line 9].

In vain thy sorrow seeketh, when uncloses
 The silver-gated East, beyond the hills
 Those fair rose-petalled riches Dawn outspills,
 And on their angury some hope reposes.
 Apples are these of Tantalus, not roses,
 Splendours of mist begot, a moment kills,
 A pomp enrobing, when young Eos wills,
 The wraith of Night in brief apotheosis.

Look rather to the Light they veil, sublime
 In golden effluence from dawn to setting ;
 Nay, to unsetting suns ! Oh, let hope range,
 Wide-wing'd, past all the stars—they fade and change—
 To rest within the Permanent, forgetting
 The vaporous pageant of our passing time !

G. O'N.

IN THE OLD COUNTRY

A Story

CHAPTER LXIII

JAMES LYCETT VISITS THE FARM

"**H**ERE is energy!" Father Matthew cried, when the evening of the day that saw the dispatch of his telegram brought the American to the Presbytery.

"I am afraid it is late." The young man looked towards the clock that had just begun to chime eleven.

"Five minutes later, and you would have found Mrs. Greene turning down the lights. We are a punctual household. Father John is off an hour ago; but *he* does not sleep, and I do (a mercy for which, I am afraid, I forget to thank my Maker). But I must not keep you on tenter-hooks." Father Matthew pushed Mary Priddock's desk, now on the table before him, towards the young man, and touched the brass plate with his finger. "The name, at any rate."

"Where does it come from, Father?" The young fellow was eager-eyed.

"Ah, you have to thank Tracy; he knows how to use his eyes. It belonged to the young woman you befriended. Priddock, Prideaux—there may be a connection. In her class it is wonderful how, in a generation or two, names get corrupted. I would not be too sanguine."

"I must see her as soon as possible," the young man began, to be interrupted by a shake of the head from the Priest.

"Not possible to-night, that is certain; and, in all probability, not for a good many days. Patience, my friend, patience."

"I forgot, the fever. But she is doing well?"

"Exceedingly well; but we cannot tease her for a bit, though I shall get such information as I can. But there is another point." The Priest cleared his throat. "Her likeness to the Shotovers. Ah, you have not seen her, I believe; but it is there,

and, putting the two and two together, I do not say we may not have hopes ; and, fortunately for you, the girl is a respectable girl, and—matters might be worse."

"Might be a great deal worse," the American cried. "I believe we hold the thread of the clue at last, sir."

"Well, don't be too sanguine," the Priest repeated ; "yet, I allow, it looks like it. But go cannily, as our Scotch friends say, though I think I need scarcely preach you caution. There are other people besides yourself to consider, and we want no scandal."

James Lycett nodded.

"General Shotover is an old man," the Priest went on, "and, though he would be the first to deny it, is becoming an infirm one. You may not think he deserves consideration, but don't let us forget we are Christians." Father Matthew smiled, as he leant his hand for a moment on his visitor's shoulder.

Again James Lycett nodded his assent.

"Well, patience. It will not be the least strange part of the story, should it turn out as we hope, that your charity should have been shown towards your own flesh and blood."

James Lycett's face flushed. "Don't credit me with what I don't deserve. Miss Harnett ——"

"I know." The Priest nodded, to show he understood. "She was one of Teresa's *protégées* ; but, done for her sake or not, you did a good work. And now—you will hear it sooner or later, and may as well hear it from me—Teresa's engagement is off. No, don't ask me for details." The Father put up a protesting hand. "And, if you ask me if there is hope for yourself, I can only tell you that Teresa is not a girl to get over an affair like that lightly."

"Then Tracy ——" James Lycett's eyes flashed, as he leant across the table.

Again the Priest held up his hand. "We can judge no man. They have settled it between them, in my opinion wisely. There—I have given you enough to sleep upon." Father Matthew held out his hand. "Any news I can get for you you shall have at once."

"Good-night, then, sir."

"Good-night. But, I forgot. What is this Mrs. Birchall had been telling me, that you are off almost at once ?"

"Not now. I shall—I shall follow up this clue."

The Priest perceived the altered sentence, and smiled to

himself. "Patience," he repeated. "Don't let hurry be your master (a bad one at the best). And don't think too hardly of Tracy." Again he held out his hand, this time in final farewell.

Teresa and Jem Tracy had agreed to part. Father Matthew had been clear on that point; but James Lycett had read between the lines, the Priest did not hold the Doctor free from blame.

Teresa was suffering. The Father, he did not doubt, had wished him to understand that. He could not rejoice in the girl's freedom, when it had been bought at such a cost. *Teresa was suffering.* Her faithful lover's mind had no room, for the moment, for other thought—and what did Jem Tracy deserve?

It was not till the next morning that, meeting his landlady in the hall, James Lycett remembered Mary Priddock.

The girl could not be doing better, the woman assured him. "We've taken you at your word, sir," she added, "she wants for nothing. She's lucky, as I tell her, to have such a friend."

"What is your opinion of her?" the young man asked abruptly.

"What do I think of her as a worker, sir? All I can say is I could not find a better. No idle ways, and fast with her needle."

"And otherwise?"

The landlady looked her astonishment. "As how, sir?"

"You find her trustworthy, all that?" the American asked with some discomposure.

"Trustworthy, sir? So far as my experience of her goes, I should say she was thoroughly trustworthy, a most respectable young woman, and quiet with the men—that's the main thing in a house like this; and she has never looked at one since she came, and it isn't as if they didn't look at her; she's genteel looking, as a lot of them isn't. You should see her for yourself, sir. When she's about again, she would be glad to say her thank-you. Birchall and I were thinking we'd take her on, if she was willing, for a permanency. She's handy in more ways than one, and doesn't cry out that this and that isn't her work; and that's the way with most of them now-a-days. Might I say, sir, I'm glad you're not going to leave us. There's not one in the house, if I may say it, that wouldn't miss you."

James Lycett nodded. "I shall be here a month or two yet. I am glad of what you have told me."

"About the girl, sir. Oh, she's a deserving case. You haven't thrown your money away this time, sir."

James Lycett laughed. It wasn't the first time he had had a hint from his landlady that he was too open-handed, and too easily taken in.

Where and how he was to see Teresa Harnett again was the thought that now agitated the young man's breast. In winter, as often as not, her mother and she went to the Shotover chapel, and he lacked courage to walk up and call at the Glebe as if nothing had happened. Should Teresa look ill, unhappy, how was he to suppress himself? How resist taking the girl in his arms, and doing his best to comfort her? How keep in the hard words he was ready to bestow on her lover?

In his bag he had the copy of Tennyson he had chosen in town to offer as his wedding present. He had had the fancy to have it bound in white vellum expressly for her. He took it out of its cover one evening and looked at it. Yes, it was worthy of Teresa, and no one else should have it; whatever happened, she could not refuse it as a parting gift. He wrote "From James Lycett" inside, the date he could add later.

It was a fortnight after his return that he met Mrs. Harnett in the Market-place, and was greeted by that voluble lady in her usual hearty fashion, and assured that, at the Farm, they had all been wondering what had become of him.

Miss Harnett was well? the young man asked. He could not disguise a certain restraint in his voice, and Mrs. Harnett looked sharply at him.

"You have heard our news?" she asked. "That it's off between Tracy and her? They didn't take me into their counsel, and, maybe, just as well. There's no one a better hand at giving a bit of my mind, when I've a mind to; and I'd have let Dr. Jem Tracy hear what I thought about him."

The American, red in the face, tried to arrest this flow of confidence, but Mrs. Harnett had no such delicacy.

"It was Teresa's doing, I'm not going to deny that; she wasn't one to go to a man that didn't want her, and that's what it came to, when all's said and done. Tracy tired of his bargain, as the saying is, and Teresa's not one to be cheated. 'You're free to go'—that's about what she said to him, and he took his freedom.

Well, as I say, there's better fish in the sea than ever came out of it." She nodded her head at James Lycett in a way he could not fail to understand, and he again grew red.

"Well, we'll be looking to see you before many days are over. It's slack time with us farmers, and we're glad to see our friends; and there's still a mince-pie or two to eat before Easter. So many pies before, so many good days after—that's the saying in these parts. Teresa's a light hand for the pastry, and the mince meat we make as the Dodsons made it. Many a time, I warrant, your grandfather has tasted a Dodson mince-pie. There's a little more lemon and a little less apple than we mostly put in these parts, but all the tastier, as I often say when people notice it."

On the strength of this invitation, the American walked up to the Glebe on the Monday afternoon; but the nearer he approached the house, the heavier his steps lagged. Again the problem seized him, how was he to meet Teresa? and his knock was almost a timid one when he came to the door.

There was not much ceremony at the Farm; as often as not Mrs. Harnett or her daughter came to the summons of the brass knocker. But this time it was the maid who put in her appearance, and begged him to walk into the parlour, where he found Mrs. Harnett, her feet on the fender, busy darning stockings.

"You don't often catch me over the fire," she apologised, and pushed back her chair. "And stocking-mending's, maybe, not parlour work, but it's *got to be done*, and, as like as not, you've seen your own mother with her needle in her hand. Where there's boys, there's mending, whether you're rich or poor." As she spoke, Mrs. Harnett pushed her basket of stockings under the table, and took up her knitting. "The world's a queer place," she went on. "You'll see her Ladyship with a stocking of his Lordship's as long as your arm, and her knitting-pins flying in and out, and that's the fashion, and all right; and a basket of darning 'll give them that see it a fit. What's the difference, I'd like to know? A stocking's a stocking, be it darning or knitting! But, Lord-sake, how I let my tongue run! That's what comes of letting it lie quiet. Teresa's always with her grandmother, now-a-days, and her grannie doesn't want anyone else. So here I sit, 'poor Jenny alone,' as the saying goes. But I'll send the girl to sit with my mother, and call Teresa down." Mrs. Harnett went as far as the parlour door to shout out directions to her maid.

It was a moment or two before James Lycett took courage to look directly at Teresa, and he was startled to find that, at first, he saw no change. The girl had on a brown dress he had often seen before, and had forgotten to take off the white apron she wore when sitting with her grandmother. The white collar and cuffs were, as usual, spotless; the little brown bow at her throat was tied with precision. The hair was, perhaps, drawn a little tighter from the face. It was not till the second glance that he made up his mind that, after all there was no change in the dressing of her hair, but that the whole face was thinner, and that this thinness showed at the temples. The hands too were thinner; James Lycett saw that the wrist looked small in its white cuff, but the girl's gentle smile and greeting were the same; and she answered his questions about her grandmother with composure, and told him she had been speaking of his grandfather that afternoon.

"I must see her again some day," the American said, "if you do not think it will excite her."

"Excite her? It's bound to excite her," Mrs. Harnett cried. "The very name sets her off. Why she didn't marry your grandfather only herself can tell. He was the *one*, let her say what she likes; and with us women there's always the *one*. We mayn't get him, but he'll be the *one* till the end of the chapter."

Both Mrs. Harnett's listeners grew red, and the good lady herself woke up to the fact that she had said something she should not have said; but, after a few seconds' pause, she went on with renewed spirit.

"I promised Mr. Lycett, Teresa, a taste of a Dodson mince-pie. I'll see it put in the oven while you and he have your crack." Mrs. Harnett bustled off to the kitchen.

If there was an awkward moment after she had left, it was not felt by the girl. It was with her usual composure that she asked the young man about his last visit to London, and all that he had seen.

Every now and then, when her face was bent over her work, James Lycett scanned her face quickly, keenly. This was Teresa, and not Teresa. Love makes us quick-witted; sometimes, too, seems to endow us with second-sight. Teresa might live to be an old woman, to be a wife and mother; but love as she had given love to Jem Tracy would never be given by her again. Well,

what did it matter if, some day, however distant, he could persuade her to throw in her lot with his? She should never repent it, the young man vowed to himself; so far as man's devotion could go, she should know no cross, no care. He would make her happy, yes, *happy*. As the young fellow registered the vow, Teresa looked up, and, meeting his eye, smiled frankly in his face. James Lycett was her *friend*, and the girl was glad of it. In the months that had passed since Mrs. Harnett's party he had so restrained himself that she had forgotten the *lover*. She had a feeling of security in the honest grey eyes that so penetratingly met her own.

The American had not Jem Tracy's dislike to Mrs. Harnett; he appreciated her good points, enjoyed her homeliness, and warmed to the heartiness of her greeting when he paid his visits. He had never come across her small economies, nor been brought face to face with the sharpness that made many a wideawake farmer hesitate to strike a bargain with her. Her pride in her daughter pleased the young man, as did a kindness towards himself, in action and in word. If her jokes now and again bordered on the coarse, he put it down to her upbringing, and understood she meant no evil. True, he had seen Teresa winee; but, if he loved the girl the better for it, he could forgive the mother. Teresa was Teresa, delicate as a lily; and could she be what she was, were her mother's coarseness more than surface? James Lycett, should the time come when he could call Teresa his wife, would prove himself an attentive and an affectionate son-in-law to Mrs. Harnett.

"You will not make yourself a stranger?" were that good lady's parting words as she shook James Lycett's hand on the doorstep, and the young man, with a glance at Teresa standing in the background, replied that with such an invitation he hoped to be often at the Glebe.

What would Mrs. Makepeace do without a doctor, he wondered as he walked down the hill; it was not possible that, under the circumstances, Tracy could continue his visits. But James Lycett never let his thoughts dwell on his namesake; he dismissed him from his mind. Ah, he told himself, if it were given him to console Teresa, he would show her what true affection was. One moment hopeful, the next despairing, the young lover went on his way.

CHAPTER XLIV

ON THE TRACK

MARY PRIDDOCK was sitting up when Father Matthew paid his next visit. Her illness, though not severe, had added to the refinement of her appearance, and the Priest looked at her with interest.

"Your friends will be glad to have no more cause for anxiety," he said, as he drew a chair near her.

"Oh, I don't suppose Molly even knows I have been ill," the girl responded in the bitter tone the Priest was beginning to connect with her.

"Molly Delaney? Surely Molly Delaney is not your only friend? Have you no relations, child?"

The girl shook her head. "We may have relations in Devonshire, but I know no more about them than they do about me."

"How is that?"

The girl's face flushed. "Annie and I were children when my father and mother died, and they left us to a friend and her sister."

"But surely they must have spoken to this friend of their past life and their connections?"

The girl shook her head. "I don't know, sir. The friend died too, and then we lived with her sister, Mrs. Tremembeere."

"And this Mrs. Tremembeere, what has become of her that she has left you to your own devices?"

The girl's face flushed again, but it was a different flush, and one that pleased the Father.

"She did not leave us, sir, till she could not help it. She came here with us, and then, when things went wrong, she went to her sister." The girl's mouth quivered.

"Ah, I remember," the Priest said. "That Art Emporium swindle. And where does this sister live?"

"In London, sir," The girl, in her listless state, did not seem to notice that the Priest was cross-examining her.

"And she has never told you anything of what your parents may have said of their connections?"

Mary Priddock again shook her head. "Perhaps, sir, we never asked her much. She was everything to us."

Again the Priest noticed the warmth of tone with satisfaction.

“ Well, now, I want you to give me this Mrs. Tremeneheere’s address.”

For the first time the girl showed surprise. “ Her address, sir ? ”

“ Her address,” the Priest repeated,

“ 102, Crowhurst-row, sir, Chelsea.”

“ The sister is—— ? ”

“ Mrs Ryder, sir. She has lodgers.”

“ Now one more question. How do you spell your name ? ”

“ P-r-i-d-d-o-o-k, sir. It is an ugly name.”

“ That is as may be.” The Priest smiled. “ But spelling sometimes makes a difference. Your father spelt his name Priddock ? ”

“ Sometimes, sir, sometimes not.”

“ Sometimes one way, sometimes another ! How was that ? ”

The girl drew her lips in tight. “ Mrs Tremeneheere once told us—— ! ”

“ Well ? ”

“ It can’t signify to anyone ”

“ Let me judge of that. Mrs. Tremeneheere told you and your sister that—— ? ”

“ My father thought it an ugly name, and changed its spelling because the young fellows in the Bank at Exeter made fun of it.”

“ At *Exeter*. Come, we are getting on. Your father changed the spelling of his name, because his fellow clerks in Exeter laughed at it ? ”

“ Yes, sir. For a time he spelt it with an x. That is what Mrs. Tremeneheere said when we saw it on his desk.”

The desk that went to Mrs. Braddell ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Well, you see, you know a little more than you thought. Nothing like putting one’s mind to a thing ! And, like your father, you don’t think Priddock a pretty name ? ” The Priest laughed. “ Well, now, and your mother, had she no relations to look after you ? What was her name ? A prettier one than Priddock ? ”

“ I forget, sir.” Again the girl’s face grew red. “ Mrs. Tremeneheere knows. Annie could have told you.

“ Mrs Tremeneheere is a Catholic ? ”

"No, sir, but she promised my mother to bring us up Catholics. That is why she sent us to the Sisters."

"You were brought up at a convent?"

"At the day school, sir."

"See, child," the Priest said, "how good God has been to you. He has kept you in the Faith, and has given you good friends; Mrs. Tremeneere and *Molly*." (Again the Father smiled.) "He sent you Mr. Lycett, and who can tell what good things He may have in store for you."

The sullen expression the Priest knew came back to the girl's face. She drew her lips together and made no reply.

"You do not think God has been good to you?"

The girl's lips were now drawn to a thin line.

"Suppose you had died in this illness?"

The Priest waited in vain for an answer.

"Without the Sacraments?"

The girl still kept silence.

"Think and ask yourself whether He has been good to you or not." Father Matthew spoke with sternness as he held out a farewell hand.

"You don't understand. No one could understand." The words were spoken with such passion that Father Matthew turned, his hand upon the handle of the door.

"Have you tried whether anyone can understand? Father John, for instance?" Of a purpose the Priest's voice was cold.

"I hate everybody. I hate everybody." The girl's hands were trembling. "I hate everybody? do you hear, Father?"

■ "When we have no room for love of God in our hearts, it is not surprising we do not love our fellow-man." The Priest spoke in the same measured tones.

The girl's face flushed, her eyes fell, and Father Matthew was quick to take advantage of this change of mood. He came back into the room, and drew his chair beside hers again.

"Now, my child, let us have it out. What poison is this you have got into you? Quick now! a clean breast of it."

Mary Priddock looked up in his face, then her eyes fell again; then a sob came, then another, while the Father sat silent till the tears had done their work, and then he spoke again. "Now, my child."

Half an hour had passed before he got up to say good-bye again.

and then raised his hand to bless the girl. "God has been good to you, eh?" He asked this time with a smile, and though no answer came, he was content. "Poor child, poor child!" he repeated to himself as he hurried home to change his coat, and to find out from Father John whether he was likely to see Mr. Lycett that evening or not. The Curate and the American were faithful to their game of chess.

"I do not think I raised any suspicions," Fathew Matthew said, when eight o'clock saw the American walk into the Presbytery parlour, and he had told his tale. "But there is little doubt you are on the track at last, and the first thing to be done is to get hold of this Mrs. Tremeneere. These girls do not seem to have troubled their heads about their relations, but, her memory once set to work, she may have a good deal to tell us. About the change of name. This child herself seemed to object to the hardness of her cognomen."

"It seems to me a very respectable name," Father John put in, after consideration.

"Respectability and beauty, unfortunately, don't always go together. What do you say to having the woman here?"

"Here?"

"It doesn't seem to me a bad move. The girl, till affairs are settled, could be put again under her care. I gather she is respectable. I say nothing of the charity she has shown these children."

"She will not be a loser. My father will see to that. As for my cousin, I shall take her back with me."

"If she will go."

"I am not afraid of that, and I guess that, this time, we are not counting our chickens before they are hatched."

"You must not forget that there is another who may have a word to say about America. Should matters turn out as we expect, don't forget General Shotover."

"He does not deserve a grand-daughter."

"Gently, gently. Probably he does not desire one, and that will make him all the more particular as to the evidence you may have to bring forward."

The young man laughed. "He shall have his evidence, but he shall not have his grand-daughter. Come, Father, under the circumstances, a bit of the old Adam is allowable."

The Priest smiled. "I doubt if he will be so very eager to

dispute your possession. There is a considerable step between the Court and the River House. I think of that poor child who died——”

“It was a very blessed death-bed.”

Father John spoke for the second time.

“Thank you, Father John. When shall we, poor arrogant creatures, learn that our Father knows best?” Father Matthew bowed his head.

“Well, it is agreed, Father, that we do not spring our discovery till we have our proofs?” The American went on, after a pause.

Father Matthew nodded. “I am sorry it has to be ‘sprung’ upon the General at all; but we have our duty to fulfil. I am sorry,” the Priest spoke slowly, “for General Shotover.”

“Sorry!”

“Sorry,” the Priest repeated. “He is an old man. There will be an unavoidable shock—a shock in more ways than one. I am not sure it would not be best to make her Ladyship our medium of approach when the times comes. She is a good woman and a sensible one, and, in a case like this, a woman has tact. She knows what to say and what not to say. However, we shall have time to consider the matter; so no need to worry. If you take the girl, as you propose to do, to America, there is no reason, to my mind, for the story to leak out at all. You are not so very anxious, I suppose, to publish your aunt’s connection with the General?”

“She deserves some reparation,” the young man began warmly.

“Reparation, in what way? There was no scandal in this part of the world, as it happened; and there is such a thing as mercy to an old man. Let him provide for his grand-daughter suitably, and take her, as you propose, to New York.”

“She shall not touch a penny of his money,” the young man began with the same warmth, but paused as the Priest raised his hand.

“That is not for us to settle, and—what becomes of the ‘reparation’?”

“I cannot express my feelings with regard to General Shotover.”

“Well, do not express them, and—do not indulge them.”

"One flatters oneself one is a Christian, and one wakes up to find one is ——." The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"Mortal? Well, humble yourself, my friend. It's a fine thing to lick the dust sometimes. Not that Mrs. Greene gives us much of an opportunity here. I warn you both"—Father Matthew looked at the chess-board standing between the combatants—"she has her eye on that board. If you don't finish to-night, I advise a notice—'*Not to be dusted; by Father John's desire.*' I declare it's hard on a respectable woman to deprive her of the right to her duster."

"Mrs. Greene is certainly a very cleanly woman." Father John drew a finger across the dusty board.

"Cleanly! No one has greater respect than myself for soap and water, but I don't know that I want to die, before my time, of rheumatism."

Father Matthew looked with ruefulness at the well-scoured boards that lay in damp nakedness between the skirting board of the room and its carpeted centre.

"What's that you quote, Father John, about '*Virtue in excess*'?"

Father John, his thoughts on his move, did not answer.

"Well, I'll leave you and Mr. Lycett in peace." Father Matthew took up his book, and laid it down again. He had plenty to think about, he told himself with a sigh.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(*To be continued.*)

BETHLEHEM

IN swaddling clothes arrayed,
 An infant mild—
 He whom the holy maid
 Bore undefiled—
 Come from the adoring skies,
 Loving to earth,
 Spurned from its threshold lies,
 Outcast at birth.

Cold is the night and bare
The stable walls :
Borne on the gusty air,
At intervals
The spectral snow flits round
The refuge drear,
Alone for Mary found
What time the near
Inhospitable town
Refused her grace
To bring the Holy One,
Of David's race,
Forth in its crowded inn.
Meek Joseph's brow
Betrayed his anguish then ;
In anguish now
He bows, and helplessness,
Nor yet his own,
But Mary's needs oppress
Him—him alone ;
For Mary's brow reveals
No answering care :
No pang her bosom feels—
Christ resteth there—
Rests, and her fond embrace,
With love divine,
Repays : His form, His face
Transfigured shine.
Bleak walls no more surround
Her wondering eyes :
Beyond the earth's dark bound—
The starry skies—
She journeyeth ways untrod,
Till, lo ! she's given
To see her child, her God
Supreme in Heaven.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM, O.C.

ABOUT LIFE

I TOOK up the newspaper just now, and came across an account of the suicide of a comparatively wealthy farmer. It is a fact that suicides are, as a general rule, more frequent among the well-to-do than among the poor. The school of hardship, teaching, as it does, such stern lessons, helps to strengthen and solidify the character. On the other hand, people who are clothed in soft garments and live in easy circumstances, lack, not unfrequently, the mental fibre that copes successfully with the ills of life. Indeed, of our generation as a whole it may be said that moral courage and moral strength are not its characteristics; and although life, as it is set before us in literature and general conduct, is remarkable for its energy—the energy, if I mistake not, is a symptom of fever rather than of health. We behold on every side a hot pursuit of pleasure, of sensationalism and of change, a want of serious thought and of sanity in judgment and action, a horror of pain, a fantastic wantonness, a weariness springing from the satiety of desires and passions, and a sense of failure. Happiness is sought where it cannot be found—in the indulgence of the senses, in excitement and unbridled self-seeking.

And here we encounter the phenomenon, which, though it has often been noticed, is not, on that account, the less striking. It is this: we have gained by the experience of past generations, and have advanced with giant steps in education, in the perfection of mechanical arts, in civilization; but we have in nowise learned to shun the path that leads to an ignoble, foolish, and frustrated life. Generation after generation has trodden this broad way, and has gathered in it the same bitter fruits, yet no age is bettered by the errors of its predecessors. Each generation cherishes the same futile hopes and rushes blindly into the same barren career. How vain it is, apparently, for reason to lift a warning voice, that men thus miss the real joy of life, and that nature's inexorable laws must punish excess with death, the incipient death of infirmity and disease, and the premature final separation of the soul and body. And it might well be added, that pleasure itself, intemperately pursued, is, likewise, death; for its votaries exist but in the lower

instincts of their complex being, and their spiritual and nobler powers are stricken with paralysis. Failure and disappointment are their portion, and they never find the gate that opens into the realms of content and peace.

The key of that gate is in the hand of him who observes self-restraint and sobriety of mind in obedience to those large and eternal ideas that deliver the soul from wayward and violent desires and endow it with freedom. His motto is self-denial, not indulgence; and this denial of selfish and fleshly aims becomes the guiding star which he follows, not for the sake of mere spiritual discipline, but for the purpose of attaining a fuller, richer, and nobler existence. When the spiritual side of our nature gets fair play, the soul craves instinctively for this new and better life, and the substantial gratification of such a craving is not an impossibility. We may legitimately conclude from the existence of natural instinct that the object which it craves is within our grasp. We are offered this higher life; reason urges our acceptance; and we may rest assured that we are able not only to attain it, but to bring it to perfection. Such a prize is surely well worth striving for, and should be deemed cheap at any price. The price to be paid for it is nothing more than good-will, united with courageous and manly effort; for that prize will never become the possession of anyone who lives in sloth and ease and shrinks from the very idea of labour.

We should all reap much benefit by cherishing the brave and sturdy conviction that, as man is placed in this world to work, it is only through work that he can secure the welfare of his spiritual being, as well as that of his body and mind. To gain food and ward off death, he works with his hands in the sweat of his brow; he must work with his mind that he may not, through ignorance, die intellectually; and so, if he would escape from spiritual death, he must cultivate his soul. Physical and mental toil, directed by reason, is an excellent means of acquiring health and vigour of spirit. Viewed from this standpoint, work is man's best friend. While it saves him from manifold evil, it blesses him with hope, worthy aspirations, and a glad heart. As all true work, no matter how lowly, is noble, and produces noble fruits, it should be an object not of repugnance, but of desire. If you have work, reader, rejoice, and do it to the best of your ability. In your actual circumstances, none but you can do that special task; gird yourself,

then, and fill your place worthily, and discharge strongly and valiantly the duties that lie nearest to your hand. Those duties may not lead you to the flowery paths in which you would fain tread, but they will undoubtedly conduct you to the ways of peace and honour and gladness. And what more, if you are wise, should you ask?

It is not, of course, enough to conceive the desire of living a worthy life; we must be industrious and persevering in an enterprise so noble. We should not be satisfied until the principles that regulate that life are firmly rooted in us. Every help that enables us to live in the light of this lofty purpose should be eagerly utilized, and such help we find in a bounding measure, in the thought of an ever-present God. As those who frequent the society of educated people become refined in speech and manner, so he who lives habitually in the presence of God grows, even naturally, pure and spiritual. The contemplation of a Divine Ideal uplifts and ennobles the character, and we can adopt no exercise more profitable than widening and deepening within us a conviction of the Creator's omnipresence and infinity.

In every spot which is known to us, or of which the mind can form an idea, God exists in the undivided fulness of His being as if He existed in that spot alone. Yet when we travel through the length of the land where we dwell, or pass across the seas to distant countries, we find Him existing in the same manner at every point of the journey. As the bird in its flight is supported by the air in which it moves, and as the fish lives of necessity in the waters that encompass it, so we live, move and have our being in the infinitude of God's immensity. Could we penetrate to the centre of the earth or to the deepest sea abyss, we should find Him there. Were it possible to visit all the suns and the worlds of the universe, and fly to the utmost confines of created space, God would still be our constant companion. Even as we cannot imagine a moment of time, however remote from the beginning of creation, in which God was not, so we can conceive no point of space where God does not exist in all His majesty and perfection. In comparison with Him the whole world is "as the least grain in the balance, and as a drop of morning dew that falleth down upon the earth," and a million other worlds, each exceeding in bulk the present universe, would be lost, so to speak, in the Divine Immensity, as a single rain-drop from a passing cloud is lost in the ocean.

Want of thought and the importunate demands of daily anxieties and of senses ever on the watch for amusement and pleasure, thrust this great truth from our minds. Material objects are so close to us, and make so forcible an appeal to the attention, that they blind us to the realities of the spiritual world. On a summer night when we gaze in the dark from a window on the splendours of the sky, if we strike a match, the feeble light that at once fills the spot where we stand quite blots out, while it lasts, the shining worlds that we admired a moment before. Even so it happens that earth and its belongings spread a veil upon the heart, and our unpurged vision is unable to see an ever-present Deity and the myriads of His attendant Spirits who walk this planet both when we sleep and when we wake. By tranquil contemplation, however, we can free ourselves, to a great extent, from this error and keep steadily before the mind the fact that God exists everywhere in His boundless Divine Essence, and that He is thus present in man's own soul and mind and body. The Creator hates nothing that His hand has made. Filled with benevolence and mercy, He has care of all things and protects man himself with infinite wisdom, love and power. This truth is well calculated to remove distressing feelings of doubt, fear and anxiety. We cannot escape from the Everlasting Arms of God's benignity and tenderness, and such a thought inspires confidence and peace, and spurs on the soul to lead such a life as shall please a Creator and a Father so worthy of adoration and love. Moreover, as the soul has been created for God, and for nothing short of God, it can find rest and satisfaction nowhere outside of Him. An Infinite Object alone fills its insatiable desires, and it can be in nowise happy except in feeding upon the thought of God, and living habitually in His presence. It is this exercise of its energies that breaks its fetters and makes it free. If it again seeks contentment in what is transitory and perishable, it at once falls back into constraint and distress, and takes up again the weary task of seeking to stay its hunger with worthless husks.

Turning these thoughts over in my mind, I took a long walk on a hot summer day. On reaching a spot that commanded a wide view of the sea, I sat on the grass under a shady elm. My walk and the heat had made me drowsy, and in the sleep into which I soon fell I had this dream.

I thought I saw upon my left a Bright Presence, an Angel,

beautiful and benign. He smiled, and, stretching out his hand, he said, "Look!" I obeyed, and beheld an ocean, whose waves, buffeted by winds, were crested with foam. Crowds of skiffs put off from the shore and sailed towards a dark cloud far away on the horizon. Many skiffs sank into the water close to the strand; those that survived and reached the middle expanse, seemed to sail with ease and safety, but yet, from time to time, some perished; and finally, as the survivors approached the ebon mass that brooded over the distant verge, they laboured much, crawled slowly forward, and at last disappeared, one by one, in the billows. The Angel spoke, and his voice had a sweetness which no words could describe:—"The ocean is the sea of life; the skiffs are human beings who voyage across it to eternity; the winds and the waves are the temptations, the anxieties and other afflictions that beset the body, the mind, and the soul of man. Such is this lower world as it is seen by the Angels—a world of darkness, a period of suffering, a time of probation for what is to come hereafter."

"And what," I asked, "is to come hereafter?" I received no answer—the Angel had vanished. But on my right hand I beheld a second spirit more glorious than the first. His beauty ravished me with delight, and my soul thrilled with joy at the sound of his voice. In his hand he carried a golden sceptre, and he pointed with it towards the western sky. "I will show thee," he said, "what shall be hereafter." At once the sky filled with a radiance soft and pleasant, but exceeding in clearness and power our noonday sunshine; and in the space between the earth and the heavens, I saw an immense and magnificent city, situated in a land of delightful plains, valleys and hills. Before the city extended a sea in which islands glowed like emeralds set in fretted silver. All these objects, but especially the city itself, shone in the radiance in such sort that the eye could not take its fill of gazing, and the walls, the towers and the mansions sparkled as if they were made of most rare and precious materials. And everywhere, in the city, in the valleys and the hills, and in the green islands, the inhabitants, fair and shining forms, clad in snow-white raiment, lived in unalloyed happiness: no care or anxiety vexed them, no infirmity, no illness, no sin, no death. Joy surpassing thought was theirs, joy at every moment fresh and new, and they were united in the bonds of perfect peace and love. What bliss filled my soul as I contemplated that glorious and happy land, and how I longed

to dart away on swiftest wings to join the company of those Shining Ones and live with them for ever !

"Thou seest," said the Angel, "the Kingdom where all who hate iniquity and follow after justice shall dwell. Whosoever during his mortal probation shall walk in the presence of his Creator, and adore and serve Him in spirit and in truth, shall possess that Kingdom for eternity." "And shall I obtain that blessed reward?"—as this irrepressible exclamation burst from my heart, I *awoke from sleep.*

OLIVER OAKLEAF.

A CITY EXILE

OH ! Dublin town's a grand town,
So all the people say,
With fine streets and houses,
And shops and all so gay ;
With monuments and buildings,
And spires that pierce the skies,
But when I think on Glenasmoil,
The salt tears dim my eyes.

For I'm lonesome in the city
For home and countryside,
For the little whitewashed cottage,
The murmuring streams beside ;
The bracken and the heather hill,
The green grass and the trees,
The peaceful kine, the calves and lambs,
The flowers, the birds, the bees.

The hay is in the rick now,
The corn is in the stook ;
In at each little window
The rose and woodbine look.

The long low roof is thatched with straw,
To keep it dry and warm ;
The kind hills rise behind it
And shelter it from storm.

But here I sit and work my lone,
Whilst neighbours hold aloof,
And think how happy I could be
Under that quiet roof.
From morn till night, from night till morn,
I hear the city's din,
And when I ope the windows wide
But smoke and dust comes in.

Himself's away the live-long day,
The child grows pale and wan,
And would to God we all were back
At the foot of brown Sheecaun.
Dear Glenasmoil, 'tis you I love
In the sunshine or the rain.
Oh ! happy days ! oh restful nights !
Will you ever come again ?

Oh, Dublin is a grand place,
(The blinding teardrops fall)
But it isn't like you, Glenasmoil,
Not like you at all.
The room is hot and close and dull,
Throw open windows wide !
Oh, I'm hungry for you, Glenasmoil,
For home and countryside.

NORA O'MAHONY.

SHALL I KEEP A DIARY ?

AT the beginning of a new year this question may have interest for some. There are, perhaps, few who would find it pleasant or profitable to keep a diary that would be true to its name by making some record of every day ; and probably there are few also who might not with pleasure and profit jot down occasionally a few personal notes and memoranda to be preserved and read in after years. Before entering into some mechanical details as to the manner of keeping an intermittent diary of this looser sort, let us linger a little over the more general view of the subject. Perhaps some reader of this page may have, in a public library like the British Museum in London or the National Library in Dublin, an opportunity of referring to the fourteenth volume of *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, page 100, where he will find this topic discussed very thoughtfully at considerable length by the Rev. William Sutton, S.J. The Rev. Dr. Kolbe, of Cape Town, has treated it more briefly, not in his clever and bright *South African Catholic Magazine*, but in a little convent periodical* which can hardly have been said to have been published at all, and can never have come under the eye of the present reader. As director of a Sodality of Children of Mary, he was asked by one of the members, who called herself " Olga," to give her a little advice as to whether the keeping of a diary would be a useful help to her to watch over spare moments during the day. The little essay which follows was Dr. Kolbe's reply :—

"This is a question which is difficult to answer without knowing the individual character concerned. I must, therefore, make my answer so general as to suit all. The usefulness of a diary, like that of a great many other things, depends entirely on what you put in it. Some people make their diary simply a chronicle of facts, and this is undoubtedly so far useful ; it sometimes becomes important to know exactly when such and such an event took place—a diary would settle this at once. The only thing is, that some of our lives are so uneventful that a mere chronicle of events would be like Mark Twain's famous diary :—' Oct. 1. Got up,,

* *Springfield Leaves*, by the Pupils of the Dominican Convent at Wynberg, South Africa.

washed and went to bed.—Oct. 2. Got up, washed and went to bed.—Oct. 3. Got up, washed and went to bed, &c., which, he said, after a few weeks, began to become monotonous. Some, again, put in their diaries what they have read during the day, and what they have thought about it; this, as a record of past tastes, is at the same time useful and interesting. Lastly, others attempt to embody in a diary the various phases of their spiritual life—and here there is danger. There is the danger of substituting sentiment for reality. Moreover (the human heart is very subtle) we may think we are writing for ourselves alone, while there is within us a lurking idea of the possibility of this diary falling into the hands of others, and thus we come to write with a side-glance towards possible readers. I often think that of St. Teresa's account of herself. I suppose it was all right for her, because she was a saint, and, besides, had been commanded to write; but for an ordinary soul, it seems to me this side-glance would endanger simplicity.

"If a Child of Mary could be sure of avoiding sentimentality, of being perfectly candid with herself, and of not writing with a view to others, then I should say unhesitatingly that keeping a diary would be of great benefit to her.

"I had a sister once, a Protestant, but beyond all reasonable doubt, in good faith, a girl of fervent piety, and a kind of spiritual adviser to many of her companions. I know that she kept a copious spiritual diary. But just before her last illness—how she knew it was coming on no one could tell—she deliberately burnt this diary and all her letters, a sure proof that she had written for herself and God alone, and an act which gives me more hope than any other single thing I know of her.

"My answer is, therefore, conditional. I feel inclined to say, Try it in any case; your conscience will soon tell you whether it is doing you good or harm; and if harm, well, the experience will be useful for something. If Olga, therefore, is prepared to try, I would recommend her to keep it under lock and key, to write it regularly, and to make it consist of facts and thoughts as well as of spiritual states—and, if it is not asking too much, I should be glad, after a few months, to hear how the experiment has proceeded."

So should I; but I know no more about Olga, who is some years older than she was when she consulted Dr. Kolbe about keeping a diary. In addition to his wise hints I shall venture

to offer a suggestion to those who have sometimes in January bought a diary with, perhaps, a page allotted to each week or half week, Sunday being often (very improperly) omitted. Many who have begun a diary in a book of this sort have allowed gaps of weeks or months to occur, and, not liking the look of so much waste paper, they have given up the whole thing. Such people might get on better with "The Pacific Diary," two copies of which were sent to me by a friend from San Francisco twenty years ago. Though the first entry was made on March 1st, 1882, and though the diary has been in use ever since, the second copy is still in reserve, plenty of space being still provided by No. 1. How is this? "January 1, 2, 3," &c., and so on to December 31, are printed at the top of the pages—a page for each day; but no year is mentioned. You can begin on any day, writing the year before the entry, and then at the end mark the day when you next make an entry. Begin that second entry by referring back to the preceding one, so that every entry after the first will begin with the year, and the date of the entry immediately preceding in time, and it will end with the date of the entry next made, perhaps after a long interval. Each entry begins by referring back, and ends by referring forward. This plan would not serve well for a diary of reflections, often little essays, like Amiel's or Eugénie de Guérin's; but it is very useful for brief resolutions, notes, personal reminders, ejaculations, *sentimenti*, *tesserae*, &c. As several years fit into one page, there is often a lesson in comparing year with year, the same amendment being perhaps needed after many years. Such a book may be made without any printer's aid, if it consist of some 370 pages, the months and days being written at the top of the pages; and even this need not be done all at once. If any page gets filled, at the foot of it you can refer for the overflow to some day that chances to be left vacant.

With or without such device as this, let us keep watch over ourselves, and force ourselves to make good use of our precious time. This resolution is particularly seasonable in the first month of the New Year. May it be a holy and a happy one for all of us.

M. R.

A TALE OF A MIRROR

ONCE upon a time there lived an invalid who amused himself as he lay on a couch near a window, watching the life in the street below, reflected in a small mirror which he held, and could move to follow interesting things for quite a while sometimes, or swiftly refuse a picture that displeased him.

On fine days when he played a long while with his toy, the mirror was glad and cried, "There is no one in all the world has a slave more obedient than I am." And sometimes when the street was dull, and always before putting it aside, he would look long and keenly at his own face. "He loves me," the mirror would think, and whisper back, "You are beautiful." But the invalid never heard, and sighed at the thin white features.

And the mirror rejoiced that it was the finest plate glass, with a back and frame of beaten silver.

One day he held it so long that his wrist grew tired, and striving to raise it after a downward turn, he failed, and the most obedient servant in all the world was gone past recovery. Then he got another; it was not plate glass, and, as it had a common wooden frame, it was far lighter, and pleased him better; whether its heart was in the work or no, it was the most obedient slave in all the world, and if it never whispered, "You are beautiful," it mattered nothing, as he never heard. His face was now so thin and pale that the other mirror, if it had not been swept away in a thousand pieces, must have broken its heart at the sight. Sometimes on beautiful busy days, when the street was full of interesting things, he lay quiet for hours, looking dreamily at the sky beyond the chimneys, while the new mirror rested safely.

But before the breaking comes the making, and it is well to have been clad in beaten silver and to have dreamed of love.

M. E.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *The Beginnings of Christianity*. By the Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S.T.D., J.U.L. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. [Price 8s.]

Among the publishing firms that cater for the Catholic Community in particular, certainly among those who put forth books in the English language, there is none that surpasses, in energy and enterprise, the firm of Benziger Brothers with their headquarters in New York. They have produced, in a fine, dignified tone, fourteen essays and dissertations by the Professor of Church History in the Catholic University of America. Though the title given to the whole book is merely the name of the opening essay, it sufficiently describes the scope of the others also, for none of them come nearer to our time than St. Agnes and the Catacombs. One of the topics catches the eye at this joyful season, "The Origin of Christmas." A very learned and interesting essay this is; but we wish that Dr. Shahan had, on page 146 and in some other places, named the poet that he quotes. Two other papers discuss "Woman in Pagan Antiquity," and "Woman in the Early Christian Centuries." All the subjects are discussed in a scholarly manner with the aid of a clear and unaffected style. The printing is excellent, but in the first bit of Latin quoted on page 14 *cepit* becomes *coepit*.

2. From the same Publishers come three works of fiction. Of these we put first, and this by no means on the principle *place aux Dames*, but on the ground of its own merit, *Carroll Dare*, by Mary Waggaman. This is really a fine romance written with a finish of style that makes it literature. The scene shifts from the United States after the Revolution to France just before the Revolution, and back again to America where all ends happily. It is a good, healthy book, and will please many readers, young and old. The price is five shillings.

The second is not quite a novel, but a story of school life, *St. Cuthbert's*, by Father Copus, S.J. [Price 3s. 6d.]

We should not be surprised to hear that in reality it was written before *Harry Russell, a Rockland College Boy*. There is less of a regular plot in the present handsome volume; it consists rather of a series of scenes of college life, incidents devised with a good deal of variety, but not leading up to any definite climax. Irish boys would, no doubt, find much of the narrative very unlike their own experiences, but they might like it all the better for that. There is no need to say that the spirit of this fresh, bright book is excellent. Father Copus has now produced as many books for boys as his *confrère* and rival, Father H. S. Spalding; but they will never overtake their leader, Father Finn.

The third and longest of Benziger's new novels is *Hearts of Gold*, by I. Edhor. [Price 6s.] It seems to be translated from the German, but no information is given on the subject. If a translation, it is very well done; but we could wish that all this fine paper and printing were reserved for some home product like Miss Anna Sadlier's *Mr. Henry Moran*, which ran through *The Ave Maria* some time ago and ought to have appeared ere this. *Hearts of Gold* is interesting enough, but it cannot be called very high literature, and was not worth the cost and trouble of transplanting.

3. *Woman*. By the Very Rev. N. Walsh, S.J. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. [Price 2s. net.]

Like Father MacNamara, C.M., and Abbé Hogan, S.S., Father Walsh has kept his literary activity for the period when, for less earnest men, the work of life is practically over. But strenuous sexagenarians (to put it mildly) decline to retire on a pension according to the 65 rule. The eloquent Vincentian, however, and the very learned and accomplished Sulpician confined their literary work to their brethren in the priesthood; the earnest Jesuit addresses a wider audience. His new book, indeed, appeals directly to the better half of the human race; but others also will read with interest and with profit the sound advice that is not intended for them. The training of daughters, home-life, education, high studies, the happiness of the domestic circle—every aspect of the subject is discussed frankly and practically in a manner which will at the same time amuse and instruct. Father Walsh has got the knack of running his books into new editions—almost a lost art in this country. We suspect that this announcement will be made with regard to the present excellent little treatise before the New Year has advanced very far.

4. *The Shakespeare Enigma*, by the Rev. William A. Sutton, S.J. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker. [Price 3s. 6d.]

This is a very solid and, at the same time, extremely readable contribution to the Baconian side of the famous controversy. It does not pretend to be an orderly and systematic treatise, but is made up of papers on various aspects of the question contributed at intervals to the *New Ireland Review* and not linked together very closely. Indeed, we think that Father Sutton, in reprinting these essays, ought to have gone somewhat further in the direction of harmonising them into a homogeneous whole. A few trifling changes would have helped towards this. For instance, in page 174 instead of the words, "on which an article appeared in our February Number, 1901," a foot-note ought to refer to page 26 of this volume where the article is given. Father Sutton does not put his best foot foremost. It would have been more judicious to begin with one of the more expository articles instead of "A Shakespearean Curiosity," which is partly discounted in the fourth note in the Appendix. At the best anagrams, even less forced than these, prove nothing when we remember what curious things are formed in this way by pure chance. Lord Nelson was made famous by the Battle of the Nile, and the letters of "Horatio Nelson" form also *Honor est a Nilo*. Nay, in Holy Writ Pilate's question, *Quid est veritas?* becomes thus its own answer, *Hæc Vir qui adest*, "The Man here present." Strangest of all *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum* is exactly transposable into *Despera inventa sum, ergo immacolata*, "I am the Mother of God, therefore Immaculate"—in which wonderful anagram *inventa sum* is not dragged in arbitrarily in order to fill up the required letters, but is itself the scriptural phrase in this context, *Inventa est in utero habens*, etc. Yet, in these cases, no one supposes that these analogous meanings were purposely hidden in the words. In almost every one of the other papers in this volume there seems to us to be a great deal of force; for instance "the concealed poet," and the "miracle-misery" parallelism. Those who wish to die in the orthodox creed without the faintest shadow of doubt cannot be recommended to peruse Father Sutton's sober and calmly-reasoned studies. His style is lucid and agreeable, and he puts forward very effectively some of the strongest points urged in the many able volumes that learned judges and others have recently devoted to this discussion. One reader has carried away two impressions

quite irrelevant to the main issue: that Sir Tobie Mathew is a fascinating character, and that the late Mr. Lecky was a much better poet than people think.

5. *Where Believers may doubt, or Studies in Biblical Inspiration and other Problems of Faith.* By the Rev. Vincent J. M'Nab, O.P. London: Burns & Oates. [Price 3s. 6d.]

The striking title of this little volume seems to be applicable to a small portion only of its contents, which are better described by its sub-title. Father M'Nab is evidently a professor of theology, and no one but a trained theologian is qualified to appreciate most of these essays, which are chiefly reprinted from the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. The most interesting of them is the second—"Cardinal Newman and the Inspiration of Scripture"—in which, by the way, the reader is nowhere informed that the "Professor Healy," who is frequently named, is now Archbishop of Tuam. For the lay reader the most useful portion of this book are the closing pages on "Imagination and Faith." But could even the most nervous lady imagine that a gun which she knew to be unloaded might go off?

6. Messrs. Browne & Nolan, Ltd., Printers and Publishers (Dublin, 24, Nassau-st.; Cork, 5, Marlborough-st., and Belfast, 79, Royal-avenue) have published for 2s. 6d. net, "*Irish Land Act, 1903, full Explanation of each Section, full Text of the Act, Tables, Rules, and Forms, and a complete Index,*" by Mr. Charles M. Russell, B.A., Solicitor. The special advantage of this handbook is that it is the first to give the rules and forms which were not yet forthcoming when other books were published on the subject, as the Commissioners date them October 23, 1903. All the provisions of the Act are clearly and concisely explained, and the information furnished on every possible point is rendered available by a very full index. The printing adds very much to the ease with which the book can be consulted.

7. *Mistress M'Leerie.* By J. J. B. The Scots Pictorial Publishing Company, Glasgow. [Price 1s., net.]

One of the advertisements lets us know that B. is here the initial of Bell, and the title-page tells us that Mr. Bell is the author of *Wee MacGregor*. Now *Wee MacGregor* is said to be one of the most popular books of the century, and it has sold to the number of 200,000. The present shillingworth is a very good collection of sketches, chiefly conversations in Glasgow between

Mrs. M'Leerie and her old cronies. It is bright and innocent, but it does not seem at all remarkable. The world is no great judge of literature, and very often neglects real merit and runs ordinary enough things into the hundred thousands.

8. *Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber*. Arranged by the Rev. John Fitzpatrick, O.M.I. London: R. & T. Washbourne, 4 Paternoster-row. [Price 5s., net.]

What Father Bridgett, the holy and learned Redemptorist, did for Cardinal Wiseman, and what Mr. W. S. Lilly did for Cardinal Newman, Father Fitzpatrick has done, and done admirably well, for Father Faber. Cardinal Manning, greater than any of them under some aspects, cannot be joined with this grand Catholic triumvirate in the apostleship of the pen. This Irish Oblate of Mary Immaculate had, by the zeal and taste shown in some smaller selections from the writings of the brilliant Oratorian, earned the privilege of making this complete and authoritative anthology from Father Faber's prose works. The publishers have given him "ample room and verge enough" to make a generous and unstinted choice. The pages are compactly, though clearly and elegantly printed, and there are more than six hundred of them, so that Father Fitzpatrick has been able to give us almost a fifth part of the eight large treatises with which Frederick William Faber enriched Catholic literature during his short catholic life. A very full and exact index guides us to any passage that we are looking for, and at the end of each of the 224 extracts the pages are given where it may be found in the last edition of the work quoted. Editor and publishers have spared no pains to bring out this book worthily. The price is very moderate.

9. *Divine Grace: A Series of Instructions arranged according to the Baltimore Catechism*. Edited by the Rev. Edmund Wirth, D.D. Benziger: New York, Cincinnati. [Price 6s.]

This is another proof of the statement with which we began our Book Notes this month, another substantial work issued by this enterprising firm. The title-page gives us the additional information that it is intended as an aid to teachers and preachers, and the editor is a professor (probably of theology) at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, in the State of New York. Indeed he is more than editor, for, in adapting a German treatise on the subject by Nepefny to a full development of the questions in the "Baltimore Catechism" which is now in almost general

use in the United States, Dr. Wirth has made many changes and large additions, though he only treats of the matters that are of faith, and omits questions discussed in the schools of theology. He truly says that "Protestantism has veered from an exaggeration of grace to a complete denial of it, the world in which we live is materialistic and Pelagian"; and, he adds with equal truth, that even our own people may in these matters be affected by their surroundings. This solid and valuable work is brought out in almost too pleasantly readable a form; for was it necessary to have the type so large and so widely spaced out? Each page of the *Characteristics of Pather Faber* contains twice as much matter, and surely is abundantly clear and readable.

10. We hope we have not caused inconvenience to any who may have asked in vain for Mr. H. A. Hinkson's excellent book on *Copyright Law* (London: A. H. Bullen, 47, Great Russell-street, W.C.). It is now, at last, in the hands of the public, having been delayed at the last moment by a very important judgment of the House of Lords, which reversed the judgments both of Mr. Justice Joyce and of the Court of Appeal in the case of *Affalo versus Laurence and Bullen*, reported at page 28 of this volume. The new decision is duly chronicled, to bring the work up to date. Further acquaintance confirms our judgment of its clearness, fulness, and accuracy; and we are sure that *that* judgment will not be reversed. We may confirm here another of our judgments by quoting a few criticisms passed on Lady Gilbert's new novel, *The Tragedy of Chris*.

"A charming story of Irish peasant life and the Dublin poor."—*Times*.

"A delightful story of life amongst the poor. Exhibits the traits of people of humble life in the distressful country with charm and humour. The story is of a quality which will be appreciated, even by people who have no love for fiction."—*Scotsman*.

"Wonderfully fascinating. . . . The people stand out as distinctly as if they were detached and isolated sketches, and though we feel them to be life studies, are complete and necessary parts of the whole picture. It would mean a great deal to have the book very widely read in Dublin."—*Freeman's Journal*.

"A book which throbs with human feeling and pathos. . . . Of the life of the Irish poor Lady Gilbert writes with wonderful insight and knowledge."—*Dundee Courier*.

"A pathetic story. The author writes with power of a sordid life."—*Birmingham Post*.

"Wise are the novelists who put to their stories back-grounds with whose details they are familiar. . . . Rosa Mulholland adheres to her beloved Ireland. . . . always successful in portraiture of the poor."—*Globe*.

"One of the brightest books Rosa Mulholland has yet written. . . Realism freely tempered with romance. The whole tone of the book, despite the central tragedy, is practical and cheerful."—*Reynolds' News*.

"A graceful and pathetic novel, written pleasantly and well thought out."—*British Weekly*.

"A story of the friendship of two girls."—*Academy and Literature*.

"The Dublin street scenes are especially good."—*Nottingham Guardian*.

"A most charming Irish story. . . From its naturalness, realism and homeliness, compels unwavering attention. . . Fidelity to truth and nature, and a considerable amount of dramatic force and literary beauty."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

"A little less contentment with the every-day devices of her craft and indulgence of the obvious sentiment loved by the average young person, and Lady Gilbert's story of Sheella and Chris would have taken rank with the best things Irish fiction has accomplished. It is as genuine a transcript from Irish life as any writer who follows conventional methods has given us in our time."—*Manchester Guardian*.

11. *A Bishop and his Flock*. By John Outhbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport. London: Burns and Oates. [Price, 6s.]

This very tastefully printed and tastefully bound volume. contains thirty-two pastorals issued to his people by the Bishop of Newport during the last twenty-two years. It is not so striking as the *Pastorals and Allocutions* of Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, for many of these were addressed to priests and discussed with great depth and originality topics either uncommon or considered from an unusual point of view. Dr. Hedley's pastorals exhort and instruct his flock concerning God and His service, faith, grace, the Sacraments, and a great many other duties and practices of a Christian life. It is almost a new volume of sermons like those that the Benedictine Bishop has already published to the profit and delight of many souls. It is a solid and attractive spiritual book.

12. *Simple Meditations on the Life of our Lord*. By the Right Rev. Joseph Oswald Smith, O.S.B., Abbot of Ampleforth. York: Ampleforth Abbey. [Price, 6d.]

This is all that the title-page tells, and, indeed, more, for we have added the price from the lists of the Catholic Truth Society, which has adopted this beautiful little book. It will help a great many souls to pray and to take an interest in a simple, practical meditation. As other editions will, we trust, be called for, we may remark that this very neat little quarto contains a good many printer's errors and other mistakes for which the printer is not responsible. In page 8 what does the last word, *them*, refer to? Why not give in full the aspiration quoted in that same page?

The word "friends" in the middle of page 21 is evidently a blunder. The Abbot of Ampleforth has given us a very winning little book of meditations.

13. His previous work, *The Life of Cardinal York*, and his publishers, R. and T. Washbourne, show that Mr. Bernard W. Kelly is a Catholic. This makes us wonder that he has devoted a volume of two hundred pages [price, 3s. 6d.] to *The Conqueror of Culloden*. There are many better themes whereon to exercise his literary industry than *The Life and Times of William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, 1721-1765*. But Mr. Kelly has done well what was hardly worth doing.

Another book that could have been dispensed with is *Why I became a Catholic*, by Minna Macdonald. The Art and Book Company have their name on the title-page, but they state that it was "printed for the author"—a formulary once very common, but rarely used nowadays. Cardinal Manning's *Religio Viatoris* is now advertised under the same name, *Why I became a Catholic*. That little sketch is very well worth reading.

14. *Youthful Verses*. By J. J. Kelly, D.D. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers and Walker. [Price, 2s.]

Dean Kelly, of Athlone, was in his early manhood a frequent contributor of verse to *The Nation*, under the signature of "Coman." He seems to have adopted Gresset's opinion that "*sans un peu de folie on ne rime plus a trente ans*;" for, though his pen has not been idle, it has, we think, been employed only in the service of the *Musa pedestris*, and he expressly labels with the epithet "youthful" the extremely neat and cheap volume before us. It would have been a pity to leave these graceful, pious, and patriotic poems uncollected. Most of them are inspired by an intense love for faith and fatherland, for home and kindred; and perhaps the best are those consecrated to the memory of Eugene O'Curry, Richard Dalton Williams, George H. Moore, and Father Michael Mullin. Not by chance, but out of special devotion, the last pages of all are reserved for the stately and melodious stanzas in honour of the great college of the Irish priesthood, Maynooth.

15. *Boken*. By George Shelley Hughes. Chicago: Published by the Author.

There is a Hughes among Dr. Johnson's British Poets. This American, Mr. Shelley Hughes, resembles the poet Hughes more than the poet Shelley. We have here a story told in 240 pages of

Hiawatha metre and phonetic spelling. The "schemes of wicked women" are here the "skeems ov wikid wimmen," and the "virgin prairie" is "vurjin prary." Two hundred pages of that spelling and metre lend themselves to laughter very often; yet the story is not at all badly told, and many a pleasant passage might be detached and translated into ordinary orthography with good effect. Some very ingenious prose disquisitions fill the last pages of this strange but clever book.

16. The *Irish Rosary* (St. Saviour's Priory, Domnick-street, Dublin), gives with its Christmas number a large and beautiful picture of Our Lady of the Magnificat, printed in gold and colours. The price of the number, along with this supplement, is only ninepence. In the matter of illustrations, it is the best rival in this country of the *American Messenger* and *Donohoe's Magazine*, with their wealth of beautifully reproduced photographs and pictures. But, indeed, Father Bearn's *Stella Maris* and his *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* are beautifully illustrated, while reaching a very high degree of literary charm. The Christmas spirit prompts us to thank specially Mr. J. Donovan for "Christmas Eve in Flying Horse Yard," in *Stella Maris*; Mrs. Tynan O'Mahony for "The Home-coming at Christmas," in the *Catholic Fireside*; Miss Donegan Walsh, for "The Maestrino's Christmas" in the *Catholic World*; and Miss Jessie Reader, for "The Light that did not not Fail," in the large *Messenger*, published at New York—which, in December, opens with a very able article on "The Struggle for Industrial Life in Ireland," by the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J. The *Georgetown College Journal* for November is an extremely interesting number, the ablest items being, perhaps, Mr. Stoner Luak's "Criticism of a Critic," and Mr. Foote's admirable little story, "They also Serve."

17. Numerous as our references have been to the American firm of Benziger Brothers, we have not yet mentioned among their new publications *What the Church Teaches*, by the Rev. Edwin Drury (price 1s. 3d.), which the eloquent Bishop of Peoria, Dr. Lancaster Spalding, recommends strongly as a hand-book of the essentials of Christian Doctrine. From the same enterprising publishers come the *Little Folks' Annual* (price 6d.), and *Visits to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament* (price 3s.), translated from the French by Miss Grace M'Auliffe.

Additional publications of Burns and Oates are, *The Catholic*

Almanac for 1904, Short Readings on Devotion to the Holy Ghost, and The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin according to the Roman Rite, in an extremely neat shilling volume.

The Art and Book Company, true to their name, produce very artistically *Christ and His Mother in Pictures*—an Almanac for 1904 (price 6d.)

18. The Catholic Truth Society (69 Southwark Bridge, London) have issued lately a batch of marvellous pennyworths: *Leo XIII.*, by Father Charles Coupe, S.J., who summarises his life and writings very ably, and ends by giving the Pope's last poem and the beautiful elegies in which Owen Seaman in *Punch* and Alfred Perceval Graves in *John Bull* commemorated his death; sketches of three Virgin Saints of the Benedictine Order (Walburga, Hilda, and Edith of Wilton), *The Title "Catholic and the Roman Church,"* by M. A. R. Tucker, and *The Catholic Church and the Bible. What does Science Say?* [price twopennes] is another of Father John Gerard's many admirable essays on the relation between Science and Religion, suggested by the controversy that arose lately out of a public assertion of Lord Kelvin's. Two penny books of *Thoughts in Prose and Verse* are the best of the kind that we have ever seen. *Catholic Book Notes* lets us know that it is Miss Emily Hickey whom we have to thank for these exquisite little anthologies.

19. In honour of this holy Christmastide we end by announcing two books with a special Christmas flavour. One is a pretty little quarto published by R. & T. Washbourne for a shilling—*Worshippers at Bethlehem*, arranged very effectively by Miss Winifride Hill out of Father Faber's *Bethlehem*. The other is Father P. S. Dinneen's translation into Irish of Charles Dickens's first and best Christmas book, *A Christmas Carol*. The original can now be had for sixpence, and the two combined ought to furnish a pleasant reading-book to the student of the Irish language. The publishers are M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper O'Connell-street, Dublin.

Among the Christmas numbers there is nothing brighter or more varied than a new-comer which calls itself "*And-na-Eirinn* : an Irish Ireland Magazine." Perhaps, "*The Tullamore Annual*" would have defined its time and place more accurately, for it issues from the capital of King's County, and it comes, like Christmas, only once a year. It gives a wonderful shilling's-worth of very

diversified matter—picture and poem, song and story, Irish and English, fact and fiction. The printing is highly creditable to Athlone. Among the contributors are Dr. Douglas Hyde, Seumas McManus, Jessie Tulloch, and Emily Hickey. Altogether, it is an interesting addition to the "Literature of King's County," which is the subject of one of the articles. No publisher is mentioned, but probably "The Editor, Tullamore," will be a sufficient address for enquiries.

I.

THE DAY OF DREAMS

WHEN, before the shining altar,
Maidenhood is vowed away—
What power sustains the hearts that falter,
Ere yet the time turns grey ?

Never returns the morning clearness,
The light of purest ray—
Never shall shine the crown relinquished
Upon one fateful day.

II.

BEFORE THE DAWN

When, before the morning altar,
Life and earth are vowed away—
No power shall make the victim falter,
Who sees the dawn of day.

Fair shall rise each morning's freshness,
Though veiled in mists of grey ;
Afar, the stars weave crowns of splendour
For the bowed heads that pray.

III.

AT THE DAWN

When, before the sable altar,
 All earth's life is put away—
 This power sustains the hearts that falter,
 It is the Dawn of Day.

For now returns all childhood's freshness,
 Baptismal light of day—
 Though burn the fallow funeral tapers
 Around the virgin clay.

Now is the maidenhood for ever—
 Never the time turns grey ;
 Ever shall shine the crown accomplished
 On this last Marriage-Day.

ROSE ARRESTI.

WINGED WORDS

Money is a trouble : a trouble to make, a trouble to invest, a trouble to leave.—*William Whiteley.*

It is better to be the victim than the culprit.—*The same.*

True dignity is always simple ; and perhaps true genius, of the highest class at least, is always humble.—*J. G. Lockhart.*

There is a frightful interval between the seed and the timber.—*Samuel Johnson.*

A deputation is a noun of multitude signifying many, but not signifying much.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

The worth of a man is in proportion to the reverence he has had for his mother.—*Felix Dupanloup.*

One of the good things one learns by absence from friends is seeing the folly of being huffed or affronted at trifles.—*Lord Edward Fitzgerald.*

There are different sorts of courage. Some will fight because they have not the courage to run away.—*Arthur Law.*

Meditation is a gift confined to unknown philosophers and

cows. Others don't begin to think till they begin to talk or write.—*"Mr. Dooley of Chicago."*

The test of a man's or a woman's breeding is how they behave in a quarrel. Anyone can behave well when things are going smoothly.—*George Bernard Shaw.*

He that will not obey the laws of God must obey his own passions, which are the worst tyrants; he must obey the words and the humours of others. In short, to serve God is perfect freedom; all else is mere slavery, let the world call it what they please.—*Copied by Matthew Arnold—from whom?*

This is the age of incompetent criticism, and no one is too ignorant to offer an opinion.—*F. Marion Crawford.*

The most unlovable people, though they are often well intentioned people, are those who are perpetually engaged in the ideal task of setting others right.—*Rev. Herman Heuser.*

Do all the good you can by all the means you can, in all the ways you can, in all the places you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can.—*John Wesley.*

Nothing is harder than duty in conflict with affection, for duty must carry the day.—*Lacordaire.*

I think as you do about mountains, the sea, and forests; they are the three great things in nature, and have many analogies, especially the sea and forests. I am as fond of them as *you* are; but, as old age creeps on, nature takes less hold on us than souls; and we feel the beauty of that saying of Vauvenargues, "Sooner or later we only find enjoyment in souls."—*The same.*

If there *are* impostors in the world, I'd rather trust and be deceived than suspect and be mistaken.—*"A Pair of Spectacles."*

The only one who never makes mistakes is the one who never does anything.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

What a corpse is without a soul, that a deed is without a motive. Everything in life depends on the intention; and, if this truth is not more widely understood, it is because so many lives are purposeless.—*Rev. F. O. Kolbe, D.D.*

Faith is a venture before a man is a Catholic, it is a grace after it. We approach the Church in the way of reason, we live in it in the light of the Spirit.—*Cardinal Newman.*

The good son of a good mother is certain to prosper, in God's own time and way.—*L. W. Reilly.*

Pleasure and happiness! The one is the surface of feeling, the other its depth.—*Sarah Grand.*

The hypothesis of the evolution of all things out of chaotic dirt through powers and agencies inherent and immanent in that dirt, unhelped and unguided anywhere by an organising mind, is too monstrous a doctrine ever to be entertained by competent thinkers.—*Professor Bowen of Harvard.*

Self-reproach is often the most subtle kind of egotism. [Had "Uncle Essek" read La Bruyère? "One prefers to speak ill of oneself rather than not speak of oneself at all."] Prudence is worth possessing, but a man may have too much of it, and so spoil all his other good qualities.—*Uncle Essek.*

There is no man on earth to whom we owe so much and whom we pay so grudgingly as the schoolmaster.—*The same.*

The child who has learned to obey has obtained half its education.—*The same.*

O God, seeing that Thou art so infinitely lovable, why hast Thou given us but one heart to love Thee with, and this so little and so narrow?—*St. Philip Neri.*

There are three things necessary to success—work, brains, and opportunity; and the greater of these is opportunity.—*Lord Milner.*

At the bottom of good manners there are always three things—self-sacrifice, self-control, self-respect.—*Dr. Frederick Temple.*

Every field-mouse in the world is glorified by the one little mouse which Burns's plough dispossessed.—*Rev. F. C. Kolbe, D.D.*

Sow an action, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny.—*Anon.*

Defer not charities till death; for certainly, if a man weigh it rightly, he that doth so is rather liberal of another man's than his own.—*Francis Bacon.*

"Swelled head" is a disease which rarely attacks those who have thoroughly "been through the mill."—*M. A. P.*

THE IRISH MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1904

THE IRISH HOUSE OF COMMONS IN 1770

SPEAK of the devil, and he appears." The French equivalent is more graceful: "Parlez du soleil, et voici ses rayons." Very curious coincidences of this sort happen frequently, which some would wish to account for by the doctrine of telepathy. Akin to this are other coincidences that sometimes surprise us in our reading or in our daily life. An example has just occurred to me. Two days ago I knew nothing about any Lord Shannon past or present. If I had been questioned about such a member of the peerage, my tone would have been that which in Betsey Prig hurt Sarah Gamp's feelings so cruelly: "I don't believe there ain't no sich a person as Mrs. Harris, ma'am, siz I." But in the *Freeman's Journal* of Tuesday, November 17, 1903, this paragraph was huddled into a corner:—

"The Earl of Shannon is a living proof of the fact that political ambition is not hereditary. Two of his ancestors were great politicians in their day, and succeeded each other as Speakers of the Irish House of Commons. The first Earl of Shannon was called 'King of the Irish Commons' by Walpole; and his successor in the Speakership, Ponsonby, a patriotic Irishman and father of Ponsonby, leader of the Whig Opposition in the English House of Commons early in the last century, was another ancestor of the present Lord Shannon."

Therefore there is a Lord Shannon extant in the flesh. Now, just two days before this paragraph caught my eye there came into my hands a very curious proof not only of the existence of bygone Lord Shannons, but also of the contrast here asserted

between them and the present non-political Lord Shannon. The political activity of one possessor of the title in the second half of the eighteenth century is abundantly shown in a manuscript volume of which I am allowed to make this use by its owner, who will not, however, permit me to thank him by name. All that is known of its history is that a priest of the diocese of Kildare inherited it from his predecessor in the parish. Paper and hand-writing and its *tout ensemble* confirm its claim to the respectable age of 133 years. It has been very carefully preserved, though it has only the original paper wrapper round it. The writing is clear and firm, with a few additions by a different hand. It begins with a regular title-page arranged in this fashion :—

AN
EXACT AND ACCURATE CATALOGUE
OF THE
MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT,
No. 300,
THE COMMONS OF IRELAND,
SHOWING

The place each Member represents ; how and with whom he is connected : From which the Reader, though not born in Lapland, may with ease foretell how each Member will give his voice next session upon every Question, even before the Proposition is known.

BY A TRUE PATRIOT.

Accipe nunc Danaüm insidias—
Disce omnes. *Virgil.*

Compiled from the best Authority in Dublin.

1770.

On the back of this title-page an explanation is given of the different signs and contractions used throughout the book. Almost the only arbitrary sign is Z for a Trustee of the Linen Manufacture, whatever that function may have been. *P*, *c*, and *du* are evidently *pro*, *contra*, and *dubious* ; namely, the first indicates “a friend to Government in all reasonable measures” ; the second, “against all Government measures whatsoever” ; and the third, “doubtful which side he will take.” The terms in which this

explanation is given seem to show that our "True Patriot" was himself on the side of the Government and did not approve of the form that patriotism was beginning to assume at the time that he drew up this *catalogue raisonné* of Irish M.P.'s. He shows his leanings very plainly afterwards.

Let us remind ourselves what that time was. In 1770 Henry Grattan was twenty-four years of age, and was not to gain a seat in Parliament till five years later—1775—entering the world of politics precisely when a still greater Irishman entered the world of this mortal life. "I was born," wrote Daniel O'Connell, "on the 6th of August, 1775, the very year in which the stupid obstinacy of British oppression forced the reluctant people of America to seek security in arms and to commence that bloody struggle for independence which has been in its results beneficial to England, while it has shed glory and conferred liberty on America."

Every borough and every county had two members, neither more nor less, without regard to population. Our "True Patriot" gives a page to each, beginning with Antrim County; for he follows the order of the alphabet, and after each county he gives its boroughs, also arranged alphabetically. The names of the members were written in red ink, with a half-page for the remarks that each might afterwards be honoured with. The top lines of the first fourteen pages, containing the names of the boroughs and counties from Armagh to Cavan have been almost washed out by some accident. Faint traces remain, but one needs to understand the arrangement I have described and to be pretty familiar with Irish geography to be able to guess these names correctly. These, at least, I will place on record here, for the benefit especially of the owner of this piece of antiquity, who will, perhaps, think it well to mark them on the respective pages, but so as not to interfere with the very dim original. Indeed, a mere enumeration of the boroughs is interesting, showing what small towns and villages sent to Parliament as many voices and votes as important cities. One is curious to know, for instance, what may have been the total electoral force of places like Athboy and Tallaght, and how many votes were polled for the successful candidate.

After Antrim County come the boroughs of Antrim, Belfast, Lisburn, and Randalstown. One would look here for Carrikerfergus; but Carrikerfergus, like Drogheda, was both a town and

a county—how and why, I do not know—and so Carrickfergus comes in its proper alphabetical order as a county between Armagh and Carlow. But does not Carlow come before it? No, for Carlow was then spelled Catherlogh, as Ardee was then Atherdee.

After Randalstown, the last of Antrim boroughs, comes Armagh County with its boroughs of Armagh and Charlemont. Then, as I have said already, Carrickfergus County is followed by Catherlogh (or Carlow) County with its boroughs, Catherlogh and Old Leighlin. The last of these names is completely effaced in our old Manuscript Catalogue; but I supply it from John Ryan's *History and Antiquities of the County of Carlow*, which at page 296 gives to Old Leighlin the same members as the "True Patriot" assigns to the illegible borough that follows Catherlogh, namely, Sir Fitzgerald Aylmer, Bart., and Mr. Thomas Monck.

After Carlow comes Cavan County, with its boroughs of Belurbet and Cavan; Clare with its solitary borough Ennis, and Cork with its many boroughs, Bandonbridge, Castlemartyr, Charleville, Clonakilty (spelled here Cloghnikilty), the city of Cork, the borough of Doneraile, the towns of Kinsale and Mallow, the boroughs of Middleton and Rathcormack, and the town of Youghal. I suppose there is some legal significance in those changes of terminology, city, town, and borough.

But these latter names are quite legible, and so on to the end. At present, therefore, we need not go further with this enumeration, but let us see some of the characters assigned to various members by this anonymous contemporary.

Almost the only two of these names that have a place in Irish history are Henry Flood and Dr. Charles Lucas. The latter was at this time the leader of the real Patriot party who remained true after the Government had bought those "Patriots" who were for sale. He and the Marquess of Kildare were the Members for the City of Dublin. Here is what our "True Patriot" says of him:—

"Charles Lucas, M.D. Got in here by cajoling the very scum of the People and instilling into their minds that Government always intended to hurt them, and that Patriotism consists in opposition to all ministerial measures. A man of an envious, turbulent spirit, who makes it his perpetual business to libel the great and level all that are above him, as if honour were a dangerous, useless thing, and nothing could grow on such lofty ground but what is fit to be rooted out. His very existence depends upon troubles

and confusion—justly called by Hely Hutcheson a bungling Incendiary without either parts or property."

After this malevolent entry is written "*Dead*;" and reference is made to a page at the end of the book where Lucas's successor is mentioned—another medical doctor:—

"William Clements, M.D. Came in here by his own interest, which he got by his continued opposition to Government. He is Vice-Provost of the College. He never was well with the Provost; but being always against him, in Trinity, it is thought, directed his conduct in this. A man not apt to laugh or frown. He is thought to be an honest man. Though a Fellow of the College, he is married, contrary to the Statutes—which keeps him a good deal down."

When we know the corruption which maintained the Government in Ireland, not only immediately before the Union but much earlier in the eighteenth century, it raises our opinion of Charles Lucas that he withstood till the end the temptations to which his brilliant colleague, Henry Flood, unhappily, for a time, gave way when he lent his support to the Government and accepted the post of vice-treasurer, a sinecure with £3,500 a year. But that desertion had not taken place when the "*True Patriot*" annotated this list of Irish representatives, else he would have been less severe upon the eloquent Member for Callan:—

"Henry Flood, Esq. He came in by his own interest, which he has supported by fighting for it, in so much that he fought a Duel with J. Agar, and killed him in it. A man of excellent abilities, judge of him from his actions and ordinary speeches. He is filled with avarice, infidelity, and ambition, with fraud and subtlety, odious as well to friends as to foes. And all this under the masque of Patriotism."

Our anonymous writer seems to have had a special grudge to the whole family; for, whenever the name turns up, he has something spiteful to say. Thus, Henry Flood's colleague in the representation of Callan was John Flood, "Son of Colonel John Flood of Radootarnagh, now called Flood Hall. He is milder than some of the Floods, who are very overbearing. He will vote with the above Harry, his cousin-german." And to the name of Warden Flood of Polestown [now Paulstown] Member for the borough of Longford, this note is appended: "Bought the seat from his cousin Harry Flood, who bought it from Lord Longford. He is a good

kind of man and well behaved, which is extraordinary among the Floods. He married a Miss Aldworth, a niece of Sentleger's, the Member for Doneraile. He will vote with his cousin." The other member for Longford was David Latouche, who also "bought his seat from Lord Longford, who has this borough entirely. He is a Banker and accounted the safest in Ireland. He would willingly serve Government; but he has an eye to popularity, as it might be of use to his shop."

The word for a Government office was at this time "employment." For instance, John Bourke, Junr., "has a Revenue Employment." It means also an office under Government in the following account of the Right Hon. John Ponsonby, Member for Kilkenny County. "Came in" is the phrase used for "obtained the seat." "Came in by his own interest, which was very great while he was a Commissioner of the Revenue; but now he has lost that by setting himself among an association of divers persons combined to the offence of Government, who, to make themselves great, have made him nothing. A man of no art or cunning. In private life none better, but in a public capacity a mere Idiot, and when in Employment was remarkable for promising more than he could perform, from whence he got the name of Jack Promise. He is a Privy Councillor and a Trustee of the Linen Manufacture. He is advised by his wife, who is very vain and ridiculous."

As 149 places have each their page with two members inscribed and described thereon, this makes up just two less than the 300 claimed on the title-page of this manuscript book. The first is the senior Member for Antrim County, "the Hon. Randal M'Donnell, commonly called Lord Dunluce;" and the last is the junior Member for Carysfort (under Wicklow County), Sir Robert Filson Deane, who bought his seat from Lord Carysfort, and is said to be "a wild, conceited, extravagant, foolish man. To flatter his pride, make him think you believe he understands everything, and you have him."

It is well to note that, as I have already remarked, the Irish House of Commons that we have been discussing did not number Henry Grattan among its members till five years later, in 1775; and yet, corrupt as it was, Grattan carried through to victory the struggle for legislative independence in 1782. No doubt the revolt of the American Colonies affected the attitude of the English

Government towards Ireland. But, though, during the short score of years that Irish independence lasted, great progress was made, great works accomplished (like the Custom House of Dublin), nevertheless, the Irish Parliament was still the parliament of the English colony, not of the nation—the greater part of whom, the entire Catholic population, were banned and ostracised, not only excluded from Parliament, but unable to vote for a Member of Parliament till very near the end of the eighteenth century.

Nay, even as the parliament of the English colony, the Irish House of Commons was not decently representative, but was a fraud. Most of the boroughs were practically the property of a few lords and politicians. The Lord Shannon whom I named at the beginning, had sixteen seats at his command. Seats were openly bought and sold. The wonder is that in such a parliament Grattan achieved what he did, and that at the end a hundred members withstood the shameless machinations which brought about the so-called Union, which Dr. Johnson described prophetically and Lord Byron described historically.—“We should unite with you, Sir, only to rob you.” “The union of the shark with his prey; covering and devouring it.”

M. R.

A PASSER-BY

I.—A SHORT VISIT.

E'EN for a moment, as I pass Thy door,
 I enter, and on bended knees I fall.
 Pardon my coldness, Jesus, I implore,
 And pour Thy mercies over me and all.

II.—IN HASTE.

I pass in haste and may not enter now,
 But, as I pass, my heart and head I bow
 Before the altar, hoping soon to share
 The vigil of the angels praying there.

W. L.

DANTE'S VERSION OF

Purgatorio,

O PADRE nostro, che nei cieli stai,
 Non circoscritto, ma per più amore
 Che ai primi effetti di lassù tu ai,
 Laudato sia il tuo nome e il tuo valore
 Da ogni creatura, com'è degno
 Di render grazie al tuo dolce vapore.
 Vegna vèr noi la pace del tuo regno
 Chè noi ad essa non potem da noi,
 S'ella non vien, con tutto nostro ingegno.
 Come del suo voler gli angeli tuoi
 Fan sacrificio a te, cantando Osanna,
 Così facciano gli uomini de'suoi.
 Dà'oggi a noi la cotidiana manna,
 Senza la qual per questo aspro deserto
 A retro va chi più di gir s'affanna.
 E come noi lo mal che avem sofferto
 Perdoniamo a ciascuno, e tu perdona
 Benigno, e non guardar lo nostro merto.
 Nostra virtù, che di leggier s'adona,
 Non spermentar con l'antico avversaro,
 Ma libera da lui, che sì la sprona.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

11-12.

O THOU, our Father, who in Heaven dost dwell,
 Not bound thereto, but from the greater love
 Which for thy first creation there Thou hast,
 Praised be thy name, and praised thy power supreme,
 By every creature, for 'tis only meet
 To render thanks to thy sweet effluence.
 Grant that to us may come thy kingdom's peace,
 For we cannot attain to it ourselves,
 With all our striving, if it cometh not.
 As of their will thine Angels unto Thee
 Make sacrifice, while they Hosanna sing,
 So may all men make sacrifice of theirs.
 Give unto us this day our daily bread,
 Without the which, in this rough wilderness,
 He falls away who toils most to advance.
 And as the evil we from others bear
 We pardon to each one, so pardon us
 In mercy Thou, and look not on our faults,
 Our virtue frail, so easily o'ercome,
 Put not to trial with our ancient foe,
 But guard it Thou against his fierce attacks.

G. M.

Christmas Day, 1903.

A WANDERER'S RETURN

"DO you know *who* is in the Lower House?" a very impetuous young person demanded, bursting into a kitchen where a turf fire blazed so brightly that shower after shower of golden sparks flew up the wide chimney at her tempestuous entrance.

Now such an inquiry, put on a wintry night—when a wind other than that beloved by Madge Blundell and the birds is abroad—and at a late hour was enough to raise quite a flutter of excitement. The little village of R— is miles and miles from a railway station; it is perched on a rocky ledge, unprotected from any wind that blows: it possesses no attraction for strangers; nor do strangers find any business in it. Had any one expected visitors, we should all have known it. Wild guesses as to whom "who" might be floated through my mind as the query was put.

"It is Patrick M'Elroy," the young person mentioned the name, and sat down, properly satisfied with her hearers' surprise and gladness. There were excited ejaculations of amazement and joy, for there had been much anxiety over the non-arrival of letters from this wanderer, and many reasons for joy in his return.

"How glad his father will be! If only his poor mother had lived!" some one said, and my thoughts went back with a bound over the wastes of time to a February night fifteen years before, when the neighbours had gathered as a convoy in the home of the returned exile. Some were there to give him some little parting gift, poor in itself; some to wish him God-speed on his journey to Australia. Relations and the more immediate friends of the young man had assembled early in the evening. I could see his mother's face and the pain in it beneath the brave smile it wore as she greeted each new comer with the kindly courtesy habitual to her. A white cap was on her grey hair, and a little woollen handkerchief was pinned on her breast. How often she passed her boy just to touch his hand or to rest her fingers on his shoulders! How attentive she was to her guests through all! How eager that they should have some enjoyment—fun she phrased it. For thirteen years after, her boy's letters were the joy of her life. Her home was on the tip-top of a hill—Pat's Hill—and from the door

of her house there is a fine view of the white winding road over which the postman journeys each early morning on his way to our village. The house faces the east, and I think gladly of what glorious dawns she must have witnessed as she stood on the street watching for "the post." Her waiting was, no doubt, often protracted; our clocks and our post are alike erratic; half an hour or so one way or the other doesn't matter.

Once again I could see the table laden with cups and saucers, bread and butter. We, women kind, had tea first; then the men and boys mustered. The sound of a fiddle came to my ears; chairs and tables were cleared away; and a man and a maid were on the floor. There was a little delay, and the fiddler tuned his instrument anew as the maiden selected the tune to which she would dance. "M'Cloud's Reel" and "The Soldier's Joy" were equally favoured by her. At length she made up her mind, and the dance began with due solemnity. Soon, however, the music roused the pair. The man's "steps" grew more varied; the girl's feet nimbler; and not till both were breathless did they stand hand-in-hand before the fiddle for the last turn. It was pretty to see the girl's curtesy to the musician, and to hear her "Thank you kindly, sir," ere she rushed red and rosy to her seat.

The night wore away with dance and song, and, by-and-bye, some of the company adjourned to the barn, where a second fiddle had been installed. The boy's father was here and there and everywhere, with laughing words and a sore heart. Some one was so tactless as to sing a song which tells "how the ship went down with the fair young bride that sailed from Dublin Bay." The boy's mother struggled from her place by the fire to the room where I saw her lying not so long since in her brown shroud. I am sure she never missed a Confraternity Station till her last long illness came on; and I am equally sure she never missed the opportunity of helping a neighbour by word or deed.

The grey dawn of the February morning that I am looking back to came at last, chill and raw. Patrick choked himself in his endeavours to swallow the cup of tea prepared by his mother. His box was on the cart on the street. The new scapulars, given by the kindest of country curates, were placed on the boy's neck by his mother's hand, and the old ones thrown into the fire. His father assisted in tackling the mare. It was better to be engaged

in something, and he was to accompany Patrick to the station. Some of the neighbours had taken their farewell of Patrick and their departure. The others gathered in a knot on the street. The lad donned the new top coat and hat, and the mare and cart moved off the street, and down the hill. Many eyes were turned away as the lad said good-bye to his mother and sister. It was over at last. The cart had reached the lane, that was once the King's highway, and jolted on to the county road. It moved up the hill and out of sight before the white-faced mother staggered into the lonely house.

I saw all this before Patrick and the owner of the Lower House reached the door. I opened it and Patrick called my name. The poor fellow was absolutely dazed with joy. I thought of some lines I had recently read—

I'd rather venture another flight,
There's such a joy in returning.

With what keen delight he recognised face after face, grasped hand after hand! He halted, however, when he came to the young person who had announced his return. "She's ——" he paused, and someone supplied the name. "Why, she was only a white-haired little thing when I went away!" he exclaimed by way of apology. How often he shook hands all round! The big tears of joy were in his eyes. "There's no place like Ireland, none at all," he kept repeating. A former companion of his, now a staid married man, chanced to come in. "Wait a bit," the wanderer pleaded. "Don't tell the name." After a pause came a cry of "Jack, Jack!" and two pairs of hands met.

But some perches of road, an exceedingly muddy lane, and a field or two lay between the newcomer and home. He had left his luggage at a married sister's house, which he passed on his way from the station; and two old friends accompanied him on his way. The night was wild and wet, and the fierce nor'-wester met them as they went forth, propelled them onward, and met them again as they ascended Pat's Hill. In the little cottage on the top the nightly Rosary had been said. The *kaillie* is almost a thing of the past on account of the continuously declining population, and bed-time comes early for those who must be astir before the dawn. Father, brother, and sister started when a neighbour entered. "Faith, you're a stranger," said the kindly master of the house,

drawing forward a chair and stirring the fire. "'Tis the wild night entirely." The neighbour was a poor hand at breaking a thing. "There's another stranger outside," he said; and the sister gave a cry as the door opened again. The two neighbours slipped away; the rain came down in torrents as they tramped down the field, and past a house to which, alas! its exiles will never return. They lie on a sunny slope facing the great Pacific. But in the house on the hill there was joy and sorrow. Sorrow for the mother who died before her boy came home; joy that the wanderer had come home at last.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

THE STORY OF THE DAUGHTER OF A GREAT KING OF HETHENESSE

How she was strangely made ready to receive the Faith, seeing as in a vision the great things that befell when the Lord Jesus redeemed the world: how the monks who brought the Gospel message to her father's Court were slain, all save one, with whom she fled for life, being baptised by him on the way: how she was brought by him into another country, and left by him at a convent: how the Message was again sent to her father, and how he accepted the Faith. Told by her to the nuns of the convent wherein she was Abbess, when she lay a-dying: and by the Abbess succeeding her set down in writing.

OUR Mother, whose love was the drawing of souls to their God,
 Lay dying, and I was of those upon whom was bestowed
 The sweetest of honour, to sit by the side of our saint,
 And watch, with love-hearing, love-seeing, for token most faint
 Of a wish love is quick to interpret and seek to fulfil,
 From her, whose dear will, as we knew it, was one with God's will.

All strangely the fever had smitten, and hurt her, and burned,
 And sad were our vigils beside her, and daylight returned

Each morning, and looked on our sorrow, for she whom we loved
 Was griped in the fangs of the fever, and wildly she moved ;
 And the words on her dear holy lips were all strange to our ears,
 Some tongue that not one of us knew ; and we cried through our
 tears

And our anguish to Him who stood weeping by Lazarus' grave,
 And prayed Him, because of His sorrow, to help her and save :
 And we cried to Our Lady of Grief, to His Mother most dear,
 And we wept to the Saints whom we loved, that strong prayer in
 God's ear

Might even prevail, and our stricken beloved one arise
 As of old, with His praise on her tongue, and His love in her eyes.
 But not by our prayers and our tears might her healing be won,
 So we kneeled in submission and prayed that His will might be done.

Then peace came upon her ; the fever went out of her eyes.
 And she lay as a comforted baby that blessedly lies
 In the arms of the mother that loves it ; and calm was her face
 As she smiled on her children with all the old sweetness and grace.

The Shrift and the Unction were given her, and day after day,
 The Food for the journey was brought her, and happy she lay,
 And the strength of her love still enwrapped us, as calm on the
 height

Of her Phasga she looked on the country of love and of light.
 Full often she spoke to us, tender of heart and of speech,
 Whose silence much more than the words of all others could teach :
 And lastly she told us the marvellous tale of her youth,
 How God led her forth from her country and kin by His Truth ;
 And my Sisters, who chose me, unworthy, to sit in her place,
 Have prayed me to write it, and so, by the help of God's grace,
 I essay it. God grant that it be to the glory of Him,
 Though the gold of her telling be dulled and the fine gold be dim.
 We deem of her happy in rest, peace, refreshment, indeed ;
 Yet pray for the soul of our Mother, and pray for our need.

THE ABBESS'S STORY

Oh, I was a mighty king's daughter, who knew not the Name
 Whereby we are saved ; and one feast-day, at noontide, there came
 A lad from the bounds of our kingdom, who told us that men
 Were come from a country far off, and were waiting as then

With a message of *peace unto men of good will*. Then my sire
 Laughed loud, and the princes laughed too, and he called the lad
 nigher,

To know of him who was the monarch whose message of peace
 Was sent unto him, the most mighty ; to him whose increase
 Was the waxing of earth, and whose failing her sorrowful wane.—

And the lad smiled a smile in his calmness, and answered again,
 " Sir King, they who sent me will tell thee." Great laughter and
 mirth

Outleaped at the word of my sire, " He is king of all earth,
 Small doubt, who hath sent us a herald so mighty as thou,
 Ungrown of the beard and the shoulders, and smooth of the brow ! "

But the lad, lowly louting, said nought, though I deemed his
 heart said,
 " My King is the greatest of kings, of the living and dead ! "

Then my father made sign unto me, who was standing anear,
 To approach him yet nearer ; and whispered his word in my ear.
 I heard him, and trembled and shuddered, but knew not the why,
 For oft he had bid me, his daughter, to look with the eye
 Of the sight beyond sight I was born with, and tell what should be ;
 For the wisdom of women was on me, and far could I see ;
 I heard what was silent for him, and I saw what was veiled,
 And oft I had saved his great lordship from woes that assailed,
 For the soul of a prophet was in me ; but now I stood stark,
 And the heart of me died in my bosom, as, stifling and dark,
 The silence enwrapped me and held me. My women upraised,
 And took me away from the sight of the courtiers that gazed,
 And bore to a chamber soft-lighted, to lay on a bed
 And watch me, as women sit watching their lady that's dead.
 Not stilled was the shout of the feast, nor its laughter made vain,
 For they deemed I should rise from my trance to behold them
 again.

Oh, the blindness and darkness that wrapped me ! The
 loneliness and woe
 Of the spirit that goeth alone where her mates cannot go !
 A land of the shadow of death, and the quenching of life ;
 A land of the breaking of hope, and of anguish and strife ;

A land of upheaval and terror, a land of despair
Of a presence that blasted and slew with its cark and its care.

But out of the blindness and darkness of night, and the awe
Of the sorrow and lonesome, One lifted my soul, and I saw
Far away to the still happy blue of the sky and the sea,—
Where the meeting of ocean and ether unwist of by me—
That blue was a glory of tenderness radiant and soft,
And the birds therein spread out their wings, as they soared high
aloft ;

And the light of the distant gleamed lovely and lighted the near,
And the eyes that were blessed by the sight of the far-off grew
clear,

Till I knew of a beauty, a splendour, more fair than a dream,
And I knew that it was and would be, nor a whit did it seem.
The glory sank down to my soul, and the fear was all gone,
And I looked out with eyes newly purged, and they looked upon
One

More fair than the men that I knew, than the gods that I guessed,
With the love of the earth and the heaven for a zone round His
breast ;

With might of the Maker of all for a crown on His head,
And with eyes that could pierce to the heart of the hell of the
dead ;

With lips that were bright with the radiance of utterance like
gold,

And hands that were strong with the strength that ne'er droops nor
grows old.

The glory of youth and of prime, and the glory of eld,
Beholded the Body enshrining the Spirit beheld
By men who had willed the beholding, by women who loved,
And children who laughed in His arms in their joy unreprieved.

They thought I had died, and they came with their anguish
and wail,

And dressed me in garments of splendour, and laid on the bale ;
But I rose, and I spake—*Let them come, O my father, for lo !
I have tasted the bitter of darkness, the sweet of a glow
That spake to the heart of the darkness and bade it depart ;
And I kneel to a Presence unknown with the knee of my heart.*

Then the black-vested men with the tonsure were fetched, and
 I stood,
 And knew they were speaking, and bowed me, and knelt to the
 Rood,
 And the tale that they told was the tale of Redemption. I sat,
 As one who with ears of the listening hears nothing thereat.
 And I know not, have no understanding of how I was taught,
 But the rapture and awe was upon me ; the vision was brought
 That blinded me, glad of the blinding, for so could I see
 The vision again in its beauty that came unto me ;
 To me, who should know of the men what they knew and believed,
 But could not hold open my eyes for the glory received
 On the eye-balls, whose lids were close-shut, to behold Him once
 more,
 The Lord of high fairness and worship I saw heretofore.

But, lo ! as I looked on Him steadily, dimness dropped down,
 And the glory was blotted away in the dusk of a frown
 From a Face that I saw not, for no man could live did he see ;
 And I saw how the Face was in shadow, and slow upon me,
 Came the vision, the last of my visions for ever. I knew,
 Even I, how a tree was uplifted stark-straight 'gainst the blue,
 And a bar ran across it, and wide on that bar were outstretched
 The arms of the Mighty, the Glorious ; and sighings were fetched
 From the heart of the world as the Fairest hung heavily there,
 And the lips of Him parted to utter a cry of despair,
 The lips that were parched in the anguish of terrible thirst ;
 And I knew in the depth of my soul how the Last and the First,
 With thorns for the crown, and blood-chrism, and cross for the
 throne,
 Was King over Death by His dying. I know that alone
 He entered the place of the veiling, the realms of the shade,
 To give God again the lost world which through Him had been
 made.
 The Spirit commended to God and the Body all slack,
 And the sun gone away from the heaven and the night-tide come
 back.

I watched as the hours of His darkness rolled heavily on,
 Till the sun rose again, and grew high, and fell lone, and was gone ;

And the earth passed again into darkness, and kept her embrace
Of the Body in wrappings of linen, the white-covered Face ;
And the fragrance of spikenard and myrrh was in every fold
Of the cerements that clung to the Body, so stiff and so cold :
But the tomb was all filled with a fragrance more fragrant than
nard,

As the Fairest One lay in the bosom of darkness, and shared
The sleep that's alike for the highest and meanest of men,
Till the earth had passed out of the shadow of darkness, and
then—

Oh, gladness exceeding ! Oh, light of all splendours the sum !
Oh, glory of praise to love's glory, for Easter has come !

Then I rose in the light, and I lifted my voice to proclaim
The King and the Lord and the Master, CHRIST JESUS, His
name.

I spake to the priests, and they listened, and little they said,
But looked upon me as though looking on one who had fed
On the fruitage of Eden, by man unwithheld, unbestowed,
From the hand of no angel, indeed, but the hand of her God.

But the hearts of my kinsmen were angry because of this thing,
And they fell on the men of good-will and the peace of the
King,
And left them all ghastly and broken, bedrenched with their
blood,
And they laughed, and they shouted, and maddened, and trampled
the Rood.

And late, when I stole through the darkness to help, an I might,
But one of the priests was alive, and I helped him that night,
And we fled from the land through the wilds, in the deep of the
shade,
And he sealed me Lord Christ's in a stream that we crossed
undismayed ;
And he gave me the fairest of names, of the Mother of God,
Me, the first fruits, and only, as then, of the Faith on the sod.

So we passed out together, God-guided, until that we came
To the land of a people that knew of the Lord by His name ;

He gave me in charge to the Abbess, whose convent looked
down

From the height of the hills on the pastures that girded a town ;
And there did I pray for my father and each of my kin,
That He who had died for us all would assoil them of sin.

Monks bore them the message of peace and good will once again,
And they listened, and bowed the knee low, where the martyrs
were slain.

I know, for the merchants have told it, that now in that land,
Where my father once ruled in the might that no man could
withstand,

High honour is paid to the Name that is high above names,
And the crucified Maker of man, in allegiance that claims
The soul, and the spirit, and body, is worshipped and loved,
And the idols are swept into darkness, untroubled, unmoved.

So now ye have heard me, my Sisters, and know of God's ways
To me and to mine in the flesh, in the spirit. His praise
Be uplifted by me and by mine,—nay, the whole world uplift
Its heart to its Maker and Lover, the Giver, the Gift.
O children He gave me, abide in the love that makes whole,
And pray for the souls that He died for, and pray for my soul.

EMILY HICKEY.

THE WITCH OF RIDINGDALE

"I'M scared, I am *that*, Mester Lance; I tell you. Her's a witch, that's what owd Miss Bess is. Her can put things on yer what yer canna tek off agin."

Lance stood on the snow-covered high road, looking the picture of comical scorn. Jack Barson, the grocer's new errand-lad, had put down his basket, and was telling his very real fears to one who could scarcely suppress the word "Coward!" and who found "Rot!" somewhat inadequate. Indeed, several more or less uncomplimentary remarks rose to Lance's lips as he stood there kicking the snow and stamping his foot, and listening to Jack's story of the poor eccentric old maid to whose house he had been sent with a basket of groceries.

"How can you be such an *ass*?" burst forth Lance, driving the heel of his clog into a piece of ice on the road-side. "Why, Miss Bessie is as harmless as my sister's doll."

"It's all very well," began the big lout of an errand-lad, picking up his basket, and putting it down again—"All very well when yer 'avna got to go theer *yerself*."

Lance looked up so suddenly that Jack stepped back an inch or two. He had once experienced—not so much the weight as the lightning-like swiftness of Lance's small hard fist. To-day, however, Lance kept his hands in his pockets.

"Mean to say *I* daren't go?" he demanded sharply.

"Nobody likes to go," replied Barson, evasively; it did not pay to quarrel with Master Lance. Moreover, there was a lingering hope in the youth's mind that the Squire's son would accept the half-challenge.

"We're not talking about Nobody," Lance rejoined. "Do you think if I were sent to Miss Bessie's I wouldn't go like a shot?"

"I dunna think you'd ——" he was going to add, "like it," but Lance had already seized the basket, and was stepping out.

"D'you go to the front door or the back?" he asked sharply.

"Dunna go to either. Fred Cook says you've got to 'ammer at a winder—t' one on t' left 'and side o' t' front door."

Legends innumerable clung to the house that stood back from the high road, and was more than half concealed by unlopped trees and overgrown shrubs—indeed, a wayward and neglected growth of everything that had once made up a garden of loveliness. It is certain that a lonely and a loveless life was lived beneath Miss Bessie's roof. She was now a woman of sixty, or thereabouts—so said William Lethers, whose knowledge was ample, and whose calculations could be relied upon. Thirty years ago a younger sister had lived with Miss Bessie, and there were many people living in Ridingdale who could remember the shock of the report of her death. She had left her bed at midnight, and had gone down to the river. On the following day her body was found close to the boat-house belonging to Ridingdale Hall. Rumour said this and gossip said that: the one certain fact was that she was found drowned.

Lance had heard the story, and as he passed through the rusted gates that led over weed-grown flag-stones to Miss Bessie's house, he thought of the suicide, and shuddered. Safely and discreetly, Jack Barson had not only remained outside the grounds, but had withdrawn himself some distance up the road. Lance was going to interview the mad sister of a suicide—going alone. The most charitable in Ridingdale spoke of the old lady as being out of her mind. For generations the family to which she belonged had shown symptoms of eccentricity that certainly bordered upon insanity.

Before Jack Barson explained the mode of making Miss Bessie "hear," Lance had heard of the method—had, indeed, remembered it in greater detail than the errand-lad had mastered. To knock at the front door was to court silence and failure. To go round to the back was to come across a locked and bolted door that barred the way to the kitchen-yard. Through the left-hand window, and through that only, would the poor lady receive her bread and milk, her tea and sugar, and even her coals. A regular ritual had to be gone through before she would appear. Three taps on the window-pane meant milk; three knocks on the sash meant coals. A knock and a tap were required from the butcher—he came but once a week—and a shake of the well-bolted sash was permitted to the baker. Strange and casual errand-boys knocked and tapped and shook the sash as the fancy took them. Many a lagging lad made long waiting outside Miss Bessie's the excuse for his dilatoriness.

Snow lay deep beneath the windows : no broom had touched the pathways. Lance's clog-irons made patterns upon the untrodden whiteness. Apparently no one had visited Miss Bessie that afternoon ; but then, Lance reflected, it had snowed since dinner time and the fair white carpet had just been spread afresh. He trembled a little as he tapped on the pane ; but, as he explained later, it was a very cold day.

Three several times he told himself that he was not in the least frightened. He hummed a tune and was not cheered by realizing that he had hit upon the ' Mistletoe Bough.' Trying to change it into ' Good King Wenceslaus '—somehow, he failed. Then he tapped several times upon the window-pane, and kicked a little loose snow from his clogs. After an interval of blowing into his hands—strange that he had not felt the cold very much until now—he shook the window-sash with some vigour. He told himself that it was the standing more or less still that made him shiver so : perhaps it was.

He could see enough of the interior of the room to be convinced that it was not an apartment that was used—saving perhaps as a means of approaching the window. It was fireless, to begin with, and looked both cheerless and damp. Shreds of paper hung from the only wall he could clearly see. Some Georgian chairs stood stiffly against the wall, and a shut piano of antique shape, an instrument that might have been mistaken for a cupboard with pink silk-covered doors, attracted his notice. Within the house there was no sign of life or movement.

The patience of the average boy has its limitations. Lance did what other boys had done under similar circumstances—he tapped and knocked and shook the sash.

" If she doesn't soon come, I shall put the parcels on the ledge and leave them there," he said to himself. Then he thought of two things. The groceries belonged either to old Rup or to Miss Bessie. Could he say that he had delivered them if he left them lying on the window-stone ? Secondly, Jack Barson was waiting for his basket—waiting also to know how he (Lance) had fared with Miss Bessie. To tell Jack Barson a lie would be an uncommonly ugly thing. All very well to say, ' It's only a venial ' ; but then—there are venials and venials.

Moreover, he, a gentleman by every right and title, would have to tell this lie to a—no, that was a forbidden word at Ridingle

Hall, unless the circumstances were quite exceptional and peculiar. Doubtless there were people in the world who deserved the name of *cad*. They were not necessarily errand-boys. Once, and only once, he had heard that word fall from his father's lips, and it had been spoken sorrowfully rather than bitterly. And it was applied to a man who had been at Eton and Oxford—a man who deserved a much harder title.

Clearly there was nothing for it but to wait and brave it out. It was just the waiting that Lance objected to. It was getting near the end of the Christmas holidays, and he had gone into Ridingdale to buy a paint-brush that George badly wanted. Returning, he had overtaken Jack Barson. Jack was a donkey, of course, with his tales of witchcraft and "things put on on you that you can't get taken off." "But I'm a bigger donkey still," Lance told himself, "not to mind my own business." He thought of some lines in *Hamlet*—a passage that he had once had to write out ten times after doing what Laertes is expressly warned by Polonius not to do. If Lance had only given Barson his ear and not his voice; however, 'being in,' as Polonius puts it, he must bear it. Here he was and here he must stay. And here too was Miss Bessie.

Through the dirty glass Lance saw her open the door with great caution, enter the room and walk towards the window. For a space she stood there quite motionless—looking down upon him. It was an uncanny experience. The thought crossed his mind that if she shut her eyes her face would look like that of a dead woman. She was gaunt and thin and bloodless. Her lips were tightly compressed, but though she frowned somewhat Lance could not help thinking that after all she was not so very ugly. His experience of witches was a purely literary one: anything less like a story-book witch than Miss Bessie he had never imagined. It was years since, in the course of a walk, she had been pointed out to him by a nurse, and on that occasion the small Lance had seen very little beyond a big poke bonnet and a blue shawl.

As she raised the window-sash to its full height, Lance braced himself to speak. Removing his cap he faltered something about "these from the grocer's."

"Put your cap on, child," was Miss Bessie's greeting; but all the time she was looking at him with keen curiosity. He said afterwards that at first he thought she was trying to mesmerise him.

"You are not an errand-boy," she said with decision, taking the basket from him half-mechanically, and still with her eyes fixed upon him. Having rid himself of the basket Lance instinctively rubbed his cold hands.

"You are cold," she said; and now that some of the hard lines in her face had relaxed with the opening of her lips, Lance thought her not at all formidable. "Won't you come inside?" she added. "Can you manage to get through the window?"

He was not in the least anxious to get through the window! what he said was—"Thank you very much, but my clogs are all over snow."

"That's of no consequence," she declared, setting the basket of groceries on the floor; "come in out of the cold."

Feeling anything but happy, he placed his hands on the window-ledge and vaulted easily into the room—the temperature of which was only slightly higher than that of the open.

"You are not an errand-boy," she said again, as she shut the window and handed him a chair. "Shall I tell you who you are?" she asked after a slight pause, during which she surveyed him from head to foot: "You are a Ridingdale."

"Yes, madam."

"And why do you bring me my groceries?"

"The—the new boy was afraid."

"And you are not afraid?" she asked quickly.

"No, madam. At least, not—not in that way," Lance said with a deep blush.

"In what way?"

"I—I don't quite know, madam. He thought you might hurt him in some way."

The old lady sighed and clasped her hands.

"Do I look like a person who would hurt others?" she asked gently.

"Not at all," Lance answered eagerly: "Oh, of course not."

"Do you know that, if I had the wish and the power to hurt any person, that person would be a Ridingdale?"

She spoke now with a certain intensity: a curious light crept into her pale blue eyes. Lance shot one quick glance at Miss Bessie and another one at the closed window. He told himself that he was not the least bit frightened, but that if anything did happen it might be well to go through the window feet foremost.

He thought his severely ironed clogs would deal quite successfully with the glass. He wished she would not eye him so keenly.

"You are Lady Constance's son, aren't you?" she asked after a moment's silence.

"Oh, no,"—and Lance could not help a little laugh. "Lady Constance was my *father's* mother. She married her cousin, you know, General Ridingdale. She was my grandmother. She has been dead ever so long."

"Ah!" sighed Miss Bessie, "of course: I remember now. She was very beautiful. You are one of Mr. John's sons then? Yes, yes. My memory fails me at times. Master John was a handsome man, but—did you know your Uncle Harry?"

"No, madam. He was killed in the Mutiny, you know. That was years before I was born."

She had risen and was pacing about the room. She was not talking to Lance now.

"Yes, yes, Harry Ridingdale was killed in the Mutiny—in the Mutiny. Of course he was. Ah, my poor sister! . . . On the very night he sailed for India. Yes, the very night. . . . Poor, poor, Harriet! Such a cold night too! . . . And just where the water was deepest!"

For some minutes she continued walking up and down, muttering to herself—now in a fierce half-whisper and now in low moaning words that Lance did not catch.

Trembling a little with nervousness, he rose at length and moved the basket, in order to attract her attention. The winter afternoon was beginning to wane. In a little while it would be dark. Candlesticks were on the mantelpiece, but no candles were in them, and there was no gas in the room.

"I'm afraid, madam, I must be going," he began. "The boy is waiting outside for his basket, and I ought to have been at home some time ago."

Still muttering to herself, but without addressing him, she took the basket, and left the room.

"When I do get outside," said Lance to himself, as he stepped to the window and examined the fastening of the latch, "I'll make Jack Barson sit up."

Even as he said it, he was ashamed of himself. "Serve me jolly well right," he thought. "Always wanting to show off, and pretending I can do things other people daren't. Why, I've hardly

done trembling now. Still, it is a bit rough being alone in a house with a mad woman."

Miss Bessie returned so suddenly, and looked at Lance so searchingly, he feared that she might have heard his unspoken soliloquy.

"It's just like a Ridingdale to do things other people are afraid to do," she began. "Your Uncle Harry lost his life in doing that. Though why people should be afraid of me I can't imagine. They frighten me terribly sometimes; particularly the men and boys. You wouldn't, I'm sure—though you're a Ridingdale, and some of them have been cruel enough. I don't think you're cruel. Some young men shot my dog and poisoned my cat"—she sobbed at the recollection—"and the boys frighten me to death sometimes with letting off gunpowder and fireworks under my window."

"But," Lance said eagerly, his sympathy for the weeping old woman bubbling up as he spoke, "They shan't do that. I'll tell my father, and he'll set Sergeant Murphy to watch. Would you—would you care for another cat?"

She shook her head mournfully. "I daren't have another one; I should get fond of it, and then it would be killed or stolen. I daren't, my dear. It is kind in you to think of it, but I daren't ever get fond of anything or anybody again."

"But," exclaimed Lance, with some firmness, "it *shan't* get either stolen or killed. I'll—my father'll take care of that. *Do* let me bring you one. We've got three lovely tabbie kittens, and I'm sure mother would spare one. In fact, I would try to get you a dog, if you would let me."

In his excitement and eagerness he had taken the old lady's hand—scarcely aware of the fact until he tried to withdraw it, and found it tightly clasped in her bony grasp. She was weeping quite freely now. Though he was not aware of the fact, tears were standing in his own eyes. Miss Bessie saw them.

"God bless you, my dear," she sobbed. "God bless you for your kind thought. I don't know what to say. I'm afraid of being fond of anything again. I think you—you'd better not——"

"They're the dearest little tabbies!" he interjected; it seemed to him that she was wavering.

"It's not likely that you'll come here again," she said, relinquishing his hand, with a deep sigh. "You only came to-day

just to show that you were not afraid; isn't that so? Perhaps you made a bet, or something?"

"Oh, no; I didn't make a bet," he said blushing. He could not deny that he had come just to score off Jack Barson. "And I will call again if—if my father and mother will let me."

"Ah," she ejaculated, "*if*: there is always an *if*, isn't there? And you'll find they won't let you. That was the trouble years ago. My people were not aristocrats. My father was only a doctor. You belong to one of the oldest families in England. I used to remind poor Harriet of that. She wouldn't believe me when I told her that Master Harry would never marry her; and, of course, it was only a tenant's ball we were invited to. To be sure, he danced with her twice; but it may have been only because he saw she did not get many partners."

"Did—did my uncle propose to her?" Lance asked, very shyly.

"No, my dear; oh, no. They were perfect strangers. He was kind to her, and, poor thing, she thought he was in love with her. They never met again. Harriet was romantic, you see. She used to read Lord Byron from morning till night. Poor dear!—I wouldn't say this to anybody else—but she was always too sentimental—almost silly, was Harriet. Your uncle was not the first person of rank she had fallen in love with. But, just to keep up appearances—to have somebody to blame, I have always pretended that she was jilted by Mr. Harry Ridingdale. Her suicide was such a shock to me. I've done wrong, I'm sure. I have always pretended to think that his death in the Mutiny was a judgment upon him. God forgive me! But you don't know, my dear, what a dreadful thing it is to lose your only relation. Of course, Harriet's own letter—the letter she left on her pillow that awful night—made it clear that she was in love with him. I knew that he must have forgotten her very name long before the ball was over, and he only stayed at the Hall for a day or two. You see, he was the first real gentleman she had ever danced with, and because he was kind and polite and complimented her on her dancing—she danced much better than the farmers' daughters about here—she thought he was smitten. Poor dear Harriet! It was a terrible shock to me. I've never been the same woman since. Of course she was out of her mind. For months before it happened she had been queer. There's queerness in the family, you see."

Though the tears had been welling in Lance's eyes, this last sentence made him feel inclined to laugh. The family 'queerness' was so very obvious.

"One thing I'm glad of"—she went on: "I did not let them put that letter in the newspaper. It had to be read at the inquest, of course: but when the man who was writing a report of the case asked me to let him copy it I refused. I've shown it to one or two people, and I've got it still: but I know that it is all nonsense. You see, I couldn't bear the idea of her going to the asylum. I was wrong, of course. If she had been shut up, poor dear! she might have been alive now."

Lance had often been wearied by narratives of family history, and long detailed accounts of the real and imaginary ailments of the poor. His was the sympathetic ear that such histories are always poured into. Children and old people seemed by a sort of instinct to turn to him as to one who understood and possessed a feeling heart. They were perfectly right in their judgment, though they little thought how much they sometimes tried his patience. He owned that to knock at certain cottage doors cost him a great effort. But then, mother had said that sympathy was such a rare commodity—ever so much rarer than material help—that to give it on demand was always a gracious act, the kind of task that no Christian gentleman will shrink from.

But he had never so badly wanted to get away from any person as at this moment he wished to get away from Miss Bessie. His feelings were very mixed. He was deeply sorry for her, and he longed to console her in some way; but the case was a difficult one. He would have liked to say something comforting, but he had no formula, no set phrases, and he felt altogether helpless. He did not know that a sympathetic manner is often of more value than mere words; he did not guess that his shining eyes full of unconscious and unshed tears had worked wonders upon the poor old lady in front of him; he did not realise that he had already brought more comfort to a grief-stricken heart than it had received for many long years.

"But I am almost sure my mother will let me call again," he said resolutely taking up the basket. "You see, we're not the kind of people you—I mean we don't—well, you know, things at the Hall are not what they were when you—I mean years ago."

He knew that he was floundering in his speech and grew very

rosy in his embarrassment. One clear idea was in his mind: he ought to go, and go he would.

"Good bye, madam," he said hastily striding to the window. "I shall not forget the kitten."

For one moment Miss Bessie took him into her arms: he felt sure that her lips touched his hair.

"Good-bye," he said again as he raised the sash. "I'm so—so sorry."

She stood at the open window when he had swung himself through on to the snow-covered garden-path.

"Good-bye, my dear," she said. "I don't think you're a boy at all. No," she muttered to herself shutting the window as Lance ran through the garden and passed out into the lane, "sinner as I am, the Lord sent an angel to comfort me."

As he reached the roadway anything less angelic-looking than Lance could not be described. It is sad to write it of one's hero, but his condition when he found that Jack Barson had disappeared, and that he (Lance) was saddled with one of Rup's grocery baskets, was that state of furious indignation which is often described as 'a towering rage.' He ought to have been home an hour and a half ago, and here he was just mid-way between the grocer's shop and the Hall.

"Let the beastly thing lie there!" he exclaimed, throwing the basket down and giving it a kick that certainly did not add to its value. Then a sense of shame possessed him, with perhaps a glimmering notion of his own unreasonableness.

"After all," he said to himself, "I couldn't expect him to wait all that time."

He felt half disposed to be angry with Miss Bessie; but that feeling he soon put aside. The person he was indisposed to forgive was himself.

It was growing dark now, and Jack might be somewhere in the neighbourhood. "Jack! Jack!" he shouted, and his high voice rang like two pistol-shots in the winter silence of the lane. Perhaps it was just as well that Jack had not waited.

"S'pose I ought to take the thing back," he grumbled, turning his face in the direction of the village. "Jack 'll get into a row as it is; but if I take the basket back, I can explain. And George is waiting for this brush! And I shall be a whole hour late for tea!"

The rush of anger threatened to return with redoubled force, but—well, some words that had been whispered into his ear only last Saturday night returned to him: "Tell me, my child, did you *try* to check it?" He had been able to say, "Yes, Father, I really did try." He wanted to be able to say that again.

He was angry with himself for being angry—a not uncommon experience; but he was no longer in a rage with Jack Barson. With the poor suffering old woman he had just left, how could he be vexed?—he asked himself. And, after all, what a good thing it was that the errand he had gone on originally was for George, and not for Hilary, or even for Harry. George never got into a rage about things of that sort. "Dare say he has forgotten all about the brush by this time," Lance reflected. "And mother doesn't mind our being late for tea at holiday-time. . . . Why, who on earth is this coming? Can't be Jack Barson? Hope it is though. No; it's not big enough for him. Hello! is that Tommie?"

Tommie Lethers it was, sure enough.

"Oh, Master Lance, I'm so glad you've come!" Tommie's tremendous sigh of relief seemed to indicate that a cartload of apprehension had been removed from his mind by the appearance of Lance.

"Why, what's the row, Tommie?" Lance asked cheerily.

"Jack Barson told me you had gone into Miss Bessie's—I mean right in through the window. And he said you'd been there for hours, and pr'aps you'd never come out again alive!"

The lane rang with a peal of laughter that only Lance could produce. Its immediate effect was to remove the panic-stricken, woe-begone expression from Tommie's face.

"Look here, Tommie," said Lance, "if Jack Barson is a nin-compoop, *you* needn't be one, you know. Miss Bessie wouldn't hurt a fly. We've had ever such a jolly—well, an awfully long chat, and I'm going to take her a kitten to-morrow, if mother will let me. I'm fearfully sorry for Miss Bessie, poor old thing! and—O, I say, Tommie, could you take this basket back to Rup's for me?"

Tommie would have taken fifty baskets, not merely to Rup's, but to the end of the earth, at the smallest hint from Lance. Short of actual crime, there was nothing that Tommie would not do for the boy he worshipped. Lance did not know of it at the time;

but that afternoon Tommie had spent more than an hour in walking up and down the lane—watching and waiting, crying and praying, while Lance remained under Miss Bessie's roof.

"Thanks, Tommie, ever so much," said the relieved Lance, as Tommie clutched the basket, "I'm awfully late. Ta-ta, old chap. See you at the rehearsal to-night."

The two lads ran their hardest—in opposite directions.

On reaching home, Lance's first duty was to find George—not a difficult task as a rule. For George was essentially the maker of things artistic—from tiny water-colour drawings to stage scenery; from sonnets to five-act plays. Not even the steady, level-headed Hilary had the sticking-power of George—who, once the holidays came, found a score of delightfully congenial tasks awaiting him, and would work from morning till night in a quiet determined way that was the envy and the despair of Harry and Lance. And, if for any reason he was checked in his work for lack of a tool or the right material, he had the faculty of passing quite contentedly to some other task, "without," as Lance put it, "barging the first chap he meets, or flinging things all over the shop"; a course of conduct that at least two of his brothers were not always guiltless of.

Father and mother often talked over this curious example of a highly-developed artistic temperament wholly devoid of that irritability which is supposed, of course quite erroneously, to be a necessary part of it. They thought it curious that one of their sons should differ so markedly from the rest. To be sure, there was a kind of similarity between Hilary and George, though in the former the artistic temperament, if not wholly absent, was anything but prominent. In Lance it was sometimes too prominent, and carried with it all the faults that were not to be found in George; and yet the latter had not the troop of friends that Lance might have boasted of. Some people thought George a little cold and conceited; I am sure they were mistaken. He was more reserved than his brothers, and often more pre-occupied. His placid temper made for coldness, and his application to work made him seem indifferent to everything except the particular task he had in hand.

"You never have to tell George to keep his hair on," Harry once remarked, "or to brush it either. I never saw such a chap. There he is, messing with paints or ink all day long, yet he never

gets himself into a mess, and looks just as fresh at the end of school as he did at breakfast."

It was so seldom that he incurred punishment of any kind that in order to be like the rest he sometimes half-coveted it. Once, and only once, had Dr. Byrne caned him, and when he was congratulated upon this by his brothers, he complained that it was 'only a measley sixer,' and that before the day was over Lance would be sure to put him to shame by getting 'a handsome twelve.' Unfortunately, the prognostication was a true one; and Lance's subsequent remarks on domestic prophets were worth hearing.

On this particular afternoon Lance found his poet-brother sitting alone in a corner of Arts and Crafts lost in thought. He had not waited for the brush Lance was getting, but, taking out his pencil and the MS. book he always carried in the pocket of his blouse, had given himself up to composition.

"I'm awfully sorry, George: I am *really*," Lance began: "but I've had a regular adventure. I'll tell you about it later: I must get some grub now. Hope I haven't hindered you, old chap?"

"Not at all," George said, shutting his note-book. "I've written nearly a whole act of my new play since you went into Ridingdale."

"So glad," ejaculated Lance. "You look just like a young Shakespeare. Well, I've got material for either a comedy or a tragedy—don't know which yet. You must decide. But, I say, I'm furiously peckish. I must find mother."

Lance clattered off to the little sitting-room, where after tea she was sure to be found sewing until such time as she went up to the nursery.

"Mother dear," he said as he stooped to kiss her, "may I ask Sarah for some bread and butter? And may I bring it here? Then I can tell you all about it, and what kept me, and everything."

"You deserve a scolding, Lannie," she said, smiling at the eager face and sparkling eyes that looked pleadingly into her own. "Where *have* you been, my darling?"

"It'll take me at least half an hour to tell you everything," he said, kissing her again. "You'll let me bring it here, mammie, won't you?"

She assented, and in a few minutes he returned from the kitchen

with a small tray of buttered toast—the fruit of Jane's forethought for her favourite, of course—and a jug of hot milk.

"I'm awfully lucky, mother," he said with a chuckle. "Jane happened to have some hot toast quite ready.—Why do you laugh, mother? It really was quite ready: she hasn't just made it."

Mrs. Ridingdale could not conceal her amusement. It was so like Lance's innocence to think that Jane "happened to have" what she had prepared on purpose for him.

Between the toast and the hot milk I am afraid Lance's narrative of his adventure at Miss Bessie's suffered a little in coherency. It took quite half an hour in the telling, and at the end of it mother scarcely knew whether to be pleased or sorry, whether to blame her boy or to praise him.

"You'll let me take her the kitten—won't you, mother?" he asked, bringing his chair very close to hers and trying to coax the sewing out of her hands for a moment. She seemed thoughtful and pre-occupied.

"We must talk to father about it," she said at length. "Yes, dear, we can spare the kitten. But what do you think father will say to your acting the part of grocer's errand-boy?"

Lance had possession of the sewing now, and his mother's hand also.

"Will he be wax—angry, mother?"

"He will be pleased to hear one part of your story: the part that relates to Uncle Harry. There are people in the neighbourhood who still believe that he jilted Miss Bessie's sister. We of course always knew that the story was absurd and impossible. Poor thing, she was always very eccentric. Your father remembers that ball very well, and he says that everybody laughed at her quaint dress and manner, and that nobody would dance with her—until Uncle Harry out of sheer pity asked to be introduced to her. He was just a bright, good-hearted boy—not so very unlike a certain laddie I know something of."

Here Lance's head somehow got very close to mother's.

"I'm so glad, mother," he said. "Then you think I've done some good?"

"I hope so, my darling; though, in a way, the good was accidental. I am not at all sure that you ought to have put your finger in that errand-boy's pie. We must always be careful not to interfere unnecessarily in other people's affairs."

"But he was in a regular blue-fright, mother. She mightn't have got her grocery stuff for hours."

"Perhaps he suggested that my son was frightened, too?"

"Well—yes—he did, mother."

"And, of course, you wanted to show him that you were not?"

"O, mammie, how you cross-examine a fellow!" laughed Lance. "But that was just it. And as a matter of fact—between ourselves—don't tell the others, will you?—I felt awfully jumpy; 'specially when I got inside that room. But I was all right afterwards: at any rate before I came away. You see, mammie, she seemed—well, of course, I don't know, but she *seemed* as if ——"

"As if—what, darling?"

"Well, mammie, as if she liked me—just a *wee* bit, I mean."

To Lannie it seemed the most natural thing in the world that his mother should love him so much, because, as he once explained to me, "I love her, you know, such an awful lot;" but that anybody outside his own family circle should care for him, even "just a wee bit," seemed to him extraordinary, and almost incredible. "But then," as he put it in his naïve way, "all the people about here are so jolly kind."

"Just as if"—Mrs. Ridingle said to herself, as she gave him a final hug before she hurried to the nursery—"just as if anybody however eccentric, could help liking my darling."

There was a rehearsal that night at the guild-room, but he thought there would be time to run to the kitchen, and tell Jane and Sarah all about his visit to Miss Bessie. Besides, he wanted to thank them for "happening to have" that toast. The proverb says that "a meal eaten is soon forgotten"; it may be by some. Lance rarely forgot a kindness, however trivial.

When they heard that Lance had actually been inside Miss Bessie's house, the consternation of Jane and Sarah amused him very much. He liked the opportunity of giving these good creatures a mild shock. He found them both inclined to hold the witch theory, and this he combated hotly. They expressed a desire to get hold of Jack Barson, in order to give him that curiously undefined thing known in their speech as "what for." They implored Lance never again to trust himself under the roof of "that mad old thing," and when he teasingly intimated his intention of taking tea with Miss Bessie on the first possible occasion, Sarah declared she would go straight to his father and implore him to

forbid so perilous an act. She said that Lance's going to some of those dirty cottages in the lane was bad enough—Sarah was terribly severe on people who did not live in speckless houses—“but to sit down to tea with a raving lunatic was like putting your head into a lion's mouth.”

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

A FEBRUARY AFTERNOON

A DROPPING sun, a gentle breeze,
Brown heath with clear sky over-spanned ;
By withered bracken, leafless trees,
We went together hand in hand.

An eager little maid of nine,
Whose life ran riot in her veins,
And I, who felt her fingers twine
My heart about with silken chains.

We talked of every idle thing,
Obeyed each whim that came to us,
Were gay as young birds just a-wing,
And then anon grew serious.

The spiring lark sang songs of glee
For such a golden afternoon ;
The world was yet in Winter's fee,
And still we knew it must be June.

O happy child, who waken mirth
For sober hearts of careful men !
O blessed child, who give the earth
Its witching beauty back again !

Be still a child, or we shall know
How far our childhood is away ;
Be true in love, or else the snow
Will fall and gloom our golden day.

J. W. A.

IN THE OLD COUNTRY

A Story

CHAPTER XLV

AN INTERVIEW

WHAT kind of a woman would Mrs. Tremenheere prove to be, James Lycett asked himself, as he stood on the steps of the shabby house to which he had found his way.

The appearance of the blowsy-looking woman who opened the door to his ring was not reassuring to the young man.

"Mrs. Tremenheere? What might you want with her?" The hopes of a lodger had died with the American's question, and the woman's voice was aggressive in tone.

"I have business with her if she will be good enough to see me," was the American's response. "Perhaps you will kindly say that Mr. James Lycett would like to see her, and that he comes from Stockton."

"Then she will not see you, I can tell you that. None of your dodges here, young man. 'Once bitten, twice shy,' as the saying is." The woman nodded with significance as she tried to shut the door in her visitor's face.

"You will, perhaps, be good enough to let Mrs. Tremenheere judge for herself." James Lycett kept both his temper and his place on the door-step.

"Oh, you needn't try to come the gentleman over me. If fellows like you had your deserts, the jails would be full. If Jane's soft, I'm not, and I'll be obliged by you letting me shut the door. There's a gentleman in the house." This last remark was given with an emphasis that might have been employed in warning a tramp that a dog was kept upon the premises, and the result was to make the young man burst into a hearty laugh.

"Then let me see the gentleman. He, perhaps, will listen to to reason."

"You had better be off. There's nothing to be got out of Mrs. Tremenheere."

"Will this prove that I have not come to get anything out of Mrs. Tremenhoe?" The young man fell back on the 'almighty dollar,' and held out a sovereign.

The woman looked from the coin to its owner.

"Come, come! I assure you it is good, and if I want to see your—sister—is it?—it may possibly be also for her good."

"Nothing to do with that Stockton business?" The coin had changed hands.

"I certainly come from Stockton," the young man returned with a laugh. "But I am not going to do Mrs. Tremenhoe any harm. Come now, are you going to take my message to your sister?"

"Nothing to do with that Emporium business?" The woman looked sharply at her visitor as she asked the question for the second time.

Light had come, and the American burst into another laugh.

"Do I look like a swindler?" he asked. "If I assure you that I know nothing of the Emporium business, may I see Mrs. Tremenhoe?"

"A rogue's a rogue, and you never know what he may be about," was the not re-assuring answer.

"I suspect by this time the rogue has cleared out of the country. Now am I to see your sister?"

"I have your word for it, sir? You don't know what she has come through. Parted with every penny in the world, and threatened because she had not paid up instalments that she promised. Oh, those gentlemen know a fool when they've got one. I wish I could meet one of them face to face, he'd not forget it in a hurry. Well, if I have your word for it, sir, walk in and I'll call my sister." The woman went to the foot of the wax-cloth covered stairs and shouted, "Jane, you're wanted."

Jane evidently did not intend to hurry herself, and a second summons followed the first, this time with the additional words, "It's a gentleman;" and in answer to this second shout, the American could hear a step beginning to slowly descend the stairs.

"Lame," the owner of the house, explained as a tall, thin woman, walking with difficulty, appeared in sight. "Broke her leg five years ago, and the doctors made a mess of it. Jane, a gentleman from Stockton that wants a word with you."

James Lyceott understood the start that brought the blood to

the white face—"Why, that Emporium business seems quite a night-mare to you both," he cried. "I have only come to ask a few questions about these children you adopted."

"Mary and Annie Priddock, sir? But there's only Mary now. You will not be a relation, sir! They came of gentle blood."

"That is just what I want to know about. You knew something of their parents? But is there no place where we can have a talk?"

"Certainly, sir. Eliza, I can take the gentleman to the parlour?"

The owner of the house, whose curiosity was now excited, nodded her assent. "The money she's spent on them, sir," she explained with eagerness pointing towards her sister. "And not her alone—my eldest sister was the same. A couple of hundreds wouldn't see them clear of it, though my eldest sister's dead." The statement was confusing, but James Lycett nodded in his turn to show that he took in the statement.

"If matters turn out as I trust they may, Mrs. Tremeneheere will not find herself a loser."

"It wasn't for what we might gain, sir," Mrs. Tremeneheere protested; "but we couldn't have let them go to the House. Why the gentle-folk passing in the street would turn to look at them. 'Little angels,' that was what the Rector called them."

"But the children were brought up Catholics?"

"Yes, sir. The Priest saw to that, but the Rector and his lady were very kind, and Mrs. Molyneux paid for one at the Sisters."

"I think we shall have to begin at the beginning," James Lycett said. "You would not mind telling me of your first acquaintance with the family?" He had gauged Mrs. Tremeneheere's capabilities thoroughly: she must tell her own tale, and he must invoke patience.

The woman's appearance was superior to her sister's, her manner better, and the young man made a good hit when, in his mind, he came to the conclusion that sometime in her life she must have been in service.

"You must sit down," he said gently, when he found that, after providing him with a seat, she stood at the opposite side of the table in a respectful attitude. "I am afraid our interview may be a long one."

Of a sudden the woman's face lighted up. "I beg your pardon, sir: you wouldn't be the gentleman that was so kind to the girls."

"It depends on what you call kind," the young man said with a smile. "People—a young lady I know—was interested in them and I was glad to help her."

"That would be Miss Harnett?"

"Ah! you know her name? Yes, it was Miss Harnett. What do you know about her?"

"Mary wrote to me, sir. She said thanks to you and Miss Harnett, they had never wanted."

"I am afraid that is scarcely true," the American said gravely. "But I dare say they wanted to spare you, and they had friends. The Doctor, too——"

"I don't think they cared for the Doctor," Mrs. Tremeneere said, speaking for the first time with something like decision. "'Stuck up' they said he was; that is Mary said he was. Annie, God bless her, found all the world like herself."

"And that was?"

"Not far off the Angels, sir, if one may say it. You would scarcely have known them apart, if you had met them on the street; but Annie was gentle as a lamb, and Mary took after the father. She was proud from the first."

"Took after the father; did she?" The American was interested.

"Not in appearance, sir; there they did not favour either father or mother, but Priddock thought a lot of himself, and liked to tell you his wife came of grand folk, and that his own father was a Devonshire Squire. A Devonshire labourer, that's what his father was; but Priddock himself had been good at the schooling and was helped into the Bank by some gentleman that took an interest in him."

"Ah!" James Lycett ejaculated. The scent was getting hot.

"Did you speak, sir? He changed his name, he was by way of being so grand—the spelling of it anyway. I heard his wife tax him with it one day. *She* had no nonsense about her, though, if you were to believe him, as I've told you, sir, she came of great people."

"You don't know their name?"

The woman shook her head. "Not I, sir, and, maybe, it was

only a bit of his brag. They didn't get on over well. She'd had a good sum and he'd run through it, and she was mad because of the children, and natural enough, poor thing."

"And you came to know them?"

"Through them coming as lodgers, sir. My eldest sister, she had rooms and made her living that way, and I—after my husband died (he'd been butler where I was lady's maid)—was forewoman at a dressmaker's, and came home to her at night and paid her a trifle for my room. He was by way of looking for work, but it never came in his way, and he fretted about that and about everything else, and was always wanting his wife to hunt up her relations, which she wouldn't do. They, perhaps, had not so much in their power as to hear him speak, you might have thought they had, he was that big and boastful in his talk. When he died, there was enough to bury him, and then she set to work. Nought came amiss to her, and she'd do anything; chare or work (she was handy with her needle), or sick-nurse. She'd not stick at anything. One way or another she kept the children till she began to go the way her husband went, with the chest. She told the Priest one day that she'd write before the end to them as might do something for them; but the end came sudden. She'd been sitting up and we had helped her back to bed, and she gave a cough and it was over; so who she meant to write to we never knew."

"There were no papers nor anything of that kind?"

"Not a scrap, sir. They'd been knocking about a bit before they chanced on my sister's, and had lost some of their belongings and letters of her mother's that she set a great store by—that's what she told my sister one day. She'd never let Priddock get hold of them, from what my sister gathered, and the box had gone astray. He'd a desk of his own; Mary has it now. (The American nodded.) But, bless you, sir, there was nothing in that, though, to see him handle it, you'd have thought it held gold-*P-r-i-d-e-a-u-x*—that was the name on it—and (as I've told you sir), one time they fell out, she threw it in his face that his father was nothing but a farm labourer, and that, spell his name as he liked, he'd be nothing but Priddock till the end of the chapter. He was a worry, that's the truth of it, sir, and little wonder she lost patience with him. He'd pay sixpence for a shave when the children had not butter to their bread; and if any of them wanted for comforts, he didn't. Not that he'd drink, but he liked to brag

what fine folks he and his wife came from—how the Pridesauxes—that's not how he said it, but it doesn't matter—were grand people, Devonshire way, and that, as for his wife, if she'd her rights, she'd be driving in her coach and four and going to Court into the bargain."

"You know what part of Devonshire he came from?"

"Budleigh-Salterton way, sir. I remember, because we'd a cousin of our own one time in service there, and she said she'd never heard the name, as he had it, to her knowledge, but that there were Priddocks in plenty about the place. Well, I don't know the rights of it, sir; but when it comes to brag, truth flies round the corner, as they say."

"And the Bank?"

"Where he had been clerk, sir? He had been in Exeter, and then in Plymouth. It was in Plymouth he met his wife, but he never stopped telling her what fine society he had been in at Exeter, and he'd talk of all the County folk, till I've heard her provoked to say, 'It's a pity, if you were such a grand mass, you did not stay there.' She wasn't a nagger, though you might think so from what I say, and she must have been an even-natured woman in her day; but it was worry, worry, worry, from morning till night, and her health not much better than his own, and he'd bring the roof down if his very shirt wasn't properly starched; I've seen him roll one up she'd been at all the morning, and fling it across the floor. He'd have his scents too, and his pomatum and his *cigar*; no pipe for him: he was a worry if ever man was."

"He was fond of his children?"

"Proud of them, if you like. He'd say you could see with eyes at the back of your head that they weren't made of common stuff. 'You wouldn't think them made of the same clay,' I've heard him say when Mrs. Molyneux (the Rector's wife, sir, as I've said), had brought down her youngest for my sister to see; and it was true for you, for, though Mrs. Molyneux comes the best, Miss Bessie looked coarse beside the twins. 'You dear little girls, I wish you was my dolls,' Miss Bessie said one day, 'I'd call you Rose and Lily, and be very good to you.' We had a good laugh over it, I can tell you, sir, not that they were *dolly* looking, but they just had a look from other children. You couldn't have spoiled their skins if you'd tried, and they held their little heads as if they'd been serjeant-drill d, and then the hands and feet of

them! Mrs. Molyneux said she'd never seen such hands. My sister said she thought there was something not right in their make with the tops of their fingers turning back, like that, sir" (Mrs. Tremeneheere bent back the tip of a rheumatic finger), "and Mrs. Molyneux said, 'Ah, Sarah, if you were a sculptor you'd know the beauty of that.' And all Sarah could find to say was, 'Well, ma'am, I'm glad it's no deformity.'"

"Your sister did not hesitate to keep the children?"

"Oh, no, sir. We couldn't have let them go to the Union, and for all that they eat, it never was missed; and Mrs. Molyneux, *she* never forgot them when Miss Bessie had grown out of her frocks; and the Priest and the Sisters remembered us at the divide; and Madame, where I was forewoman, she was a Frenchwoman and a Catholic herself, she gave many a scrap that was left to make up for them."

"And when your sister died?"

"Well, sir, by that time the children were getting on. They had brought a blessing to the house. My sister often said it, for she'd never been without a lodger, upstairs and down, since their mother died. They were getting on, as I've said, and Madame took first one and then the other, and never heeded the apprentice fee, and gave them a shilling or two for themselves, and fed them from the first. She was counting on them for the showrooms when her niece (who thought a deal of her pretty face) was married. But things don't turn out as we plan. Madame died, and her niece sold the business, and, as ill-luck would have it, a neighbour showed us the advertisement of the fancy shop at Stockton; and I'd my bit of savings, and the girls were handy with their needle, and we thought our fortunes made."

Mrs. Tremeneheere's handkerchief went to her eyes for a moment.

"Well, sir, we wrote to the address given, and the man said, in answer, it was a chance in a lifetime; and if we couldn't pay up all at once, as we were such respectable people (I had given him my references), he'd let us pay the rest in instalments, and he sent a paper and we signed, and we sent the money. We'd better send our furniture on ahead was the next thing he said, and that we did; and he'd have got that into the bargain if it hadn't been for a lucky chance. He had to be off before it was delivered. But he's sent me many a letter to say I owed him this and that."

That's why Eliza, sir, maybe, did not receive you as she should."

"Never mind about that," James Lycoett said. "You ought to send these letters to the Stockton Police. They may help to catch the scoundrel. And then?"

"Then, sir, when we found the money had gone, and there never had been any business of the kind, we did our best to find work, but it was the slack time, and it wasn't to be had. So we sold up enough to pay what we owed, and Eliza (she's a good heart, though some don't think it) offered me a home till something turned up, if I'd give her a hand about the house. And the girls, they were sure something'd turn up for them, and we'd kept enough of the furniture back to furnish them a room, and a woman that chared at the house where we lodged, she undertook to find them one, and so we parted, sir, till times would better themselves, and I never thought I'd never see Annie again. It near enough broke my heart when the news came. I couldn't have liked her better if she'd been my own child; but if I'd wanted to go to her, I hadn't the money, and that's the truth, and she's, maybe, better off where she is than ever she'd have been on earth. God will never be hard on her, and she as innocent as a lamb."

It was a dubious way of putting Annie's probable felicity, and James Lycoett could scarcely resist a smile. He had let the woman tell her story her own way, but now he must ask a few questions, and put down a few facts. His cousin was found, he could not doubt it; what he had to do now was to collect the proofs.

CHAPTER XLVI

JAMES LYCETT MAKES A DETERMINATION

Perhaps those who read the least, interest themselves the most in the affairs of their neighbour. Mrs. Tremeneere, whose annual stock of literature consisted of "Old Moore's Almanac" and an occasional Fashion paper had surprised James Lycoett by the details she was able to give of the life of Priddock and his wife after they became her sister's lodgers. Of Mrs. Priddock's maiden name she had, however, confessed her ignorance. She had heard it, she assured her visitor of that, and there were

moments when it seemed on the tip of her tongue, and then again it was gone. She would know it if she heard it, she had added by way of consolation ; it was an out-of-the-way name and a country sounding one, and she would not say it had not something to do with a gun. It was Priddock himself (on one of his bragging days), who had mentioned the name, and had told her that for all its common sound it was a grand one, and one that only one family bore ; but all the same, it was not much to *hear*—of that she was certain.

Was the name Shotover ? The question had been on the American's lips, but prudence prevailed. Later, not now, he would ask the question, and he had not forgotten to hint that, should Mrs. Tremenheere be writing to Stockton, it would be well not to mention his visit, nor that enquiries were being made, though he hoped, he had not failed to add, from what he had gathered in their conversation to be able to communicate with the girl's relatives, but they must be certain before they gave themselves away, and, placed as Mary Priddock was, disappointment would be a sore thing.

" Were the relatives well-to-do ? " Mrs. Tremenheere had asked, anxiety in her faded eyes.

Yes, very well-to-do, her visitor had assured her with a smile, and people who would be ready to do their best for their kinswoman if such she proved to be, and ready too to prove their gratitude to any who had befriended her, and, in earnest of this latter assurance, something was pressed into the woman's hand.

James Lycett had had plenty to think about, as, his visit over, he walked back to his hotel. His time in Europe by right was drawing to a close. But both father and mother had been interested in his courtship of Teresa who had promised, from the young man's account, to be a daughter-in-law after their own hearts, and when that hope had failed, they had left him to console himself in the interest of what Father Matthew spoke of as the " cousin-quest."

The young man had not written of his fresh hopes, but some day he should win Teresa, that he told himself twenty times in the day. He knew, however, that Father Matthew showed his wisdom when he counselled him not to hurry in pressing his suit. He must walk warily, and teach her to depend on him first as a friend ; and that she had friendly feelings towards him he did not

doubt. Her greeting to him, under its quiet reserve, was that of a friend. Her smile of welcome was ready. She listened with interest to what he had to tell her, as she sat, needle in hand, in the stiffly-furnished parlour, only separated from him by the round mahogany table.

As he walked along the crowded streets, he told himself again that he should win Teresa. He would do as Father Matthew, from the beginning of his "cousin-quest," had told him he ought to do—he would put the matter as regarded Mary Priddock into the hands of the solicitors employed by his father in affairs relating to his English business, and leave them to follow up the clue now ready to their hands; and he would go back to Stockton, take up his life again at the hotel, and see what he could of Teresa.

If his cousin proved to be his cousin (and he could not doubt it), and consented to go back with him to New York to make a home with his parents, she must have her outfit.

First impressions were of consequence, and so far as wardrobe went the girl must go among her relations ready to hold her own. James was man of the world enough to be determined on that point. There were plenty of smart Americans in London at that moment who would have undertaken the task; but an application to these friendly ladies did not enter the young man's head. Teresa would do it at his request, *do it for him*; if not, in one sense, for his sake.

Accustomed to well-dressed women, to toilets that Jem Tracy might, perhaps, have seen at a distance in his student days in the Bois or in the Park, the American, unlike his rival, had never been fidgetted by Teresa's dress. To James Lycett the girl's home-made cotton frocks, or Sunday convent-made white cashmere, were part of the girl herself. The ribbon neckties, tied with such precision that each end matched the other as if by measured length, had never made his fingers itch to pull them even an inch apart, as they had Jem Tracy's, from even the first acquaintanceship. Once or twice, when in bad humour, Jem had almost taunted Teresa with her old maidish ways, telling her he believed that, in her decalogue, "primness" was next door to godliness; and, more than once, he had upset her work-box on the table that he might have the amusement that was mixed with irritation of seeing her put back its various articles into place.

What would happen, he would ask, were the pin-cushion to be put on the right side of the basket instead of on the left? Or if the stiletto was to find its way to where the bodkin ought to be? And Teresa, recognising the half-veiled annoyance in the tone, would flush as she replied that they would not, next time they were wanted, be so ready to hand.

And who wanted needles and thread in the dark? Jem, perhaps, would cry; and Teresa, flushing again, would turn the conversation into safer channels.

It had been seldom, during their engagement, that Jem had alluded to their future life; but once when Teresa, after untying a parcel, had been folding up the wrapping paper, he had snatched it from her hand, and crumpling it into a ball, had sent it across the room. "I warn you, Teresa," he had cried, "that, if you make our home too tidy, I shall bolt."

It was a joke and yet not a joke, and Teresa had understood with sinking of the heart.

"Where there's untidiness there's waste," Mrs. Harnett had struck in, "and waste's wickedness to my mind. When Harnett and me first come together, many a time I thought I'd go mad; he'd leave this here and that there, and the inkpot as like as not on a chair, two good carpets he'd spoilt before I'd done with him, but he came into my ways at the last. Lord love you, I've known him come back the best of half a mile if he'd remembered he'd left a litter about."

"Is that the way you're going to treat me?" Jem had whispered, for once amused in spite of his irritation, and Teresa with a smile and a blush had shaken her head.

Yes, when the moment came Teresa would know what to get for his cousin, the American assured himself. The girl would need a home too, a temporary home, and who would advise him better about that than Teresa with her common sense? Yes, Teresa would help him to find that. If Mrs. Harnett would consent to take her at the Farm! The blood rushed to the young man's face as he conceived the thought. If Mrs. Harnett would consent, what opportunities for seeing Teresa! Father Matthew might propose it. Mrs. Harnett (the young man had seen enough of her to know it), would do most things for Father Matthew, and what might not Mary learn from Teresa?

James Lycett was beginning to repent that, shy of Mary

Priddock's gratitude, he had kept so carefully out of her way. Good the girl was, he had Father Matthew and the Curate's words for that, and good-looking his landlady had assured him many a time when she was upholding the merits of his *protégée*. "If he had ever seen the Miss Shotovers he had seen Mary Priddock," he remembered, she had told him once; but the remark at the time had made him simply picture the girl as fair, having a hazy recollection of golden plaits under the Miss Shotover's black felt hats as they had skated past him one day on the ice. But, however "pretty" and "good," there must be much that a girl, brought up by a Mrs. Tremeneere, would need to learn. Yes, Teresa, he was sure, could do great things for his cousin; but, in the meantime, he must have patience—patience both as regarded his suit to Teresa, and his cousin. For himself he needed no more proofs as to the girl's relationship, but it was with proofs in his hand that he would tackle the General. James Lycett was a merciful man, but he did not mean to spare General Shotover. As for Father Matthew, he did not doubt he could talk him over into seeing the wisdom of confiding Mary to Teresa's care. Well, as soon as he had his luncheon he would be off to Lincoln's Inn to put the matter in train; and take the next train to Stockton and Teresa.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *The Two Kenricks*: Most Rev. Francis Patrick, Archbishop of Baltimore; Most Rev. Peter Richard, Archbishop of St. Louis. By John J. O'Shea. Philadelphia: John J. McVey. 1904.

Mr. O'Shea has discharged admirably the very important duty which was intrusted to him by his Archbishop and the American Cardinal: we at last possess a satisfactory biography of the two gifted brothers who were born in Dublin and who both became

Archbishops in the United States. The early days of this remarkable pair have a touch of romance from their connection with James Clarence Mangan, who was for a time employed with them in their father's scrivenery office in York-street. Mr. O'Shea gives an interesting account of the old part of Dublin about the time when Francis Kenrick was born. There was already a priest in the family, Father Richard Kenrick, their uncle; and his eldest nephew soon showed that he also had an ecclesiastical vocation. His career is minutely narrated by Mr. O'Shea, and an edifying and interesting story it is, especially when he had reached the splendid sphere of his labours in the New World. His younger brother, Peter, worked for a short time as a priest in Dublin before the amiable and holy Archbishop, Dr. Daniel Murray, allowed him to transfer his services to his brother's diocese, for Francis was already a bishop in 1833. Perhaps he was left free for this momentous change not only by his Archbishop's *exeat*, but because his pious mother had got her *exeat* from this world—she died soon after his ordination. He had lost his father in childhood, 1817. Mr. O'Shea apportions his fine octavo of five hundred pages almost equally between the two brothers. Their portraits and that of their reverend uncle are the only illustrations. The short index is confined to the names of the chief persons mentioned in the course of the narrative. This work is a solid addition to the Catholic literature of the United States.

2. *The Inner Life of the Soul: Short Spiritual Messages for the Ecclesiastical Year.* By S. L. Emery. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co.

This is a really spiritual book, one of the holiest and most beautiful that the new century is likely to add to ascetic literature in the English language. There is nothing crude about it; it has evidently been thought out and lived out before being set forth in writing; and at all its stages, down to the final proof-sheets, it has received the conscientious care that the dignity of the subject deserved. The large religious magazine published at New York—*The Messenger*—which has reached a high standard of literary merit and is rather austere in its critical judgments, says of these "spiritual messages" that they are "delivered in a language that is unusually simple and sweet, with a colour and glow that are constant but never excessive." While a sober and practical piety pervades the book, there is a good deal of originality in the choice

of many of the subjects, and the more usual spiritual topics are discussed with a very winning earnestness and freshness. If we had been consulted before Christmas as to what would be a suitable gift to some cloistered friend—or even uncloistered but with pious tastes—we should have plumped for *The Inner Life of the Soul* by S. L. Emery. The eminent firm of Publishers whose name is on the title-page have produced it with perfect taste as regards printing and binding.

3. We are often too hard to please with our own. Has the January Number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* been duly appreciated by the priests of Ireland? The very brilliant and stimulating address of the Rev. Dr. Sheehan, of Doneraile, (who has since become Canon Sheehan) to the students of Maynooth opens the number, after the address of the Irish Bishops to Pius X. and the reply of His Holiness. Father Reginald Walsh, O.P., has a very learned article on a subject on which priests cannot nowadays afford to be ignorant, "The Rise and Progress of the Higher Criticism." The Rev. Patrick Boyle, C.M., President of the Irish College at Paris, has another of his admirable contributions to Irish ecclesiastical history, dealing with his own college during the French Revolution. This Vincentian Father is making excellent use of his opportunities in Paris for discovering and utilising unpublished documents that throw much light on Irish Catholic affairs in the past. The rest of a very valuable number is devoted to liturgical and other professional matters and to reviews of books that chiefly concern priests. Apart from such articles as we have described, it is hard to understand how any Irish Presbytery can run the risk of missing such practical items as the "Offices of Irish Patron Saints" in this January issue. By the way the "Monsignor Mooney" referred to at page 79 as an authority about altar wine was a layman, a medical doctor. While walking with some friends last autumn during his holidays in the Adirondacks, he fell down a precipice and was killed. He had received Holy Communion that morning, although sojourning at a very considerable distance from a church. May he rest in peace.

4. *My Candles and Other Poems*. By Eliza Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Lee and Sheppard.

There is much reality in thought and in feeling in these poems, and much promise. As they succeed one another, there seems greater ease and indeed excellence in technique and less of the

fear of being dogmatic, of stepping right onward, and more of the natural spirit of trust and courage which the young writer may be thought to have inherited from her beloved and full-hearted father, John Boyle O'Reilly, for whom everyone who knew him feels the real pang of regret. His daughter is of Boston, not of Drogheda, yet

There's a land over seas that I love; 'tis to me
Scarcely known, but as dear as to field-lark the lea,
And its song-notes can thrill me as no songs can do,
For its harp-strings have musical magic and woo

To this land over seas—Shan Van Vocht.

When an echo rings clear, then I dream of Dunloe;
And, where rivulets run, of Avoca's sweet flow.
But the Boyne is the dearest! O Stream of my heart,
It is strange that you haunted an exile apart

From his land over seas—Shan Van Vocht.

5. *The First Principles of Harmony*. By S. S. Myerscough, Mus. Bac., Oxon. Browne & Nolan, Ltd., Dublin, Belfast and Cork.

A warm welcome, we are sure, awaits the *First Principles of Harmony*, of which the Teacher of Harmony at Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, has just published, through an Irish firm, the first part in a very convenient form. Not only young pupils, but "old stagers" will be glad to find rules and principles that elsewhere are explained and illustrated at great length reduced here to the simplest and most attractive formulas. After a very clear Introductory Chapter on various rudiments, general terms, and definitions, the author proceeds to expound the principles of harmony, instructing us in all the mysteries of triads and various other chords. Here he adopts, very happily, Professor Prout's method of employing the Roman numerals to indicate the degree of the scale which is the root of the chord implied. Many other abbreviations and memnotechnic symbols, often original, are used throughout the book, which, when thoroughly mastered, will speak to the musical eye as an algebraic formula does to a mathematician. After explaining the nature, division, and form of a melody, cadence, progressions, etc., Mr. Myerscough devotes much of his space to the subject of general part-writing, furnishing here and all through numberless exercises and examples in order to stimulate the student's progress in analysis and practical harmonization. The eighth section is given to the method of training the ear.

Through the last two chapters, and already in the preface, the author most justly urges his pupil to strive to "feel" inwardly the various chords, harmonies, and even degrees of the scale under observation. It is now practically admitted by all, that without this mental musical perception chord-building must needs degenerate into a mere mathematical process; nor can the works of composers, when thus read by the eye only, be enjoyed as much as they would be if the young pupil had been trained to such a mental feeling from the first. This power of analysis in listening to compositions should be the ambition of the youthful musical aspirant; and to this many will be helped by Mr. Myerscough's excellent little treatise.

6. *The Broken Rosary and Other Stories.* By Mary Agnes Finn. Sydney: Finn Brothers. [Price 3s.]

A Jesuit priest has made the name of Finn famous in America for bright and wholesome story-telling; and now the name is coming to the front in Australia in the same department of literature. Miss Finn has gathered into a pleasant volume seven of her stories which are interesting, well written, and more than innocent. The book has run quickly into a second edition, and the Authoress has received the thanks of Cardinal Moran and four Australian bishops, who urge her to continue her labours in the apostolate of Catholic fiction.

7. *The Seasons with the Poets: An Anthology.* Arranged by Ida Woodward. London: Elkin Mathews, Vigo-street, W. [Price 5s. net.]

This is a very beautiful collection, and the publisher has produced it worthily. It is a cheap book, too, of the sort. The selections are chiefly modern, though Shakespeare and a few of the ancients are quoted. The names that appear a dozen times are Keats, Longfellow, Mrs. Chandler Moulton, Christina Rossetti, Shelley, Tennyson, and Wordsworth. Ireland's only representative is Dora Sigerson Shorter, with two exquisite little lyrics, "A Meadow Tragedy," and "With a Rose." Miss Woodward has missed some fine things. Has she seen Denis Florence Mac Carthy's "Waiting for the May," or his "Spirit of the Snow"? Are there no bright glimpses of the seasons in Katharine Tynan's five or six volumes? It is strange that she was not attracted by *The Evergreen*, published at Edinburgh by Professor Geddes and his colleagues, and expressly called a Seasonal—with

its four rich and musical poems on the seasons by Lady Gilbert. But she has done well for all that.

8. From our musical critic we have received a very favourable report of a new Irish song, "Inisfail," of which the words and melody are by Mr. P. T. Maguire. It is "affectionately dedicated to the Irish Christian Brothers," and published by Cramer, Wood & Co., of Dublin and Belfast (price 2s. net). It is arranged as a solo or as solo and chorus by Mr. T. Maguire. The previous song by the same composers, "The Dear Old Tongue," has already reached a third edition. A similar fate will probably overtake "Inisfail," whatever may happen to "The Dear Little Widow" who has inspired a third song.

9. *Edgar: or from Atheism to the Full Truth.* By the Rev. Louis von Hammerstein, S.J. Herder: Freiburg, Vienna, Munich, Strassburg, and St. Louis, U.S.A.

This well printed volume of nearly four hundred pages has an interesting preface from the pen of Father John A. Conway, S.J., who informs us that Father Hammerstein is himself a convert to the Catholic Faith, and that his writings have been very successful in persuading others to follow [his example]. *Edgar* is not a novel, but a series of conversations and then of letters between a German priest and a young German lawyer who had lost or never possessed the Christian Faith. The book has had immense success in Germany. The English translation is excellent. We owe it to the Visitation Convent of Georgetown, U.S.A. Some slight changes should be made in the next edition, for instance, the reference to the beautiful passage quoted from Cardinal Wiseman at page 210 should not be made to some German edition. The translators have sometimes clung to their text a little too faithfully. But they have executed a hard task well.

10. *Lays of Leix, with other Verses.* By William O'Neill ("Slieve Margy"). Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, & Walker, Middle Abbey-street.

This is a very neat little volume of poems that show a warm Irish heart and a great deal of poetical taste and feeling. There is refinement shown also in the choice of themes and diction; and probably a knowledge of the poet's circumstances and difficulties would deepen our conviction of the genuineness of his vocation. Two of his best are the "Song of a Leix Exile" and "A Shamrock's Story." Who is the Tolka poet when he commemorates along

with Ethna Carbery? By the way, one of the lines about this unnamed poet, the first in page 18, is two syllables too short, while in a "June Twilight" the fourth line is two syllables too long. *Corncrake* does duty somewhere for three syllables, and *scorn* for two; but in general Mr. O'Neill is very accurate in rhyme and rhythm, and shows that he has taken that trouble with which even the inspired poet cannot afford to dispense.

11. Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne, 4 Paternoster-row, London, have acquired a speciality in the publishing of juvenile plays. The names of two dozen of them are given on the cover of the latest, which is a play for girls, by Miss Mary T. Robertson—*The Emperor's Slave*, the scene of which is laid in the 63rd year of the Christian Era. The story ends in a martyrdom not only under Nero but by the hand of Nero. The little drama is edifying, but we cannot tell how far it would be entertaining when staged. Hardly so much so, we fear, as "The Wooing of Willie," with which our distinguished contributor, "M. E. Francois," made her *début* as a dramatist last month at the Haymarket Theatre, London.

12. *A Systematic Study of the Catholic Religion*. By Charles Coppens, S.J. Herder: Freiburg, Vienna, Munich, and St. Louis, U.S.A. [Price, 4s.]

Father Coppens is a Professor in Creighton University, Omaha in Nebraska, U.S.A., in which he has had large experience as a lecturer on religion to the advanced students. He has also published text-books of logic and metaphysics, moral philosophy, oratory, and rhetoric. In every country nowadays, but nowhere more urgently than in the United States, it is expedient that our Catholic youth should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. Father Coppens in his preface is very emphatic in acknowledging his obligations to the late Father Sylvester Hunter's *Outlines of Dogmatic Theology*. It would be interesting to compare the present work with Father John Gerard's *Course of Religious Instruction for Catholic Youth*, which follows almost the same lines, and indeed ends as Father Coppens begins by referring the youthful student to Father Hunter's most solid and able work. A great many people beside the class for whom these admirable books are intended—many who are not schoolboys and not young—would derive considerable profit, and perhaps pleasure also from such a "systematic study of religion" as Father Coppens has here enabled them to make.

13. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has issued from its office, 27, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin, a record of the great Conference held in the Mansion House, Dublin, on the 14th and 15th of October, 1903, under the title of the *Catholic Truth Annual*. The net price is one shilling, and the illustrations alone are an excellent shilling's worth. These are most life-like and beautifully reproduced portraits of Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam, President of the Society, of whom Mr. R. J. Kelly furnishes a full biographical sketch; Dr. O'Dea, the new Bishop of Clonfert; Canon Mannix, the new President of Maynooth; Dr. O'Riordan of Limerick; Canon Sheehan of Doneraile; Dr. Higgins, Bishop of Rockhampton, Australia; the late Count Arthur Moore; Mr. John Rochford, the devoted Secretary of the Society, and his very efficient colleague, Father O'Loughlin, C.C.; Dr. Hogan of Maynooth; Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Canea; Father Peter Finlay, S.J.; Dr. O'Callaghan, Bishop of Cork; Sir Francis Cruise, M.D.; and Judge Carton. Besides these many beautiful pictures are reproduced from various publications of the Society. The *Annual* contains a brilliant essay by Canon Sheehan on the "Limitations and Possibilities of Catholic Literature," and excellent practical papers on the work of the Society by Mr. Rochford, Mr. James Britten (the energetic Secretary of the C.T.S. of London), and Dr. Hogan of Maynooth. Father Peter Finlay, S.J., contributes an able article on a Catholic Press, while Count Arthur Moore (whose unexpected death has since caused such deep regret) discusses earnestly and wisely "How to bring home Catholic Truth to the mind of those outside the Church." Even this minute enumeration has not included all the contents of this valuable work, which will, we trust, secure a great many new members for the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.

14. *All Hallows Annual*, 1903-4. Dublin: Browne & Nolan, Ltd., 24 & 25, Nassau-street.

For all who are in any way connected, in the past or in the present, with the great Missionary College of All Hallows, Drumcondra, Dublin, this *Annual* must be of absorbing interest; but it is pleasant and edifying reading also for mere outsiders. Many of the items possess great literary merit and charm; and the personal glimpses of character are often delightful, from the full account of Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh, to the paragraph describing the premature death of some young All Hallows priest. Among the

letters it is no wonder that Father Gwynn's is put first. There are portraits of Dr. Glennon, the youthful Archbishop of St. Louis, of Dr. Woodlock (an excellent likeness), of our new Pope, and many others, including groups of the College staff and of the young priests of 1903. Evidently great pains have been taken with the compilation of this *All Hallows Annual*, and the result is admirable.

15. The editorial chair is said to be a bar to canonization ; no editor has ever yet been beatified. But it is not a bar to the mitre, at least in Ireland ; four or five editors of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* have been raised to the episcopal dignity. And now in England Dr. Casartelli, the editor of the *Illustrated Catholic Missions*, has been made Bishop of Salford, but we are sure that he will continue his interest in the work. Would not an Irish household be likely to feel less insular, to have more of the Catholic spirit, if this magazine came to them every month with news of what is going on in the various Missions over all the world ? It is sent post free for three shillings a year, and the new editor's address is Buckley Hall, Rochdale, England. The fate that has befallen his predecessor is not likely to be in store for the editor of a periodical which is like those very distant stars that astronomers tell us of, whose light has only just reached the earth. The first Number of the *Mountaineer* that we have seen is "No. 4, Christmas 1903." It is the organ of Mount St. Mary's College near Chesterfield, though these names do not seem to be mentioned anywhere. A great deal of information is given very pleasantly about Mount St. Mary's of the present and Mount St. Mary's in the past, the only bit of ordinary magazine work being a brief but good paper by Mr. Mervyn Raymond Barker about his trip in a steamer employed in laying an ocean cable. Have the Old Mountaineers adverted to the fact that their initials have been taken by the newest and most distinguished Order of Merit in which Mr. John Morley represents literature and Lord Kelvin science ?

16. This is hardly a suitable place for calling the attention of the pious reader to a small devotional book, published by M. H. Gill & Son, of Dublin, which has reached its fifty-fifth edition in little more than a dozen years : for the approval of the late Most Rev. Dr. Croke is dated Christmas Day, 1890. It consists of prayers, devotions, lists of indulgences, etc., compiled by the Very Rev. Dean Kinane, P.P., Cashel, as a handbook of

the Confraternity of the Holy Face, established at Tours in France. Some of our readers remember "the holy man of Tours," M. Dupont, in connection with this devotion. The Confraternity was duly introduced into Ireland by the zealous Dean of Cashel, who has, in a few years, enrolled forty-four thousand members.

17. We are glad to see that the *Scenes and Sketches in an Irish Parish* by a Country Curate (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son) has reached a third edition. A man who writes simply and earnestly about things that he knows is pretty sure to be listened to. The critics also continue their very favourable judgments of *The Tragedy of Chris* by Rosa Mulholland (London: Sands & Co.) As we quoted some of the criticisms, we may continue the litany of praise a little further:—

It is Sheelia who is really the sweetest portrait in the book . . . a lovely creation to the last page; and the story of all these poor Irish folks leaves an impression of faithful realism.—*T. P.'s Weekly*.

This forceful novel treats of the trade in young girls with a delicate hand . . . The tragedy of the life (of Chris) and the story of Sheelia's search for her is of the most intense interest.—*Review of Reviews*.

The scenes of street life—the life of the flower-girl in Dublin and London, —are terribly true to reality; but the book is not sad, in spite of its dark pages, for the glamour of Ireland penetrates it through and through.—*Liverpool Mercury*.

The author has the gift of sympathy and writes of the Irish poor with a love that is born of intimate knowledge. Chris . . . is a pathetic little figure . . . but it is Sheelia whose fortunes the reader follows with an interest that never abates. . . . There is a nobility and a tenderness in Lady Gilbert's writing that makes the book noteworthy. . . . Written throughout in sound literary English.—*Ladies' Field*.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

I HAVE never seen a personal account of Mrs. Jameson: her religious opinions, and her death. Her maiden name, Anna Murphy, is sufficiently Irish and Catholic. If an Irish Protestant—few of them were influenced by the Oxford movement that gave us Newman and hundreds of gifted minds—it is strange that she should write *Legends of the Madonna* and her other Catholic-spirited books. I take this note, however, for the purpose of remembering a remark of hers that the title, "Our Lady," "Our

Blessed Lady," first came into use in the days of chivalry, when the Blessed Virgin Mary was the Lady of all hearts, whose colours all were proud to wear.

* * * *

Father Fitzpatrick, O.M.I., in the preface to one of his very devotional little books, quotes but does not name some one who said, "L'homme n'est grand qu'à genoux." I was sorry he did not tell us who had expressed so well the grandeur of the act of praying. I have just found the phrase in the *Pensées de Louis Veuillot*, taken from his *Parfum de Rome*. Elsewhere he attributes a *supplex omnipotentia* not only to the Immaculate Virgin but to the sinner's prayers—"cette puissance de l'homme sur la toute-puissance de Dieu."

* * * *

In the *Record of the League of St. Columba* in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth (fifth year 1902-1903), there is a very learned and ingenious essay on the Symbolism of Irish Art by the Rev. Michael O'Donnell, D.Ph. At page 61 he says: "As a type of the Redeemer, the pelican that feeds its offspring with its own blood is not found in our early art, though common enough in later times." And in a note he adds: "Students of Dante will remember his reference to our Saviour as 'Pelicano nostro,' and admirers of Byron will recall his lines in *The Giaour*—

The desert bird,
Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
To still her famished nestling's scream.'

Father O'Donnell ought to have referred also to the *Adoro te devotè* of St. Thomas Aquinas—

Pie Pelicane, Jesu Domine !
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine,

and to Moore's apostrophe to Ireland—

No ! thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons,
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast.

Which desert-bird came first—that of *The Giaour* or that of *The Irish Melodies*? Byron says in a note: "The pelican, I believe, is the bird so libelled by the imputation of feeding its chickens with its own blood."

A holy Sister of Mercy, who is known to some and will be known to others as Mother Emmanuel, had sufficient relish for sacred verse to copy for use Richard Dalton Williams's "Con-
trition and Adoration," which begins—

Oh ! not to me the lyre of an angel singing nigh Thee
Where the myriad starry swarms of the clustered suns rush
by Thee.

But she changed "starry swarms" into "starry hosts." Yet "swarms," *essaims*, is the word that Louis Veuillot uses in the same solemn context. "The earth rolls through space, a little thing amongst the worlds, and the circle that it traverses in the immensity of space is that which a drop of water fills in the extent of the seas. But man can see nothing so small before him as to make him understand how much smaller he is before the earth that he inhabits. And yet man, this atom lost in the folds of another atom, is the object of the sweet complacencies of the great God who created man and the earth and the worlds in swarms [*les mondes par essaims*] and whose voice one day let fall one word, which was Immensity."

* * * *

Veuillot (two or three of the name have written well on the right side, but of course Veuillot means Louis Veuillot)—Veuillot almost steals a famous saying from St. Ignatius when he writes : "Il faut tout faire comme si Dieu ne devait se mêler de rien ; mais il faut compter aussi qu'il se mêlera un peu de tout." Parallel passages of this sort meet one everywhere in authors that did not steal from one another, and probably never saw one another's writings. For instance, Alexander Smith, Mary Howitt, and Rosa Mulholland approach very closely to one another in thanking the Giver of all good gifts for the fundamental gift of our being. The Glasgow Poet wrote in one of the lyrics of his *Life Drama*—

Daisies are white upon the churchyard sod,
Sweet tears the clouds bend down and give.
This earth is very lovely. O my God !
I thank thee that I live.

The amiable Quaker, who became a Catholic when eighty years old, wrote a little earlier :

Thou that createdst all ! Thou fount
 Of our sun's light—Who dwellest far
 From man beyond the farthest star,
 Yet ever present ; who dost heed
 Our spirits in their human need,
 We bless Thee, Father, that we *are* !

Finally, Rosa Mulholland condenses the same act of thanksgiving into a couplet, nay, into a single line—

From these my soul hath learned her evening psalm :
 Creator, thanks ! I was not, and I am.

* * * *

An ingenious correspondent, G. O'N., mentions a curious incident that compositors and proof-readers ought to take to heart. An uncorrected misprint often gives great pain, at least to the writer of the poem or essay in which it occurs. In the "Pigeonhole Paragraphs" of our November Number the mention of Edgbaston made the attentive reader substitute "Newman" for "Wiseman ;" and he also corrected a piece of bad grammar on the opposite page. Let us hope that no such tragical consequences will attend any of our errata as the following extract from our friend's letter describes :—

"Have you ever heard the story of the man who died of a misprint ? It is one which *you* ought to know. He was Carlo Guidi, an Italian poet of some eminence. One of his poetical achievements was to versify some homily of the reigning Pontiff, Clement XI. Having got up a special *édition de luxe*, he went by appointment to present a copy personally to the Pope. On his way to the Vatican his eye fell on a very bad misprint ; the shock caused a stroke of apoplexy, of which he died on the spot."

* * * *

Anthony Trollope in *Dr. Thorne* speaks of some young fellow, Louis Scratchherd, who went to the bad completely ; and the genial novelist adds very sensibly : "To do him justice, he gave himself to bad pleasures because good and pure pleasures did not present themselves." These are not Trollope's words exactly ; but he certainly goes on to remark : "How many a father reviles with bitterness the low tastes of his son who never took any pains to provide that son with nobler pleasures." Very true indeed. It is necessary to supply the young with occupations and relaxations that are good and honourable, so that they may not be at the mercy of dangerous occasions and illicit pleasures. St. Augustine

(quoted in the Breviary in the ninth Lesson of SS. Simon and Jude) expresses our point with his usual energy when he asks, "Quis continet ab eo unde turpatur nisi diligit unde honestatur?" Do not confound this *turpatur* with *turbatur*. St. Augustine's verb comes from *turpis*, "shameful," "disgraceful." The common phrase is right in denouncing everything wrong as a sin and a shame. Every sin is shameful, and the only real shame and disgrace is Sin. *Ab omni peccato libera nos, Domine!*

* * * *

A logogram is a puzzle in which some word is made to undergo several transformations, by the addition, subtraction, reversion of order, or substitution of a letter or letters. Lord Macaulay not only wrote *Lays of Ancient Rome*, but also the following logogram:—

Cut off my head, how singular I act!
 Cut off my tail and plural I appear;
 Cut off my head and tail—most curious fact!
 Although my middle's left, there's nothing there.
 What is my head, cut off? A sounding sea!
 What is my tail cut off? A flowing river!
 Amid their mingling depths I fearless play,
 Parent of softest sounds, though mute for ever."

The answer is, *Cod*; and every line reveals a fresh play upon the word. Cut off its head and it is *od* (odd), "a queer fellow"; its tail, and it is plural, *Co.* (the abbreviation for Company); cut off its head and tail, and it is *O* (nought); the head cut off is a sounding (*C*); its tail a flowing river—*Dee* (*D*). Amid their (the sea and the *Dee's*) depths the *Cod* may play, parent of softest sounds (the air-bladder of the ood, a favourite delicacy to many), yet mute for ever.

* * * *

We hope our readers were duly shocked at the blunder that crept somehow into the article "About Rings" where at page 662 of our 31st Volume Hannibal is spoken of as defeated at Cannæ, where he triumphed. The Very Rev. Dr. McCarten, of Wallsall, in kindly calling attention to the mistake, reminds us that Hannibal's own ring was one of the most memorable in history. Juvenal (Sat. X., 165) refers to it:—

Ille
 Cannarum vindex ac tanti sanguinis ultor
 Annulus.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

MARCH, 1904

WILLIAM PATRICK COYNE, M.A., LL.D.

1866—1904

In Memoriam

IT is strange how we can contrive to feel so much at home in this passing world, though the reminders are so frequent that it is indeed passing quickly away. Life and death, their mutual relations and consequences, and the swift transition from the one to the other, are brought before us so constantly that the wonder is we can ever let them out of our minds. Not alone such terrible catastrophes as the recent holocaust at Chicago—and thanks be to God that so many of those six hundred victims were very young children, and that so the Christmas entertainment provided for them in the Iroquois Theatre on that fatal day must have been an innocent one, and we can pray with more confidence for all the dead, young and old, “May God have mercy on their souls!” But no such extraordinary accident as this is needed to remind us of our mortality; the ordinary course of human things as chronicled in the daily newspapers has its stern lessons for us all.

The new year is still young, but already, and even in its very first week, the public journals mentioned in this solemn context several names that might claim notice here, beside the one whose early death has suggested this train of thought. Two very gifted Irishwomen died almost on the same day, but far apart, on different sides of the Atlantic—Margaret Sullivan and Hannah Lynch.

Mrs. Sullivan, whose maiden name was Buchanan—she was born in Ulster in 1847, but her life was spent in the United States—was a writer of great ability, whose contributions were welcomed by the foremost American magazines and reviews, and who was ranked among the most brilliant of American journalists. Her mind was of the same solid type as the Irishwoman, Sarah Atkinson, and the Englishwoman, Augusta Drane, whom men intend to compliment when they credit them with a masculine understanding. Of a lighter and more purely literary character was the genius (the word is hardly too strong) of Miss Hannah Lynch. Hers was another of the many prentice hands that first tried their skill in the pages of this Magazine, in which samples of her vivid style appeared fourteen or fifteen years ago, such as “November in a Greek Island” in our fourteenth volume. Travel-sketches, indeed, were a favourite exercise of her pen. It was in sympathy with the bent of her mind that she lived chiefly on the Continent, travelling in Greece and Spain and other countries, but making Paris finally her home—for some time her Paris literary letter was an attractive item in the *Academy*. She made herself intimately acquainted with the contemporary literature of Spain and France, and in this department she was accepted as a brilliant interpreter and a writer of authority in the highest of the London magazines.

The first days of the year also took from us, after a very brief illness, Count Arthur Moore, an excellent and devoted Catholic Irishman. His last public appearance was in the Mansion House, Dublin, last October, at the first general Conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland—an association of which he was one of the Vice-Presidents and a munificent patron. His grandest act of munificence, however—a princely one, in the conventional, not the etymological meaning of that epithet—was the founding of the new Cistercian Abbey of Mount St. Joseph, Roscrea, within the sacred precincts of which, fittingly and by his earnest desire, his remains await the happy resurrection that such a Christian life and such an edifying deathbed as his assure to him.

Although our Magazine is almost too ready to give to worthy Irish names whatever permanence may be guaranteed to them by being commemorated in its pages, these three deaths would hardly have been referred to if we had not been reminded of them by the sad duty of paying our tribute of affection and-regret to the memory of another Irishman who died about the same time as

they, on the third day of this year. William Coyne was younger than any of them, but he had already done good and even great work. The consecrated phrase, which is one of the common-places of panegyrics on youthful saints, might, with due reverence, be applied to him also. *Consummatus in brevi, explevit tempora multa.*

He was born at Nenagh, in County Tipperary, on the 18th of May, 1866. He was educated first at St. Stanislaus' College, Tullamore,* where he gained the love and esteem of all his teachers and comrades. He continued his studies at University College, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, of which he was one of the first and most brilliant scholars, applying himself with almost passionate ardour to the study of moral and mental philosophy in particular. After taking out his degree of Master of Arts in the Royal University of Ireland he made journalism his profession for some years, four of which he spent in the United States. Fortunately the greater Ireland did not absorb him, and soon after his return to Dublin he was appointed to the Chair of Political Economy in University College. His graceful pen was still at work, and he was a frequent contributor to the more solid magazines. He was deeply read, had a marvellous memory, refined literary taste, and unwearying industry. In the year 1900 he was appointed to the post of Superintendent of the Statistical Department of the newly-created Board of Agriculture and Technical Instruction over which Sir Horace Plunkett presides. All are unanimous in declaring that he discharged the duties of this office with devoted zeal and with remarkable efficiency. One of the permanent fruits of his labours as head of the branch of Statistics and Intelligence was the issue of his admirable book, *Ireland: Agricultural and Industrial*, which the *Edinburgh Review* has pronounced to be the most important work of the kind since Sir Robert Kane's great treatise on the Industrial Resources of Ireland.

While Dr. Coyne—for his *Alma Mater* at this period conferred

* This is the post-town and railway station, but the College itself is at Tullabeg. These two names remind me of a very small incident which occurred many years ago at the hospitable table of Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Limerick, the predecessor of Dr. George Butler. Father Harbison, the eloquent Redemptorist, who at the time was very busy collecting funds for the completion of their fine Limerick Church, mentioned that he was born at Moneymore. "Moneybeg would have been a more appropriate name for your birth-place," remarked another of the old Bishop's guests.

the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him *honoris causa*, the first student of the Royal University thus honoured—while he seemed to be merely at the opening of an official career of great utility and brilliancy, his health began to cause anxiety to his friends, who were inexpressibly distressed and dismayed when, two or three months ago, the sad announcement was made that this gifted young man was afflicted with an internal disease of such a nature that an operation was hopeless. His public career was over; but this last term of waiting (which God mercifully shortened) was the noblest part of his life. He had not waited till then to prepare for the great transition. All his life he was a profoundly religious man, solidly and tenderly devout. I will venture to reveal some of the details of his last days, confided to me by a privileged onlooker: "I have never witnessed a holier death. From first to last his only words in reference to his death were: 'God's will is best.' Near the end, when he could only suck an orange to allay his thirst, he turned to me and said: 'Perhaps it is immortified to take it.' One time he said to me: 'I thought I could have done more for Ireland if God had given me longer life, and that I could have helped the future Catholic University; but I shall be able to help them better when I am in heaven.' Not a single murmur ever escaped his lips. He was all thankfulness to God and to everyone. 'God gave me,' he said, 'good parents, good teachers, a good wife.' He prayed constantly for a holy death, and few have been more richly privileged at the hour of death than this pure, holy, loyal, affectionate, and devoted child of the Church and of Ireland, whom he loved so dearly."

He has not passed away unnoticed. Earnest sympathy and regret have been expressed by very many, far and near, in public and in private. All the Dublin Press and the leading London journals have given emphatic praise to his career and his character. The Irish Secretary, Mr. George Wyndham, in his delightful speech at the dinner of the Arts and Crafts Association, referred to Mr. Coyne as "the brilliant Irishman whose death we all deplore." A gifted woman wrote: "The death of poor William Coyne has been a real grief to me, though I have not met him for many years. He had done so much in his short life, and there was so much still to do and to live for. The circumstances of his early death touch me deeply, and I feel that he was a real hero and martyr during these last tragic weeks. God rest him

and comfort his poor widow; the children are too young* to understand."

The name of the writer of these words would add interest to them for some, though it is only beginning to make itself known. I will venture not only to quote but to name another correspondent, Canon Sheehan of Doneraile, who places in conjunction two whom I have already joined together. "Alas! Count Moore, who seemed in perfect health at the Mansion House meeting in October, and W. P. Coyne, both swept away! I am very sorry for Mr. Coyne. He always seemed to me a typical Catholic layman." Another friend wrote: "How we worshipped him down here! He was constantly on our lips as the model and standard of everything noble and good." This is almost Canon Sheehan's phrase over again, and both are beautifully developed in the admirable obituary which appeared in the *Leader* of January 9:—

Alike in mental and in moral qualities, William Coyne was an expression of what the highest type of Catholic can be and ought to be. Of a deeply religious turn of mind, and possessed of a faith and devotion to which those present at the closing scenes of his life have borne witness, he drew from the sources of Catholicity all that is best and purest both in the moral and intellectual order. . . . His was indeed a life that all Catholics might well be proud of, and a career that they might well seek to emulate.

I should like to quote this article in full, but here are the last words of it:—

I knew him as a master, as a friend, as a benefactor; the beauty of his mind I could appreciate as from afar, the purity and loveliness of his life were open to me to see. I would that these few words of mine might be a last tribute of attachment to one whose virtues I knew in life, and whose example I shall seek not to forget in death.

This mosaic of testimonies may close with this passage from the *Freeman's Journal*:—

It has been somewhat cynically said that the man who makes no enemies never makes anything. Mr. Coyne's character and life give the lie direct to this saying. During his varied, brilliant, and successful career, we believe he made no single enemy. There was a genial kindness about the man, an absence of vanity, affectation, or ostentation, a genuine delight in giving pleasure or in giving aid, that disarmed the envy even of the most malignant. He made friends of all who knew him in Press circles, in academic circles, and finally in official circles, and he was regarded by all with affectionate admiration. His death has awakened universal grief.

* The youngest of them, born in this twentieth century, received at the baptismal font the name of Thomas Aquinas—a touching tribute of his father's devotion to the author of the *Summa*, and that high philosophy for which he had a passion.

It is indeed noteworthy how earnest and how general has been the regret called forth by the passing away of one so singularly modest, gentle, and unobtrusive. "No man is a prophet in his own country," yet in William Coyne's native place the Dean of Killaloe moved, amid the applause of his people, at a public meeting in the Town Hall of Nenagh, a resolution lamenting the death of their fellow-townsmen as "a national calamity." In Dublin an influential committee has been formed to promote the establishment of a Coyne Scholarship of Political Economy and Social Science as a memorial of the brilliant young Professor. He must not be forgotten. He shall not be forgotten. Not his life only but his death has its useful lessons, which, please God, many a young man will take to heart in the spirit so well expressed by a writer whom I quoted in an earlier page, and who joins together in his concluding sentence life and death, echoing unconsciously the only couplet that is remembered out of a famous elegy:—

He taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price of knowledge!) taught us how to die.

But I prefer to end with the last words of an elegy that is *not* famous, for it is my own, addressed to one whose earthly pilgrimage (twice as long as William Coyne's) ended just twenty-four years ago:—

Farewell! Whate'er the future brings
For us no longer by thy side,
'Twill urge us on to higher things
To think that *thou* hast lived and died.

M. R.

THE HYMNS OF ST. JOSEPH'S FEAST

(*March 19.*)

TRANSLATED BY EMILY HICKEY.

I.—AT MATINS.

Joseph, thou splendour of the hosts of Heaven!
Sure hope of life and pillar of creation,
Graciously now accept the praise we give thee,
Joyfully singing.

Thee did the world's Creator give in spousehead
Unto the Virgin Pure, and His Word's father
Willed thee be called, and minister He made thee
Unto His welfare.

Joyful and humble dost thou look upon Him,
Newborn Redeemer lying in the stable,
Him of whose coming sang the choir of prophets,
God, thou adorest.

Monarch of monarchs, God, the whole world's Ruler,
God, at whose nod the host of Hell doth tremble,
God, whom all Heaven doth serve in lowly reverence,
To thee is subject.

To the High Trinity be praise for ever,
Granting to thee the highest of His honour,
So may He grant us joy for thy dear merits,
Blest life eternal.

II.—AT LAUDS.

Lo ! this is he whom all the faithful honour,
Singing in songs of joy his glorious triumph ;
This day hath Joseph's merit won the gladness
Of life eternal.

Happy exceeding, oh, exceeding blessed,
He o'er whose dying hour those Twain kept vigil,
Christ and the Virgin standing by together,
Smiling upon him.

Thus, conquering death, and loose from carnal snaring,
Borne in soft slumber to the home eternal,
There, with the garlands rosy-golden shining,
Girds he his forehead.

So earnestly we ask him now that reigneth,
To be our advocate and gain the pardon
Of all our sins, and give to us hereafter
Peace in God's Heaven.

Praise be to Thee, to Thee for aye be honour,
 God in Three Persons ; praise to Thee who givest
 Each faithful servant golden crown and kingdom,
 To hold for ever.

III.—AT VESPERS.

Thee, Joseph, let all Heaven in praise acclaim
 All Christian choirs unite to laud thy name,
 Thou shining one, upon whose life was laid
 Purest of bonds with God's unspotted Maid.

Great with God's Burden when thou saw'st her go,
 Doubt, wonder, in disquiet wrought thee woe ;
 Until the Angel's word thine heart relieved,
The Child by God the Holy Ghost conceived.

Thy new-born Lord in flight thine arm doth bear
 To Egypt's foreign land, for safety there ;
 In Salem lost thou seek'st Him, find'st again ;
 And blent with weeping is thy gladness then.

Hallowed are other Saints by holy death
 With glory crowning each who conquereth ;
 But thou, by lot more blest, the Angels' peer,
 In life enjoyest God, who hast Him here.

O Trinity of Might, Thy suppliants spare ;
 Give us our home in Heaven through Joseph's prayer ;
 That so we be allowed perpetually
 To sing the song, O God, that pleaseth Thee.

THE OLD COUNTRY

A Story

CHAPTER XLVII

TWO BAD HALF-HOURS

JEM TRACY was able to adapt himself to every class, and found himself as much at home in the parlour of the farm-house as in the drawing-room of the Stockton manufacturer's wife; and he did not lack invitations from his agricultural friends.

At Wood-ash the Dingleys, who were well-to-do, celebrated the slack season by keeping almost open house and entertaining in a style that filled the young man with amazement.

"They tell me the Dingleys dine at eight o'clock," their landlord confided to his wife after hearing some village gossip, and her Ladyship who had small sympathy with those who, to use her own expression, "aped their betters," had responded that, in her opinion, it would be more to the point if at that hour they thought of going to bed.

"Dingley pays his rent," his Lordship returned apologetically, sorry, perhaps, that he had repeated what, after all, might be mere hearsay, "and the daughters are superior young women."

"Not to be compared to the Harnett girl," her Ladyship returned with decision. "There is no nonsense about *her*, Mrs. Harnett has been an excellent mother."

"Ah, well, my dear, you may say the same of Mrs. Dingley."

"Not if she allows these young people to behave in such a ridiculous way. Why, as I have said, the Harnetts would be going to bed at that hour."

"Well, well," his Lordship said, still with manifest discomposure; but, with Jem Tracy, he would have opened his eyes had he seen the excellence of his tenant's table, or had heard Miss Dingley's glib tongue run over the various *entrées*.

Jem was the "big man" at most of these entertainments, and enjoyed himself as much as he was in the mood to enjoy anything

for the moment. Mrs. Dingley, always a little fluttered by the grand ways her daughters had introduced at the farm, was obsequious; the young ladies were attentive; and John Dingley, good-natured and jocose, was ready to accept the young man's opinion, given without hesitation, even upon farming matters, and if he winked across the table to some knowing friend, Jem, sharp as he was, did not suspect he was making a fool of himself.

The news of the broken-off engagement had caused as much excitement at Wood-ash as elsewhere, and the "whys" and the "wherefores" had been daily discussed. Maria Dingley, so soon as she considered a visit (to use her own expression) "decent," had made her way across the fields to the Glebe to offer comfort, should she find that comfort was needed, and to hear the "rights of the case;" but Maria had come back to say that she could make "neither head nor tail of Teresa." Mrs. Harnett had met her at the door, wide awake to the occasion, and had marched her into the parlour and dashed at once into the subject.

"If it's about Tracy you've come, you'd better take my advice and leave Teresa alone. He and she's agreed about the matter, and it's no one's business but their own. What Teresa wants to tell she'll tell, and what she doesn't want to tell she won't tell. You know Teresa's that way, as well as I do myself, though I'm her mother."

It was not easy to take Miss Dingley aback. "Of course I should never think of *questioning* Teresa," she began with dignity. "I only thought——"

"Just what others are thinking," Mrs. Harnett interrupted. "But you needn't think Teresa's to be pitied. To my mind, it ought to be the other way. It's been her own doing, and you may tell them that are curious enough to ask that those were her mother's words. It was no such match for Teresa, when all's said and done." Mrs. Harnett, who had warmed to her subject, paused to take breath.

"Oh, if it was Teresa's doing," Maria began, to be again interrupted by her hostess.

"The pair of them is agreed; so there's no more to be said. There's more than Teresa and the Doctor in this world who have changed their minds, and Teresa *acted fair*."

Maria Dingley, who had the reputation of being a jilt, reddened at this shaft.

"The pair of them agreed," Mrs. Harnett repeated, "and I'll not have Teresa bothered with any words about it. 'The less said's the soonest mended' in most things under the sun, and the one that's her best friend 'll say the least to her about it."

"Indeed, Mrs. Harnett, I should never think of teasing Teresa, but Dr. Tracy is dining with us to-night, and one was anxious to know exactly how matters were."

Mrs. Harnett looked with sharpness at her visitor. "You've heard all you're likely to hear, and I don't see how you're called to mix yourself up in the matter. You're free, as far as Teresa goes, to marry him yourself, if that's what your after. I've known people that liked second-hand articles before now."

"I did not come to be insulted." Maria Dingley sprang to her feet. "All I meant was that if Dr. Tracy had behaved badly to Teresa, it would have made a difference Teresa's my friend, and if she had wanted a bit of comfort——" Maria, who was ready to cry, paused as she smothered a sob.

"If she'd needed comfort, I'd have let you know," Mrs. Harnett returned, still with raised voice, "and, as for Tracy, I make you a present of him."

"I had better go." Maria, still struggling with her tears, walked towards the door.

"Hoity-toity, don't take offence where none is meant," Mrs. Harnett cried, catching her by her skirt. "If I was a bit rough it's only my way. Let's cry quits, as the children say. You'll be none the worse of a glass of wine, and you haven't seen Teresa. I've been a bit hasty, and I'm sorry for it; but we've no 'poor Teresa's' to pity here. Bless me, there's engagements broken off every day and no such trade held about them, and I've known them that was proud they had broken off so many."

Again Maria Dingley grew red; but she was good-natured, and accepted the apology, such as it was, and Mrs. Harnett hurried off to bring the glass of wine and summon Teresa.

A momentary shyness took possession of both girls. Maria was the first to speak.

"I had a moment, Teresa, so I ran over to see you, and to ask for Mrs. Makepeace."

"Grannie is as usual—mostly in bed these days. Mother has told you?" Teresa turned away her head

Maria nodded. "I had heard it before; but if it's your own

doing——” She hesitated as if in doubt how to finish her sentence.

“We are agreed about it,” Teresa said, her face still turned away.

“Well, I never did think him good enough for you,” Maria began, conviction in her tone.

“Perhaps it was the other way,” Teresa said with a smile, as, composure recovered, she turned to face her visitor.

“Don’t tell me,” Maria began indignantly, and pulled herself up. “I promised your mother not to tease you,” she went on. “Only you and I have always been friends, and if the Doctor had behaved badly I’d have let him hear about it.”

“Hush, hush,” Teresa said, as she put up her face to be kissed. “You are always kind, but you must not blame Dr. Tracy. I—I—you won’t mind, Maria?—I would rather not talk about it.”

“I quite understand,” Maria returned, but she looked sharply at the girl.

Teresa was never like other people, she reported to her sister when she got home. “She might carry it off as she liked, but she was fond of Tracy, and whatever Mrs. Harnett might say, she didn’t believe he had behaved well. Mrs. Harnett was like a bear with a sore head about the whole matter. As rude as could be,” the young lady went on, “and if I hadn’t been fond of Teresa I’d not have stood it. I’ll have it out with the Doctor, and if he’s played Teresa any tricks I’ll let him know what I think of him. I wouldn’t have minded if it had been one of the Erne girls; they’ve had sweethearts, off an’ on, since they left off their pinafores; but ‘Teresa is Teresa,’ as her mother is always saying, and Tracy had no business to run after her as he did if he was not in earnest. But amusing themselves is all men think about; a girl’s heart is a plaything for them.”

“It’s not for you to preach,” the younger girl returned, with emphasis. “And as for amusing oneself, men and women are much alike.”

“Well,” Miss Dingley reiterated, “if it had not been Teresa, it would not have mattered; but I’ll get it all out of Tracy if I get a quiet talk with him.”

Maria Dingley’s opportunity came on the evening of the day of her visit to the Glebe, and, perhaps, Jem Tracy would not

have hastened with such alacrity to her side had he known the "tackling" she had in store for him.

"What have you been doing to Teresa?" the young lady asked, without hesitation, when he had seated himself beside her on a sofa in a corner of the room.

"What have I been doing to Miss Harnett?" Jem's face flushed.

"Teresa, or Miss Harnett, it's all one; what have you been doing to her? You have got to answer."

"I am afraid I scarcely understand," Jem said, looking round for a way of escape, but Miss Dingley was too sharp for him.

"No, your are going to stay here till you have answered my question." She gave his arm a sharp tap with her fan. "Teresa's my friend, and I am not going to have her badly treated. If it had been Polly Erne or any of the others, but *Teresa*! What put it into your head to make a fool of her? Oh it's all very well to say you agreed to part. No one can look at Teresa's face and believe that. You've jilted her; that's the truth of it, say what you like. You needn't tell me—I know it."

"If you know it, I need say nothing." Jem tried to speak with dignity.

"Oh, shuffling out of the matter won't help you. If I'd been a man I'd have let you know what I think of you. Teresa's worth the pack of us put together, and to fix on her to get fun out of! I mayn't be worth much myself, but perhaps that is why I think so much of Teresa, and she is as pretty as she is good—with that skin of hers, and her eyes that look at you like a child's for all her sense. And I'll let you into a secret: Teresa at thirty will be better-looking than she is now. Oh, I know what I am saying. Dr. Tracy, you are a fool. Take my advice, go back to her and eat humble pie. She is a deal to good for you, but she won't think it. Teresa is that sort she will think there is no one like you till the end of the chapter. If you wait until you are a hundred you will never find another girl like her. We girls know each other, and Teresa—well, 'Teresa is Teresa,' and perhaps I am a fool about her, but I am telling you the truth." Maria Dingley, enjoying the bad half-hour she was giving her mother's guest, paused for want of breath.

"Thank you," Jem, who had sat crimson under this harangue, said with sarcasm. "I am glad you appreciate Miss Harnett's good qualities."

"What on earth tempted you to give her up?" Miss Dingley looked straight in Jem's face as she asked the question.

"Excuse me, Miss Dingley." Jem was almost trembling with passion. "The matter lies between Miss Harnett and myself, and I do not see your right to interfere any more than I know by what right you accuse me of 'giving' Miss Harnett up."

"You either did that or you drove her to give you up," Maria returned, coolly. "I am no fool, Dr. Tracy."

"Your worst enemy would be bound to acknowledge that," Jem interpolated under his breath; his anger was beginning to master him.

"And as for interfering," Maria went on, paying no attention to the interruption, "I don't call doing the best you can for a friend interfering. Take my advice, Dr. Tracy, go back to Teresa."

"Don't you think we've had enough of this?" said Jem, springing to his feet. "When I interfere with your affairs, Miss Dingley, I give you leave to interfere with mine." He laid an emphasis on the "interfere."

Maria Dingley understood she had gone far enough. "I did not mean to put you into a passion," she said, with a good-natured laugh. "I am not sure I was not paying you off for the 'rounding' Mrs. Harnett gave me this morning. But—*take my advice, Dr. Tracy.*"

The last words were wasted on the air; Jem, at the other side of the room, was bidding his hostess good night. But even good-natured Mrs. Dingley had her word of reproach whispered as he took her hand.

"We are none too pleased with you, Doctor. Teresa is a favourite with us all. But there! it's none of my business, and we'll always be pleased to see you."

Could not people leave him alone? Jem asked himself with temper, as he drove away. No one blamed Teresa, and—it was her doing. If she had not spoken out he would have married her when the time came at any cost. That he had given her occasion to "speak out" was a remembrance Jem refused to entertain for the moment. He would cut Stockton altogether, he told himself again, and he would speak to old Bucknill without delay. The old man would need a month or two to find another assistant, and, in that time, he would have come to some arrangement with Mary

Priddock. There was no use trying to put her out of his head, had he not done his best? Why, even if he shut his eyes, her face was before him like a picture. He would marry her, let the world say what it might, and, if poverty was before them, she was accustomed to that at its worst.

In Shotover Wood the Shotover carriage rolled past. Jem, dark as it was, had recognised the big grey horses as they took the turn of the road. Her Ladyship looked well after the General, he said to himself, remembering the local gossip. By the light of a reading lamp he could clearly see the occupants of the carriage. Lady Shotover—busy with her book—and a daughter seated by her side. The night was chill and the girl had gathered her soft green cloak close round her, and Jem started as he had once started before. What a likeness there was! How would her Ladyship like to be told, he wondered, that her daughter and a girl who had lived in the Court, might be twins? Jem smiled to himself {with sarcasm as he touched up Kitty, then his face softened. *Twins*. Yes, Mary had lost her twin, poor Annie! Well, wealth, luxury for one, the girl in the carriage—and death in poverty for another. His face hardened again, as he touched Kitty for the second time with the whip. But what a likeness there was! The faces might have been cast in the same mould.

CHAPTER XLVIII

JEM'S TROUBLES DO NOT COME TO AN END

It was still early when Jem Tracy got home. He found Dr. Bucknill in the dining-room, and that he was out of temper the young man saw in a glance.

"How often am I to ask you," the old man began, as he pushed away the glass of grog standing by his side; "to mark down directions as to where you are to be found? What is the slate for? or why is Mrs. Slater here? If you cannot take the trouble to write, you might at least use your tongue."

"I am sorry, sir," Jem had difficulty in keeping himself in hand. "But, so far as I know, it is the first time such a thing has happened, and I knew I should be home early."

"Early! Eleven o'clock early? Half Stockton might be dead. I shall trouble you not to let it occur again. I have been put to

inconvenience ; I may say grave inconvenience. I take it for granted it was not a patient who called you from home ?" Dr. Bucknill looked at the young man's evening dress.

"If you wish to know, sir, I was dining with the Dingleys."

"And, in the meantime, *my* patients die. *My* patients, sir, for if you don't mean to look after them ——." The little man pulled himself up as if he felt he was going too far.

"I can only repeat, sir, that I am sorry if anything has gone wrong." Jem was growing cool as the older man grew more hot.

"And if you are not satisfied with me, I am willing to meet you on any terms."

This was more than Dr. Bucknill had bargained for ; he knew the value of his assistant.

"Well, well," he said, "perhaps I have been hasty. But there have been half-a-dozen messengers after you. That Braddell woman is gone."

"Mrs. Braddell ! I thought she would have held out another week or two."

The elder man gave a grunt. "The wonder is she held out so long. A good riddance, if it is no sin to say so."

"You were there, sir ?"

The question revived the remembrance of his woes. "There ? Of course I was there." Dr. Bucknill returned with petulance. "You do not find me gallivanting over the countryside when there is a matter of life or death on hand. Father Consett too ; you do not find him amusing himself when his penitents are on their deathbeds."

"Father Matthew was there ?" Jem cried with eagerness, ignoring the renewed reproaches.

"Father Consett was there. The Curate—what is his name ? Harrington—Father Harrington was also there. The whole Court was there. I have never seen such a scene." The little man put up his hands expressively.

"Both Priests were there ?" Jem asked with astonishment.

"Got different messengers, I don't doubt," Dr. Bucknill returned. "As I have said, there were half-a-dozen here within ten minutes ; you would have thought the world was coming to an end instead of an old sinner the world is well quit of. The question is, who will get these houses ?" Dr. Bucknill was recovering his good humour.

"I fancy Molly has spoken to me of a sister."

"Molly Delaney? Ah, she might know. She was in the thick of it to-night. What a set they are!"

Dr. Bucknill poured out another glass of grog.

"If these houses were burned down, and the bulk of their inhabitants with them, it would be no loss to Stockton."

"Well," said Jem, "I should be sorry to see the old houses go, they are curiosities."

"Well, keep them as curiosities," the older man said shortly. "I suppose you will be calling Mrs. Delaney and some of that lot curiosities too?"

Jem burst into a laugh. "You won't believe me, sir, but I have a respect for Molly Delaney."

"Respect!" Dr. Bucknill's eyebrows went up. "I'll tell you who I have a respect for—these Priests of yours."

"Ah, Father Matthew's not to be beat. I'd like to stand in Father Matthew's shoes when my end comes."

There was silence for a moment, and then the older man, warmed and comfortable, his ill-humour gone, spoke again.

"I have seen many scenes, but none like that."

Jem drew a chair to the fire. "Let me hear, sir."

"The Delaney woman had noticed nothing unusual till she went over to the bed to give the woman some tea, and then she saw the end was not far off. No one has anything to do in the Court but to attend to their neighbour's business as you know, and in five minutes, the whole Court was there. When I came, I'd to elbow my way through them, they were as thick as a swarm of bees, but except turning a few of them out there was nothing to be done. It was the young priest got them in hand and set them to their prayers, and, upon my word, to hear their groans and cries you would have thought the best friend they ever had had was gone. They're a queer lot. The room full and the passage full, and down the doorsteps into the bargain crammed, and there they were, praying and groaning as if their own souls depended on it. I've seen some queer sights in my life!" The little man shook his head.

"And Father Matthew?" Jem, picturing the scene, asked.

"Father Consett, he was by the bed."

"She was not conscious of course?"

"That I could scarcely say. Father Matthew thought she recognized him, and, in part, understood what was said."

"Through all that—hullabulloo?" Jem sought for a word.

"Well, once when Father Consett called for silence, she made some kind of a motion, and the Delaney woman translated it as meaning they were to go on. 'Get on with you,' she cried. 'With the Priest by her side and the prayers of you in her ears she'll cheat somebody yet.' It was then the Curate took them in hand and knelt with them outside, but you might have heard their 'Pray for us sinners' up at Wood-ash. I have seen some queer things," again the little man repeated, with another shake of his head.

"She passed away quietly?" Jem's face was grave for him.

Dr. Bucknill nodded. "With her Priest by her side," he said, meditatively, repeating Molly Delaney's words; and then he roused himself to say with vigour: "I tell you what it is, Tracy, and it's not the first time I have said it, it's not the fault of your priests if their people don't save their souls. But I was near about forgetting. There is a note from the Glebe Farm. Old Mrs. Makepeace not so well. They want a call in the morning."

"You don't expect me to go, sir," Jem cried, before he had time to consider his words.

The older doctor looked at him. "You don't expect me, after being up half the night, to be off to the Glebe to-morrow morning."

Jem looked at the hands of the clock on the mantel-piece, pointing now only to twelve.

"It is scarcely midnight, sir, and—I do not know that I should be welcome."

"The more shame to you, then," the other man returned, beginning to fume again. "You'll spoil the practice with your damned love affairs."

"It's the second time to-night you have told me you are dissatisfied with me," Jem returned with heat; "and if you are only willing to cancel our engagement, I can only say I shall make no objections."

"You are a hot-headed young fool," the older man said, with a shoulder shrug. "You can think over it till to-morrow morning. But I am not going to lose a good patient, mind."

"And I am not going where I am not welcome," Jem returned, trying to speak with dignity.

"It is your own fault if you are not wanted. We all pay for our misdeeds. But would Mrs. Harnett have sent here if she had wanted to change her doctor?"

"Who was the note addressed to?" Jem asked with eagerness.

"To no one," Dr. Bucknill responded. "It was simply a line in pencil left by one of the farm men who was in town. 'My mother not so well. Would be glad to have a visit to-morrow morning.' It was signed 'A. Harnett.' I believe that was all. If she had wanted to change she would have sent to Greene or Dyer. I am not going to lose a patient, mind that."

"She must have expected you to go, sir." Jem again looked at the clock.

"I have said I am not going," Dr. Bucknill returned. "You can let me know to-morrow morning what you have decided. You are not yourself, Tracy. May I trouble you for that candlestick. Thank you." With a curt nod of good-night the little man disappeared.

Jem, left alone, drew his chair nearer to the fire, his mouth set in obstinate temper. It was Dr. Bucknill himself that Mrs. Harnett would expect to see, and Bucknill would have to go, at any rate, and Bucknill might kick him out of the house for it if he liked, *he* would not go. A pretty greeting he should have from Mrs. Harnett, the young fellow told himself, when she had passed him in the market-place without even a nod. And Mrs. Makepeace? Her tongue would wag. And Teresa? Jem's face flushed, recalling some of Maria Dingley's words. He was not going to the Glebe, that was certain sure, both for his own sake and—*Teresa's*. Miss Dingley was right; there were few girls like Teresa. Marriage with her would have meant *peace* and affluence. Marriage with—someone else? Peace, perhaps, but the breaking off of many an old tie, and, no mistake about it, for many a day poverty. Why, Jem asked himself, and almost whimsically, did a fellow never fall in love with the right woman?

Where was the good of going to bed? He should not sleep. Well, he knew old Bucknill. He might as well pack. He went went up to his room and drew a big portmanteau from under his bed and began to throw odds and ends recklessly enough into

it. Then he went to his bookshelf, and began to arrange the books, throwing to one side novels and magazines he did not want; he would make them into a packet and let Molly Delaney have them; she might make a shilling or two by them at the least. Of all the people in Stockton, with one exception, he would, he thought, miss Molly the most. There were sayings of hers he should never forget—*doings*, too. Jem's face relaxed into what was almost a smile as he thought of Molly and her ways. He should not leave Stockton without a blessing (Molly's blessing!) whatever his sins might be.

When Jem came down next morning, he found Dr. Bucknill already seated at the breakfast table. The two men exchanged greetings with stiffness, but the meal was half over before Bucknill asked, with elaborate precision: "I am to count on you visiting the Glebe?"

There was a second's pause, as Jem drew in his breath, and then his answer came: "I thought I had made it clear last night, sir, that my services would not be welcome there."

Dr. Bucknill, leaving his chop to cool on his plate, walked over to his writing-table, wrote a note, and rang the bell.

"See that is taken to Dr. Dyer at once," he said to the boy who answered the summons; came back to his seat at the head of the breakfast-table, and went on with his meal in silence.

"I have told you, sir," Jem said, choking with temper, "that I am ready to resign my post to-day if it is convenient to you."

"I shall see Chapman as I go up town," the elder man returned, "and tell him to look in this evening—unless, indeed, you have another dinner engagement?" (Jem's face reddened at the sarcasm of the suddenly interpolated question). "We must have matters properly arranged. I shall instruct him to draw up the necessary papers. In the meantime, if you will be obliging enough (again the tone of sarcasm), the certificate of the Braddell woman's death will have to be seen to, and, I presume, you will see your usual patients?"

"So far, sir, you cannot accuse me of not having done my duty," Jem flamed out, "and you cannot misunderstand my reasons for not wishing to go to the Glebe."

"I believe the whole of Stockton is aware of your treatment of Miss Harnett. Even her Ladyship ——"

Jem laughed sarcastically; and it was the elder man's turn to

red den. No one could be in the the little man's presence for more than a minute or two without hearing the Shotovers quoted.

"Well, I have no more to say," he went on, hurriedly. "I shall arrange for Chapman to look in about eight to-night."

"I shall be here, sir." Jem drank off his cup of tea and went off to the Surgery.

At Baron's Court an hour later he found Mrs. Braddell's door locked. Molly had the key he was told, and Molly was at Peter's daughter's; and there was more than one volunteer to run and let her know that Dr. Jem had come.

The excitement of the night before had passed, though here and there groups of men and women were still discussing the death, and the funeral that was to be, and wondering who would "get the money;" and if Molly would be paid for the last week's nursing. One or two of the women appealed to Jem, who could only express his ignorance, as he stood on the top of the steps waiting for Molly's appearance. Once he turned and looked up the narrow passage to the oak stair that was as broad as itself, to the steps on which he had first seen Mary. He must see *her* before he went away, whatever happened. Molly should be their go-between. As soon as the girl was out of quarantine, he would send her a note begging her to meet him, and then he would—*speak*; he would make her understand his love for her. Lost in thought, he started when Molly spoke to him—Molly with a face swollen with crying and in a decent black gown. "Old Peter's daughter's best mourning," she whispered as she smoothed down the front breadth. "It was not decent to go out and in without a stitch of black."

It was near about as bad as losing one of her own, she went on to Jem's astonishment when they stood together beside what had been Mrs. Braddell, and he had drawn down the sheet.

"If you ever have a child of your own, sir, you'll understand," she went on, quick at reading the expression in Jem's face. "It's them that's helpless that you grow to. My word, if children soudded about like rats the moment they were born, they wouldn't be half what they are to the mothers as bears them; it's the washing of them, and the clothing of them, and the feeding of them, and them never out of your arms, that keeps them in your heart. And it was the same way with *her*." She pointed towards the bed. "A hell on earth she made of the Court,

and a curse she was to them she came across, and many a word we had from first to last, but I've cried myself sick for the loss of her, and that's God's blessed truth."

"The more credit to you," Jem returned, trying to look grave. "And as you have not studied natural history we'll say nothing about the rats. Well, we'll have to have the funeral to-morrow if we can't this afternoon. Keep the people out, Molly, and don't keep going out and in yourself. If you do, I'll send someone up to seal the door, mind that."

"Heard anything of Mary Priddock lately?" he asked, when they stood together again on the steps.

Molly shook her head. "She'll be getting beyond me now," she said. "They think a lot of her at the Hotel."

"She has been nursing," Jem said, "and that has kept her busy."

"She's had the fever," Molly whispered mysteriously. "They tried to keep it quiet, but, bless you, there's no secrets in this world as we all learn soon enough."

"Well, well," Jem said, "you'll have to look after her when I am gone."

"Gone?" Molly turned to look him in the face.

"Gone," Jem repeated with a laugh, and, running down the steps, disappeared through the arch.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued.)

ST: DOROTHEA AND THE ROSES

(February 6th.)

SWEET martyr Saint! whose name means "Gift from God,"
 How blest thy life, though hard the road it trod!
 Great was thy faith, thy purity how meek!
 God was thine all, His glory didst thou seek.
 Bright flowers are thine, the roses rich and rare
 Sent by thy hand from Paradise so fair,
 A heathen soul was by their perfume won:
 So, through love's fragrance, noble deeds are done.
 Love—God's best gift—we pray may be sent down,
 St. Dorothy, with roses for thy crown.

E. M. JAMES.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO WORKHOUSE HOSPITALS *

BY DR. RYAN, OF BAILIEBOROUGH.

SINCE the introduction of the Local Government Act very much has been done to improve the material condition of the sick and infirm inmates of our workhouses. This is obvious to any person who compares the average weekly cost now and the present conditions with those existing even eight years ago, when an attempt was first made by a few workhouse doctors in some Ulster counties, under the presidency of Dr. Moorehead, of Cootahill, to get some change for the better in Irish workhouse infirmaries, etc. Up to that no serious effort had been made to adapt the Irish workhouses to the altered circumstances, and workhouses were still administered by the local and central boards as if the ratio of sick and infirm to healthy inmates had not completely changed in the last fifty years.

I think it a pity that reasonable time has not been allowed the new local bodies to continue those improvements and to observe the results before asking them to embark on fresh changes. That they have done so much is highly creditable to them when we consider that most of them were previously unaccustomed to public administration, and that all the increased expense which improved dietary, nursing, and other comforts entail fall exclusively on their constituents, the occupiers, the landlords and the Imperial Exchequer having legislatively freed themselves from any portion of the increased cost. That some of the Boards of Guardians have not done as well as others is a reason for pressing them to do so, not an argument for throwing the whole Poor Law system into the melting pot, when it is for the first time since its introduction being administered in a humane spirit towards the sick and infirm poor. Whilst there may be isolated cases in which amalgamation may be good for the ratepayers and cause no serious harm to the poor, I feel quite certain, from an experience

* This embodies the evidence given by an experienced physician before the Commission of Inquiry into Irish Workhouses, presided over by Mr. W. L. Micks.

of thirty-two years, that any attempt to seriously diminish the number of workhouses, or to at all diminish the number of hospitals, must, no matter how well intentioned, result in loss to the ratepayers or hardship to the poor and sick, or most probably in both. It is quite possible that if we were building workhouses and hospitals again, a better distribution might be made and fewer suffice. But that is not the question. The workhouses and hospitals exist, with the staffs and other accessories, and the burden of proof lies upon those who assert that humanity or economy would result from amalgamation. It is easy to point to abuses, to talk of workhouses as "dens of immorality," "boarding-houses for the idle and dissolute," "hotels for tramps," "death-traps for the inmates," etc. As well abolish fever hospitals because fever cases congregate therein as abolish workhouses because the immoral therein accumulate. In both cases you spread the disease by the suggested remedy. Similarly, in the interests of the ratepayers, "the idle and dissolute and the tramps" are much better congregated in the workhouses, under official and police supervision, than scattered through the country to live by blackmail, or robbery, or theft. And, curiously enough, I see by a report of the Poor Law Commissioners for 1842 that the main object for which the workhouses were being built was to relieve the ratepayers from those very classes, whose blackmailing and extortion had become unbearable to the ratepayers in town and country, and to provide for them in the workhouses. Now it is seriously proposed by workhouse reformers to shut up the workhouses, sending them back to the way of living on the ratepayers which they had in 1842. Thus do we progress in a circle.

The question for the ratepayers to consider is: Will they support these classes inside or outside?—because to seek to get rid of the poor and idle by closing the workhouses is as rational as to seek to get rid of our criminal classes by closing the jails. As to the workhouses being "death-traps for the inmates," at the commencement of the agitation for workhouse reform, in which I took a part, some of my colleagues demonstrated by statistics, to their own satisfaction, that the death-rate in Irish workhouses was 250 per 1,000 and upwards, or from ten to fifteen times the average Irish death-rate, and hence concluded that they were "death-traps." To show how misleading statistics can be, I got the Superintendent Registrar of Deaths in my district to give me the

average age at death of those registered from the Baillieborough Rural District, inside and outside the workhouse, and I found that the average age at death of those inside the workhouse, including even those who came in sick, was nearly twenty years more than the average age of those who died outside the workhouse, and invited him to enter the workhouse if he wished, by statistics, to add twenty years to his life. The one inference was as ridiculous as the other.

As to the sick and infirm and other deserving poor, it is very curious that, whilst all manner and classes of people are, with the most philanthropic motives, devising schemes for their happiness, it has never occurred to those reformers to consult those poor people themselves. Have the poor no feelings or sentiments or affections? Are food and clothes and classification the "be all and end all" for them? No. Men do not live by bread alone. The old and infirm inmates are at present living in the Unions in which they were born, near scenes and places familiar to them from their childhood, within easy distance of their friends and relations—they can visit and be visited by those friends. Remove them to another workhouse five, ten or twenty miles further from their native place: you put them in a strange land, you isolate them, deprive them by mere distance of the pleasure of a friendly visit, the sight of a familiar face, the sound of a familiar voice to cheer them in health, or to solace them in sickness, and you consign them, after death, to a pauper's grave—and you do all this in the name of philanthropy. Practically you transport them just as if they were criminals. You may improve their clothing, housing, feeding and classification, but you will not make them more content, quite the contrary, and if less content they will be less happy. I think that we have, at least in some Unions, carried the attention to the physical comforts of the workhouse poor as far as is necessary, or compatible with the scale of living of the average ratepayer. The nursing in our hospitals has reached a standard that not two per cent. of the ratepayers can afford for themselves. As one of the first, if not the first, workhouse medical officers in Ireland who suggested combined action for the improvement of workhouse infirmaries, I hope I may say that, all things considered, we have made satisfactory progress in that direction, and that attention to the spiritual side of the pauper will in future contribute most to his happiness.

No matter what you may do to improve the physical condition of the pauper, his lot will still be a hard one. His life from a materialistic point of view is a failure, the world has treated him unfairly or unjustly, or, at all events, he thinks so; if you cannot reach his spiritual part, if you cannot convince him that when this life, with all its sorrows, trials and griefs, is past, a new and better life may be his, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," you have done little for his temporal and nothing for his eternal happiness. Turning this over in my mind for many years, I have often wondered whether, in our treatment of the poor, we are really advancing, or should we not make them, as of old, the care of the religious Orders. And the result of my thoughts is that we should. For the modern craze that would exalt the girls who devote a couple of years to learning nursing as a trade above those ladies who devote their lives to the service of God's poor, I have nothing but contempt. The manual and technical knowledge is easily acquired by any person of education; but the sympathy with suffering, the self-sacrifice, the devotion to duty, all of which are so necessary to the nurse, are only fully acquired by those who look for their reward to their Heavenly Master who will say to the Elect, "I was sick and you visited Me." In my opinion, as far as possible the care of the sick and infirm poor should be given to the religious Orders; and in this I am supported by Miss Woods, who, on the suggestion of Dr. Moorehead and myself, visited the Irish workhouses as *British Medical Journal* Commissioner in 1895, and who selected the Ballyshannon workhouse and hospitals under the care of the Sisters of Mercy out of all the Irish workhouses for her unqualified approval. However, there is room for all: let the trained nurse supply the manual and technical skill, the Nuns supply the supervision, the sympathy and the spirit of charity, which are far more important, and which their self-sacrifice and devotion render them most competent to supply.

Outdoor relief will be increased by amalgamation. Now, whilst outdoor relief may be economical in theory, in practice it is the most extravagant form of keeping the poor, and tends most to demoralise and pauperise the people. Amalgamation will neutralise most of the inducements which the improved accommodation and nursing of recent years hold forth to the sick poor, who were beginning to appreciate the altered conditions. They will go

willingly to hospital in their market town, but to a hospital twelve or twenty miles away they will not go. This is well illustrated by the county infirmaries, which, though maintained by the county at large and until recent years much better equipped, attract very few patients from beyond the radius of seven or eight miles, except a very few well-known infirmaries. I have not met in twenty years ten patients from our Union who have gone to the county infirmary. And during my time the Bailieborough Union contributed £3,200 to the support of the Cavan County Infirmary. Now I think that it is not fair that the poorer and more remote parts of the county should bear the whole expense of medical treatment for their own poor and also contribute to the expense of medical treatment for the poor in the neighbourhood of the wealthy county town. There should be reciprocity. I would make all the hospitals in the county a charge on the county at large, and allow patients from all parts of the county to select any hospital they wished, and thus give the poor what they have never had up to this, a chance to select the medical attendant in whom they have most confidence. I would place the management of the hospital in the hands of a committee composed of the County Councillors resident in the Union, and an equal number of District Councillors selected by the District Council, the Chairman of the District Council to be Chairman of the Committee. This would create a healthy rivalry between the hospitals, and encourage the various committees to bring their hospitals to a high state of efficiency.

Where there are no special circumstances which would modify my general arguments against amalgamation, I consider amalgamation most undesirable. But, if amalgamation be decided on, I think that the workhouse, or workhouses, left vacant, ought to be used as auxiliary asylums, the patients in one workhouse being males, and in the other females, and the County Council receiving the same capitation grant from the Treasury which is now paid for their support in the Lunatic asylums. The remarks which I have made regarding the amalgamation of workhouses apply with tenfold force to the amalgamation of hospitals. In fact the latter is so retrograde a step, and so opposed to the spirit of the age, that I do not think it necessary to refer to this further.

I am not in favour of the boarding-out of workhouse inmates, except children, and these, I think, should, whenever possible, be boarded-out; and I would extend the boarding-out to all children

whose parents are habitual workhouse inmates. The boarding-out of the aged poor appears to be an attempt to give "old age pensions" at the expense of the rates, instead of at the cost of the Imperial Exchequer. It is, in fact, out-door relief with a flavour of Mr. Chamberlain about it. If applied to those who have been for long periods in the workhouse, it would be taking them from the only home they now have to place them with a stranger. If a short residence qualified an inmate for being boarded-out, you might have a large number of the poor who now live with their friends sent in to acquire the qualification. The only classes for which I would think it desirable to combine unions are the sane epileptics. Idiots, imbeciles, and insane epileptics I would send to the auxiliary asylums.

I think a return to the system in vogue previous to the Local Government Act, is, in two particulars, very desirable. First, out-door relief should be an electoral division charge. The present system produces an unhealthy rivalry between the various guardians as to which will get the largest amount for his electoral division, and puts a premium on extravagance. This rivalry and this extravagance is doubled by having two elected guardians for each electoral division instead of one as formerly; and this brings me to the second matter in which a return to the old system would be preferable, viz., the number of guardians. The number of guardians were doubled under the Local Government Act, with a view, I believe, to assuage religious and political animosities. It was hoped that each electoral division would harmoniously combine the united representation of parties. Instead of this each party sent to the Board-room a double-barrelled representation of its own peculiar views. The dignity, responsibility and efficiency of popular representation have suffered in consequence, and it is most desirable that there should be a return to the old numbers or even fewer.

There is one administrative change which is absolutely necessary if our hospitals are ever to be utilised as they ought to be: the patients must be allowed to wear their own clothes, subject to the approval of the Medical Officer. Five years ago I wrote to the *Freeman's Journal* on this subject as follows:—

I hope the 90th Section of the new Act, which enables Boards of Guardians to convert workhouse hospitals into district hospitals, will be generally adopted. But this will not remove the pauper's brand from the labourer, artisan, trader,

farmer, or anyone who in his hour of need has recourse to the workhouse hospital. Be he peer or peasant, paying or non-paying patient, he must be clad in a pauper's suit, and this through no fault of the Legislature nor of the Boards of Guardians, and certainly not of the medical officers. The latter have publicly and privately protested in vain against this absurd rule. The Local Government Board for Ireland, and they alone, are responsible for maintaining this order. Had they deliberately conspired by one single general order to prevent every self-respecting patient, whether rich or poor, from entering our hospitals, they could not devise another as effective. And when asked in Parliament to give the workhouse doctors discretion to allow patients to wear their own clothes when suitable, the President of the Local Government Board for Ireland said "it could not be done for fear of infection." Let us consider all that this answer implies, and remember we only asked to be allowed to exercise our own discretion, and to take the responsibility in cases which we considered suitable. It means that the workhouse medical officers of Ireland, the consulting sanitary officers to their respective boards, and their advisers in the most difficult sanitary affairs and in all that concerns the public health, and whose appointments have been ratified by the Local Government Board, are not deemed competent by that Board to decide whether a patient's clothes are clean and free from infection or not. Was ever such a position taken up by a public board towards its own approved officers? Can we wonder at an ignorant people disregarding our teaching when we are thus branded as incompetent by our own official superiors? How often have we to tell the respectable poor and ratepayers, who request to be allowed to wear their own clothes when coming to hospital for injury or disease, that we could only do so at the risk of censure or dismissal by the Local Government Board? How often have we to run that risk rather than wound the self-respect of our patients? That self-respect which is the one effective barrier against professional pauperism, and which it should be the aim of our administrators to encourage and strengthen. How often have we kept our patients in bed during convalescence, when they would be better up, rather than run the risk of their taking their discharge prematurely? How often have they taken their discharge prematurely rather than wear the pauper's garb? I assert that half my usefulness, and the usefulness of my hospital to the Union, have been lost during all this time, and lost to the class most worthy of it—the smaller ratepayers and respectable poor—owing to this Local Government Board order. I can hardly believe that the members of the present Board have taken into consideration the far-reaching, pernicious, and demoralising effects of this general order. Many a time have I been on the point of directing public attention to it, but the failure of abler and more influential advocates discouraged me. However, perhaps, the present time is propitious. All these reforms mean expense. Yet here is one which will add 50 per cent. to the utility of workhouse hospitals, diminish pauperism by saving the self-respect, and often the lives, of the bread-winners, encourage isolation of infectious diseases by removing the chief obstacle to entering our hospitals, and, so far from incurring expense, will diminish it by allowing those who are able and willing to provide suitable clothes at their own expense to do so, and which can be effected all over Ireland in forty-eight hours by a stroke of the official pen rescinding an order which should never have been applied to the hospital department of workhouses. How long must we wait for a reform so far reaching, yet so easily accomplished? The Local Government Board can tell.

Why the patient who enters the county infirmary or a Dublin hospital is allowed to wear his own clothes whilst the same or a similar patient who enters a workhouse hospital must wear the pauper uniform is incomprehensible to me.

As regards paying patients, I think, in cases of infectious disease, payment should be optional, the cost of such treatment being really quite as necessary and beneficial to the community at large as to the individual. In non-infectious diseases those who outside are entitled to free medical relief should not be charged when admitted to hospital. Those who are above the class of dispensary patients should be admitted at the average cost of maintenance, including nursing, and such a further sum as would recoup the guardians for the increased salary which they will have to pay the medical officer for the increase in work and responsibility which the influx of paying patients must necessarily entail.

As regards what is called the tramp and "casual" nuisance, I think that it is greatly exaggerated. In my Union they average about three per night, and their cost to the Union is about $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ per head per night, or say 1s. per night or about £20 per year. I wonder how many of those who talk about the "tramp" nuisance in their respective Unions have ever calculated the yearly cost. The burning of one hay-rick by any one of those tramps seeking the shelter denied him in the workhouse would cost the Union more than all the tramps cost it in a year. The theft of a stone of potatoes, a hen, or a loaf by one of those tramps for the supper denied him in the workhouse would cost that individual ratepayer more than he pays for the maintenance of all the tramps in his Union for ten years. There is one remedy which I have not seen suggested for the tramp nuisance. I read in the "Report of the Poor Law Commissioners of 1842," to which I have already alluded, that on the opening of the Kilmallock Workhouse in the County Limerick the ratepayers in each electoral division were most anxious that the workhouse being built mainly for their local mendicants, they should enter it, and induced them to do so. But having thus got rid of their local beggars they found themselves exposed to the incursions of the beggars or tramps from neighbouring divisions, so that their last condition was worse than their first, as they had now two sets of beggars to support—those in the workhouse and those outside. To obviate this some of the divisions gave badges to the local beggars authorising them to beg within certain districts only. But ultimately the ratepayers went to the workhouse, demanded back the local beggars whom they had induced to enter it, carried them off in triumph to their old haunts to protect themselves against the unauthorised incursions and blackmailing of the tramps from

other districts ; with what result I do not know as I have not seen the report of 1843. But doubtless the tramps, like the poor, we shall always have with us—to the workhouse reformer and the ratepayer a “nuisance,” an interesting study to the students of human nature, whether regarded as the failures of civilisation, the survivals of, or the reversions to, the nomadic type of their ancestors.

DREAMS

A MORE within the sun's refulgent ray,
A drop amid the ocean's vast expanse,
A pallid plant predestined to decay,
A slender straw upon the winds of chance,—
So seems the life of man. Yet this sojourn
Amid the pangs and throes that never cease
Upon him was bestowed that he may earn
An entrance to the life of lasting peace.

Then wherefore fret and chafe, O fickle soul !
At each fresh failure of thy cherished schemes ?
Solemn and silent still the cycles roll,
Strewn with the dust of disappointed dreams.
The work of art to make thy glory known,
The noble deed in which thy name should live,
Nor aught of thy vain efforts shall condone
The cup of water thou hast failed to give.

B. O'B. C.

LANCE IN REQUEST

THE amount of art that William Lethers can put into a pair of dancing-clogs must be seen in order to be appreciated. But when he undertakes to make a pair for one of the Squire's boys—always as a gift, and generally made “unbeknownst” to the recipient—he surpasses himself. His pride in them when they are finished is almost equal to that of the wearer. The scorn with which William rejects one pair of uppers after another until he gets the leather that is at once stout and supple, strong and soft, is not soon to be forgotten; and the care that he takes in the finish of sole and heel is of the kind that an Academician might bestow upon a favourite picture.

On his last birthday, Lance had been the happy recipient of such a pair, and it is certain that the possession of them had raised his dancing to a high artistic level. Both the Squire and the Colonel were great admirers and encouragers of what they called “the Dance of the County”—as seemly in its way as the Irish Jig or the Highland Fling, and no Guild or School entertainment was ever complete without a competition for the clog-dancing boys of the village. As an exercise for cold winter nights it was more than excellent, and though for the most part Lance and his brothers supplied the music and left the dancing to their poorer friends, there were times when the Squire's boys were called upon to show their skill. The monthly Guild entertainments were always largely attended, and the preparation for them took up a good deal of the winter evening leisure of the working lads of Bidingdale. Rough fellows enough some of them were, but genuinely grateful to the Squire's boys for turning out in all sorts of weather and giving up so much of their own evening leisure for the benefit of the Guild.

It was fairly hard work, this hour's practice, for before the end of it the atmosphere began to smell a little of corduroy and fustian, and of clogs that were not cleaned quite so often as those of the Hall boys. Lance admitted that he sometimes found it trying to be surrounded and pressed upon by a crowd of lads who had spent most of the day in workshop or stable or byre; but his smiling management of the mob was that of a young king among his

courtiers, and it was seldom indeed that the harmony of the evening was disturbed. The Colonel and the Squire looked in frequently, and William Lethers held proud and constant charge of the Guild-room.

The choir boys had their own nights for practising, though now and then they joined their brothers of the Guild for entertaining purposes. But Concert nights were looked forward to by old and young. Nobody could say that Ridingle was destitute of talent, and if every single item of the programme was not always to the taste of each individual member of the audience, the selection of song and dance and recitation and instrumental solo was so varied that nobody ever went away dissatisfied. Concessions to the popular taste were frequently made, and George and his brothers often did violence to themselves in order to give the people what they liked best. Mrs. Ridingle's brilliant piano-playing was greatly enjoyed, and her appearance on the platform always gave rise to applause that a stranger might have mistaken for an incipient riot.

But if anything could have turned Lance's head—and it really seemed as if nothing could—it would have been the frantic encores to the songs with which he delighted his very mixed audience. It had become quite a usual thing for these demonstrative folk to recall him a third or fourth time, and nothing but the appearance of the Squire himself—with a smiling face, it is true, but also with an uplifted hand and a shaking head—could quell these tempests of applause.

Almost equally popular were the choruses and part-songs of the boys, and the introduction of a little action made these items quasi-dramatic.

It was the opening night of the winter season, and while the people assembled in the big room set apart for entertainments, the performers and their friends amused themselves in various ways in the retiring-room at the back of the stage.

To-night all the choir-boys were, so to say, behind the scenes. Some new action-songs were in the programme, and though there was nothing that required a change of costume, Dr. Byrse insisted upon their remaining together until they were needed. Beyond a tendency to use tables as chairs, and a general disposition to assume easy and unconventional attitudes, there was nothing that necessitated the "Don't" of the schoolmaster—who had made

himself responsible for the good behaviour of the waiting choristers. He was relieved from time to time by William Lethers, who, in his turn, was relieved by the boys of sundry tins and paper-packages that one of their number had lately seen him buying in Kitty's shop. William had a theory that "little dicky-birds what sing deserve a bit o' summat swate;" whether these particular dicky-birds deserved it or not they always got it when William was in the neighbourhood. Equal distribution was a point of honour—Lance and his brothers saw to that—and the lads broke up into smiling groups, well-contented to sit still and await the hour of seven.

In one corner a game of draughts was soon in progress; in another the chestnut "Conqueror" of some fabulous number was being succesfully chipped. A rather noisy group took possession of a vacant table and mobbed the holder of an entire tin of butter-scotch, while an equally noisy quartet climbed upon the remaining table and helped themselves to chocolates. Lance was down in the programme for a recitation, and withdrew himself from the crowd that he might look over his piece for the last time.

Literary and refined tastes were always catered for, and certainly one of the great successes of this particular evening was Lance's recitation of Chaucer's *Prioress' Tale*, or rather Wordsworth's version of it. Judiciously cut down because of its length, and most delicately accompanied with harp and violin—low 'cello tones occasionally introducing the melody of the *Alma Redemptoris*—the beautiful old legend was listened to by young and old with eager attention.

Even during the time of its rehearsal it was clear to those who were fortunate enough to hear him that Lance not only appreciated the ancient story, but that in its recital he had now and again to struggle with his feelings. He had indeed asked advice as to whether he should, or should not, leave out certain stanzas that always "brought a lump into his throat," as he said, but everybody argued against this so sternly that he determined to nerve himself for an extra effort. He did not quite succeed in hiding his emotion when he came to the stanza which describes the grief of the child's mother—"this second Rachel."

Very clearly and distinctly, but with the minimum of gesture—he could employ gesture so well on occasion—Lance told the

pathetic story of the little cleric who hazarded many floggings in order to learn the song that

Was fashioned for our blissful Lady free,
Her to salute, and also her to pray
To be our help upon our dying day ;

With great directness and simplicity Lance recounted the moving legend of the old-time chorister who risked and lost his innocent life by singing his *Alma* well and fearlessly,

From word to word according to the note ;
Twice in a day it passed through his throat ;
Homeward and schoolward whensoe'r he went,
On Jesus' Mother fixed was his intent.

But the unconscious pathos with which Lance delivered the last stanza—actually the last but one, but Mr. Ridingdale cut out every reference to the Jews—seemed to move the audience deeply, perhaps because it also threatened to break down the reciter. More slowly and more softly than before—the music hushed to the faintest possible pianissimo—Lance gave out the beautiful lines :—

Eke the whole Convent on the pavement lay,
Weeping and praising Jesus' Mother dear ;
And after that they rose and took their way,
And lifted up this martyr from the bier,
And in a tomb of precious marble clear
Enclosed his uncorrupted body sweet,
Where'er he be, God grant us him to meet !

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The recitation was the second item on the programme, and some time elapsed before Lance reappeared to sing one of the several songs that were expected from him. Though the speaking piece had almost absorbed his attention, and though the audience was packed as closely as figs in a box, the reciter had been just vaguely conscious of the presence of a stranger. It was not at all an unusual thing for Timington, Hardlow, even Delton, people to attend these famous entertainments ; but Lance knew all of them by sight, most of them by name. Now that he could venture to glance at the stranger, Lance saw a distinguished-looking man of middle age, whose face showed keen interest and intelligence, as well as pleasure.

A total stranger, and yet, thought Lance to himself during the

interludes between the verses of his song, the face seemed familiar. He knew it, and yet he did not know it. He knew it as, for instance, he knew the face of the Prince of Wales, whom he had seen but once, and then only at a distance. It must be somebody then with whose portrait he was familiar! If so, the stranger was indeed a Somebody.

Lance little guessed that not only the song he was at that moment singing, but many another musical number with which he was familiar, had come from the pen of this truly distinguished man.

There was the usual demonstration at the end, and Lance had repeated the last verse by way of *encore*, when, as he bowed himself off the platform, he saw the stranger trying to push his way through the wedge of people that blocked up the gangway. Thinking that the gentleman was going home, Lance promptly forgot everything but the fact that he himself was not on in the next scene, and that he could take a few minutes' rest.

To his surprise the next item had only just begun, and he had scarcely found himself alone in the retiring-room, when the door opened and William Lethers entered, followed by the stranger.

With just a passing recollection of the two "London Agents" who had surprised him in the wood, Lance rose to greet the unknown visitor. The boy saw at once that here was no seeker of "hartists for the 'alls."

The stranger, who spoke with a refined accent and in the most courteous terms, apologised for his intrusion, and declared that nothing but the keeping of an important engagement could have induced him to forfeit the remainder of an entertainment so much to his liking.

He then proceeded, in terms that made the blood mount to Lance's cheeks, to thank him for his exquisite singing and to congratulate him upon the possession of so beautiful a voice.

"I should very much like a word with your father before I leave; but I am almost due at the station, and Mr. Ridingdale is not get-at-able. Might I ask you to give him my card, and to say that I shall do myself the honour of writing to him at the earliest opportunity."

With a bow and a smile the stranger vanished, and Lance looked at the visiting card. It bore the name of a well-known English composer.

"Only fancy, father!" exclaimed Lance a few minutes later. "Sir Alfred, his very own self!"

The excitement among the boys was intense, and for once in his life Lance was glad when the performance came to an end. "Sir Alfred" was on everybody's lips. Lance could think of nothing else, speak of nothing else. Even the Colonel, who had a way of disguising his pleasure and satisfaction, on this occasion made no attempt to do so.

"I am so sorry I did not see Sir Alfred," said the Squire to Lance as they walked home, though the latter danced rather than walked. "I caught sight of a stranger once, and remember thinking how extremely like Sir Alfred he looked; but to imagine the great man being present at our concert seemed too absurd."

"And we had several of his songs!" Lance put in.

"Yes. Lucky for you, Lance, that you did not recognise him while you were singing. But what pleases me most," continued the Squire, "and what I hope pleased him, was your reciting the *Prioress' Tale*. Don't you remember my telling you, quite a long time ago, that he was setting it to music—making a cantata of it? Well, I see that it is to be produced at the next Leeds Festival, and that he is going to conduct it."

Lance became rhapsodical and incoherent in his expressions of delight, and implored his father to say what he thought Sir Alfred wanted to see him about.

"We shall know when we hear from him, shan't we, Lannie? Not much good speculating, is it?"

But Lance could not help speculating. He lay awake that night for nearly an hour, wondering if the letter would come by the morning post, and greatly fearing it would not. Why had the great man visited Ridingdale? And why did he want an interview with his father? These questions pursued the boy during all the school hours of the following day, and led to the commission of some of those minor follies that, under certain circumstances, he was apt to fall into.

When the letter did come, its contents gave the Squire and his wife enormous pleasure and some little uneasiness. In most graceful terms Sir Alfred explained his presence in the neighbourhood, the delight with which he had heard Lance sing and recite, and the anxiety that was weighing upon him on account of his inability to get an entirely satisfactory boy-soprano to take the part of

the "little clergyman" in his new cantata. "It is impossible," he wrote, "that this part should be taken by a lady. I would rather withdraw my work from the Festival programme than have the child's solos screamed by a prima donna. Last week I tested the voices of twelve or thirteen London boys, but every one of them had some miserable trick of production, some taint of the Cockney professional, or some miserable defect of pronunciation which would ruin the effect I have aimed at. I want a voice that is trained, but not over-trained. In short, I want the pure crystal quality of your son's voice, his refined accent, and above all his perfectly natural and artless method of singing."

The letter was a long one. Its writer seemed fully to understand that he was asking a great deal, and made every apology to Mr. Ridingdale for "so daring a suggestion."

Two copies of the cantata had come by the same post, and when Lance burst into the breakfast-room on the second morning after the concert he found his father quite absorbed in the score of the *Prioress' Tale*.

"You can read Sir Alfred's letter, my dear," said the Squire. "It concerns you very much. We cannot decide the matter at once. Mother and I must talk it over quietly."

Harry says that while spelling through Sir Alfred's letter—the great man wrote a very tiny and illegible hand—Lance filled the sugar-basin with hot milk, and spooned up the lumps of sugar under the impression that they were cubes of bread; a species of methodical madness that Lance afterwards stoutly denied. As in many disputed cases, both were right—in a sense; both, in a sense, were wrong. For as a matter of fact, a nearly, but not quite, empty sugar-basin was standing near Lance's place at table, and he, mistaking it for his own bowl, did really pour into it hot milk; but no member of the Ridingdale family will ever know just exactly how many lumps of sugar were on that occasion dissolved.

But if Lance got more than his fair share of sugar, it is certain that it did not occupy much of his attention. His eyes were glued to Sir Alfred's letter, and its contents absorbed him. Once or twice he choked a little because an expression of rapture collided with a spoonful of milk.

Harry was sorely tempted to drop some of those foreign substances, of which he always had a pocket-store, into his brother's

bowl; would have done so, if George had not whispered that it wasn't fair to take advantage of Lance's abstraction.

Letter and milk both finished, Lance made a rush for his father, who had just stepped on to the lawn, and was still examining the score of Sir Alfred's cantata.

"It is the principal part he is offering you, Lannie," Mr. Ridingle said as Lance ran up to him, "and I'm afraid—yes, I'm sadly afraid it is rather a heavy one," he went on as he turned over the pages of the cantata. "However, we must see what mother says, old man—eh?"

Lance was shaking with excitement.

"O father, wouldn't it be glorious!" he exclaimed. "Fancy standing up before all those people! And that great orchestra at the back of you, and the hundreds of chorus singers on each side!"

He had gone with his father and two of his brothers to one such festival, and the memory of it would be always with him.

"It is barely two months off the time," the Squire said thoughtfully, "and it would mean a serious interruption to all your studies. And you would have to be away from home for a week, more or less, if we reckon the necessary rehearsals as well as the two performances."

The tears came into Lance's eyes as he saw his father's head shake; yet the boy's own feelings in the matter were oddly mixed. Even at Ridingle he always suffered from stage fright: what would it be to stand up and sing before thousands instead of scores? His heart failed him at the thought of the great hall, the mighty chorus, the wonderful band. Yet, as he had said, if only he could do it how glorious it would be!

"Will it be a very big disappointment, Lance, if mother decides against it?" asked the Squire as he saw the tears in his son's eyes.

"I don't know, father," he answered a little brokenly. "I seem to want to do it just awfully, and yet I—I—well, I'm a bit frightened."

"I quite understand," said the father, putting an arm round the boy. "In spite of your good health you are a rather highly-strung chap, and I'm a little afraid this business would be too much for you. As you know, I don't much like your appearing in public anywhere out of Ridingle; but of course this is a very

exceptional offer, and for some reasons I should like you to accept it. For one thing, they would pay you well, and the money would be extremely useful to us just now."

"O father! I never thought of that! Wouldn't it be scrumptious to bring you back—I suppose it would be gold, wouldn't it, father?"

"It would certainly be gold, Lannie—possibly bank-notes. However, we won't begin to count our chickens," the Squire went on, laughing at his son's excitement. "This composer is a very worthy man, and his theme is a particularly delightful one. The leading motive seems to be a passage from an ancient *Alma Redemptoris*. Some of the little clerk's solos are by no means easy, but they look very delightful. It was a most daring subject to choose; yet I fancy the attempt is justified by the treatment. We will go through it with the piano to-night."

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The opening chorus of the Cantata is descriptive of the Song-school and of the Choir-children learning their "antiphonere." It is almost amusing in its quaintness, but the composer succeeds in welding together a number of plain-chant themes into harmonies singularly massive and grand, and the chorus ends in a majestic fortissimo passage of eight-part harmony.

This is followed immediately by a duet between the little chorister and his school-fellow—first and second trebles respectively. It is a number of wonderful sweetness, in which the child-clerk begs his older class-mate to teach him the notes of the *Alma*. After this the orchestra takes up the story and presents to the imagination the streets of a mediæval city. There are the cries of sellers and buyers; you hear the tramp of many feet; the sound of pipe and tabor in the inns; the riding forth of knights to battle; the chanting of a religious procession; the chiming of bells in the church towers; the notes of a funeral dirge; snatches of bacchanalian harmony; the cries of the watchman going his rounds; but again and again, and above all the noise and din of the streets, rises the *Alma Redemptoris* of the little clerk.

The chorus of Jewish Conspirators follows, and a number descriptive of the murder of the child. A solo is given to the boy's mother—a recitative and aria of great pathos; and again for a time we hear the hubbub of the streets, and above it all the

Alma Redemptoris, sung by the martyred child. There follows the execution of the murderers, and finally the music of the Mass that is being sung for the soul of the little clerk.

One of the most striking portions of the whole cantata is the duet between the Abbot and the dead boy. In an impassioned passage the Abbot conjures the corpse to speak to him :

O dear child ! I summon thee
In virtue of the Holy Trinity,
Tell me the cause why thou dost sing this hymn.
Since that thy throat is out as it doth seem.

The boy answers in an aria of some length and of extraordinary beauty and sweetness, and the cantata closes with a chorus for the Abbot and monks—a chorus that begins in a wailing dirge-like key, but gradually developes into a psalm of joy and thanksgiving.

For once in their life Mr. and Mrs. Ridingleale could not agree. Both of them told Lance to be patient, since it might be several days before they could decide as to whether he should, or should not, accept Sir Alfred's offer. The suspense would have been more trying than it was but for the fact that they both encouraged him to master the music of the cantata. " Even if you don't sing it at Leeds it is sure to be very useful some day," the Squire had said to Lance. " We may even get it up at Ridingleale : who knows ? "

Night after night when all the boys were in bed and asleep, father and mother talked the matter over. The Squire had written a courteous letter to Sir Alfred begging for time to consider a thing of so much importance, and Sir Alfred had sent a reply which very much charmed Mrs. Ridingleale and made her waver a little in her objection ; for from the beginning she had steadily set her face against Lance's appearance as a quasi-professional singer. Not without fear of possible consequences to his son, Mr. Ridingleale seemed inclined to allow Lannie to appear. Indeed, if his wife had agreed with him the matter would have been settled forthwith.

As for Lance, he was having a big struggle with himself. For several days he was more than usually thoughtful and abstracted, going about in his free time with the score of the *Prioress' Tale* under his arm or in his hands, and taking possession of Sniggery at times when his brothers were on the river or in the park. More

than once he was seen sitting on one of the Sniggery boxes, the music upon his knees and his eyes fixed dreamily upon—well, perhaps upon an imaginary audience. But, in spite of his day-dreams, he was absorbing the music and mastering its intricacies. Once each day Dr. Byrse gave him a lesson in some portion of it, and in the drawing-room at slipper-time Lance rehearsed what he had learnt. In fact, before the end of a week he knew his own part perfectly, and everything seemed to be going well. Father and mother were pleased, and even the Colonel spoke encouragingly.

But—ah, these dreadful buts! As Harry said when, with a mournful face, he told me the story, "There was a whole buttery full of them."

"Of course," said Harry gloomily, "we're used to Lance being off it a bit now and then. No, I don't exactly mean off his head, but—well you know yourself how it is with chaps who paint and sing and do the artist-and-poet business. He's often like that just for a day or so, and we don't rot him much about it, 'cause he generally comes up smiling the next morning. But this time the fit lasted a whole week. Hilary noticed it first. He had to, because though we've a strong team coming against us the day after to-morrow Lannie has had no footer since that blessed what-do-you-call it—'tisn't an oratorio, is it?—came into the house. 'Fact, he's had no sport of any kind. You could tell that by the state of his clogs when he took them off at night: they were almost as bright as when he put them on in the morning. So Hilary rowed him a bit and Lance said 'all right, he'd turn up after dinner;' but he didn't. Hilary went for him of course, and Lannie said he was awfully sorry, but he quite forgot. And I'm sure he did forget. Why one day he forgot to come in for tea, and when Lance doesn't turn up for tea you know that he's a bit off it.

"Well, Hilary waited after dinner the next day to march him off to the park, but somehow Lance slipped away, and if we'd stopped to cop him we'd have lost all our play-time. Wednesday he turned up all right, but he played awfully badly and made some shocking bosses. In fact Hilary told him that he wasn't to play in the match: he didn't seem to mind a bit.

"But the worst of all was in school. Lance didn't know a blessed lesson. Byrse stood it like a lamb for the first three days. Everything considered he's jolly patient, I always think, and if you

know one subject well he's generally forgiving enough. But I'm blessed if Lannie knew a single thing. You should have heard his Livy! We were all in fits of laughter—at least we wanted to be. As for his Greek, I don't believe he'd even looked at it. And on Wednesday Byrse nearly boiled over when Lance took up his Euclid paper.

"Now, on Fridays, after the Thursday holiday you know, Byrse is always very decent indeed; but last Friday—my goodness! We soon saw how the land lay. Luckily, Hilary and I and the others were pretty well up in everything; but Lannie was a caution. However, Dr. Byrse kept his hair—kept his temper all the morning: it was in the afternoon that things happened. I saw what was coming the moment we sat down. There was a new cane lying on the desk. It's the third he's had since he told my father—that was on the day he came, you remember—that he'd never used such a thing.

"But nobody can say that he didn't give my brother every chance. I began to understand all about Job when I heard the idiotic answers that Lannie made to nearly every question. If he'd been chaffing the Doctor it couldn't have been worse. In fact I think Byrse must have thought at last that it was just cheek. At any rate, quite suddenly he shut his book and went back to his desk. Then he took up the new cane and invited Lannie to stand out. Lannie clattered out into the middle of the room, looking pretty scared, and held out his hand.

"Byrse took no notice of the hand. He just went to work and gave him over the back some of the most fetching strokes I have ever known a chap to get. I don't like to say how many, because, though we all counted, we all made it different. Of course nobody likes to see a boy thrashed, but what hurt me most was that as soon as ever Byrse began to cut in I perceived that poor old Lannie had no jacket on underneath his holland blouse. And you know what an awfully thin business the back of a waistcoat is? This time of the year we always wear our thickest jackets under our blouse; but, as luck would have it, the day was a very mild one, and Lannie had left off his old coat; so there was precious little between his flesh and that stinging cane.

"Well, I shouldn't like to swear that Lannie didn't cry: at any rate he cried inside—if you know what I mean. It was plain enough that the flogging hurt him awfully. His 'Oh's' weren't

very loud, but you could tell that he couldn't help 'em. He looked frightfully broken, poor old chap, when it was all over. So did Byrse, if it comes to that: he had hit a jolly deal harder and longer than he meant to. He didn't badger Lannie with any more questions that afternoon. And I know Byrse thought Lannie had a good thick jacket on, because only the day before the beggar had spilt ink all over the front of his blouse and had to take it off in school.

"You may say that Lannie deserved all he got," Harry continued—though I had said nothing of the sort—"and, no doubt, he did deserve some licks. It's a rummy thing, though, that you can't help being sorry for a fellow when he's thrashed—even if he does deserve it. I didn't really *blub*, you know, when I went to see father after school, but I felt choky. You see, I wanted to put a word in for Lannie, and so I made some excuse for going to father's study. One can always get on with father—he's so jolly reasonable. And he always listens. Perhaps he saw that I was a bit down; and though he's awfully busy this week, he took me by the hand and made me sit close to him.

"So I told him all about the row, for I was afraid of Byrse having the first word with dad, and making things bad for Lannie. I knew father had only seen my brother at meals this week and at slipper-time, and that he didn't quite guess how the land lay. It was all that precious music, I told father, and Chaucer's story of the little chap who had his throat cut; for, as you know, Lannie is awfully fond of that tale. You remember his reciting it for the Guild-boys? Not quite as Chaucer wrote it, I think. Somebody else's version, wasn't it? Yes, of course, Wordsworth's. He's the 'We are Seven' man, isn't he?

"Father was as decent as he could possibly be. He said how glad he was that I'd told him, and that he quite understood things. And when I hinted that Lannie had had rather a double extra basting, and that he was looking fearfully low, father got up and said, 'Let us try to find him, Harry, and cheer him up a bit.' I thought that so good of father, considering that he was writing against time, and that he might have said, 'Send him to me'; a sort of doubtful message to give a fellow when he's down, and can't tell what sort of reception he's going to get. But that's just like father, and, I suppose, like all fathers; they don't send for you; they just go after you and find you.

"Well, it was tea-time then, and father and I put our heads into the dining-room to see if Lannie was there. He wasn't, but I thought I could hear his footsteps on the stone floor of the entrance hall. I can generally tell his walk, even when I don't see him, because, you know, he's always got two sets of irons on his clogs. He was there all right, walking up and down, and looking very lonely and glum. I daresay he was trying to make up his mind to face mother and father and the rest of us. 'Lannie,' said father, putting an arm round him, 'would you bring me a cup of tea to my study; and some for yourself?' You know just how nicely father would say it. Lance was off like a shot to get the tray and things, and I went to have my tea with the others. Mother rang for some buttered toast—which father always pretends to be so fond of, though he never takes more than one wee bit; but mother knew that Lannie was equal to any quantity of it.

"Father kept him till it was time for night studies, and my brother turned up in the schoolroom looking quite jolly, though he was a bit red about the eyes. Of course, we didn't ask him any questions; but we could see that everything was all right. Hilary, of course, bossed the show, and was jolly nice to Lannie—helping him over two or three difficulties, and asking George to give him a shove in his Greek.

"But it's all off about his singing at Leeds, and Lannie says he's awfully glad. We're going to have the thingummy here some day, if we can manage it; father thinks we can. But Lannie is sure to tell you all about it."

Lance did tell me all about it; but I shall mention only one remark that he made at the end of his story—which agreed substantially with Harry's.

"'Twasn't quite the same business, I know," he said; "but Chaucer's little chap risked a lot, didn't he? Said he didn't mind being licked three times in an hour if only he could learn his *Alma*. I got only one dose in a whole week—though it *was* rather a strong one."

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

THE WATCHING HEART

ON our altars from the dawning
 To the setting of the sun,
 On our altars through the midnight
 Till another day's begun,
 Jesus waits to cheer His children,
 Calm and comfort to bestow.
 Bring your crosses, show your bruises,
 Here, where love and mercy flow.

On our altars through the week-days,
 While the workers toil at home,
 Jesus waits and longs for Sunday,
 Hoarding blessings till they come.
 Fathers, mothers, bring your children,
 Speed the grown ones, lead the small;
 Haste them onward, Jesus calls them—
 He has blessings for them all.

On our altars in the springtime,
 In the summer, in the snow,
 Jesus waits the same for ever,
 Ever longing to bestow.
 Millions draw from out that fountain,
 Still the living waters flow.
 Wand'ring, restless, thirsting sinner!
 Oh, if thou didst only know!

On our altars from our childhood
 Till the shoulders droop with years,
 Jesus waits, nor ever wearies,
 Lifting, helping, drying tears.
 When chill death at last broods o'er us,
 And the demons rage and foam,
 Jesus enters, calms the tempest,
 Leads the weary exile home.

MICHAEL M'DONALD.

CELTIC CHURCH BANNERS

VERY interesting was the exhibits of church banners destined for Loughrea Cathedral, lately on view at the Dun Emer Industries, Dundrum, Co. Dublin. Twenty-four banners, each representing an Irish Saint, have just been completed. The figures, which are very quaint and beautiful, are worked in silks of various colours on a background of rich gold, the faces and hands alone being painted in. There is nothing of the conventional style about them, each figure being true to the traditions of the times in which the saint lived; so that perhaps to the untutored eye some of the figures might seem more quaint than beautiful in the ordinary sense—just as some people will prefer the conventional modern drawing-room style of picture to the work of the old masters. But one quickly realises that these saintly little mediæval figures carry with them the real atmosphere and feeling of Ancient Ireland, the Island of Saints, and the ordinary style of church banner soon becomes common-place and uninteresting by comparison.

Each of the banners tells a little story of its own; embodying the life of the saint, or some characteristic for which he or she was noted. The names of the saints on the Loughrea banner include St. Columbanus, with squirrels in his cowl; St. Jarlath, with broken chariot wheel; St. Agatha, St. Gobnata, with the bees; St. Patrick, as a boy; St. Kevin, St. Columbkille, etc. They have all been worked by Irish village girls at the Dun Emer Industries, Dundrum, from designs by Jack B. Yeats, Mrs. Jack B. Yeats, A. E. (Mr. George Russell) and others. There are also other banners, one of St. Brendan in a boat, and another of St. Brigid—a beautiful grave little figure in white silk on a background of gold—which are destined for the St. Louis Exhibition.

These Church Banners are supplied framed and complete, at four guineas each. We hope to hear of many other churches following the example of Loughrea Cathedral in patronising purely Irish work, designed by Irish artists and worked from characteristically Celtic designs on Irish materials by the clever fingers of Irish village girls.

To Miss Evelyn Gleeson and the Misses Yeats, the talented founders and teachers of the new Industries, the greatest praise is due; and we are pleased to find that they are already meeting with much of the success, both material and artistic, that they undoubtedly deserve.

N. O'M.

THE FAR IDEAL

RONDEAU

ON broken wing my life has trailed—
Ah ! who may say how it has failed,
Storm-beaten back in upward flight ?
There cometh swift to it the night
Alone, with sorrowing fears assailed.

Have all my graces best availed ?
My soul hath like a hurt bird sailed
Homewards through slowly fading light,
On broken wing.

Oh ! that before the vision paled
I might have seen it all unveiled—
My spirit's desert-mirage bright !
And reached it on the mountain height.
Through lowlands dim my soul has wailed
On broken wing.

ROSE ARRESTI.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

THE same post which brought us the February IRISH MONTHLY brought us a letter from a learned judge who had somehow got *his* copy so early that he had had time to read the "Pigeonhole Paragraphs" and to send us these lines of Gerald Griffin's as a parallel for Louis Veuillot's "*L'homme n'est grand qu'à genoux.*"

Willing to serve is truly free,
Obedience is best liberty,
And man's first power a bended knee.

* * * *

Many will sympathise with Sir John Falstaff's indignant question: "Shall there be no more cakes and ale because *thou* art virtuous?" The same persons will assent very heartily to the following remark of the Rev. C. C. Colton, author of *Lacon*— "As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints." Using two big words, which the context will explain, we think that the apodosis of this sentence ought rather to have run thus: "So no persons are so intolerant as sinners that have just turned saints." But is it not necessary to modify the protasis also, in order to bring it up to date? The first statement, as it stands, does not hold good of the modern mending of streets, as we see it carried on, for instance, in this good city of Dublin, where they first use scarifiers for tearing up the road, and then steam-rollers for crushing down the "metal," as they call the broken stones that have been laid on anew. After all this scarifying and steam-rolling the newly-mended road is by no means so rough as the laconic Mr. Colton implies. May a corresponding change be often necessary in the spiritual application of this mending process? When the sinner has been really converted, when his sinful soul has been properly scarified and steam-rolled, he is not sour and intolerant, but humble and cheerful and charitable. Let *us* be so after our conversion—which we need, perhaps, more than we think.

Do not look at the end of this paragraph, but read it without knowing who was the writer of it, guessing as you go along to what century he belonged—

There are many things which most justly hold me within the bosom of the Church: the unanimity of peoples and nations; authority begun by miracles, nourished by hope, increased by charity, and confirmed by antiquity; the succession of priests retains me in the Church's bosom, coming down, as it does, from the very See of the Apostle Peter to whom the Lord entrusted His sheep to be fed; in fine, the very name of 'Catholic' holds me, of which not without reason the Church in the midst of so many heresies has obtained possession in such a manner that, while all heretics wish to be called Catholics, nevertheless not one of those heretics would dare to point out his own conventicle or meeting-house to any stranger who inquired where was the Catholic Church.

Has not this a wonderfully modern sound? Yet it was written by St. Augustine (*Lib. contra Epist. Fund. c. 4*). It is so important that we may give it in St. Augustine's Latin—

Multi sunt quæ in gremio Ecclesiæ me justissime tenent; consensio populorum et gentium; auctoritas miraculis inchoata, spe nutrita, et vetustate firmata; tenet ab ipsâ sede Petri Apostoli, cui pascendas oves suas Dominus mandavit, usque ad præsentem diem successio sacerdotum; tenet denique ipsum Catholicæ nomen quod non sine causâ inter tam multas hæreses sic ista Ecclesia obtinuit ut, quum hæretici se Catholicos dici velint, quærenti tamen peregrino alicui ubi ad Catholicam conveniatur, nullus hæreticorum vel basilicam suam vel domum audeat ostendere.

* * * *

Cardinal Wiseman defended the use of bazaars and raffles as a means of collecting funds for charitable and religious purposes, and he upheld his point very cleverly and pleasantly in a letter which may be found in *THE IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. vii., page 495; but who can go back twenty-four years to find it? The late Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, Dr. Salmon, maintained almost the same thesis in a letter to Archbishop Magee:—

One form of betting is recognised as a prudential duty. I mean life assurance. You bet with an assurance company that you will die; they bet that you will live—and you are well pleased to lose your bet. Betting is, you say, buying a chance; but suppose each would rather have the chance than the price to be

paid for it, why not? Two boys want to see a show. Each has only half the price of admission. If they toss up, one of them has his wish; if they don't, neither. If people take tickets at a bazaar, no one feels the loss of a shilling for a ticket, but if the object to be raffled for is pretty, the winner may feel the gain as much. A clergyman once at a bazaar, when I professed to be shocked at his having a raffle, declared that he did it on the highest moral grounds. Without a raffle none but a few rich people had a chance of obtaining the really valuable articles. By a raffle he accomplished the Christian duty of putting rich and poor on terms of perfect equality. People who cry out about bazaars cry down a principle they can't carry out if they will not accept any money which is not given from the very highest motives. How very little is! In point of fact, the workers for a bazaar will take a good deal of trouble, and even spend a good deal of money that they would not otherwise spend; and people who would hardly give anything gratuitously will give a good deal of money at a bazaar in return for being permitted to carry home with them a lot of things which they really regard as rubbish. It is queer that it should be so, but we must take human nature as we find it.

* * * *

"Il y a, heureusement, autre chose en ce monde que le bonheur." The younger Ampère found this out as early as his twenty-sixth year. "Luckily there is something else to be looked for in this life besides happiness." He meant Duty, by which he ought to have meant also Virtue and the doing of God's will. Yet if "bonheur" mean happiness in a true sense, it is also virtue; for virtue secures in the long run a fair amount of happiness, as far as happiness can be in a temporary place of probation like this. Weariness, sadness, ennui, grief, blank desolation, despondency, despair—these come from sin. The history of our sorrows is generally, like Abelard's *Historia Suarum Calamitatum*, the history of our sins.

* * * *

Ballanche speaks of *la nostalgie céleste*. Happy they who feel this home-sickness for Heaven. But this celestial nostalgia will not make us unhappy in our earthly exile, as the *mal du pays* makes the exiled Swiss pine for his bleak mountains, or the Laplander for the snowy regions of the rein-deer; for it is remarkable that it is precisely the natives of such inhospitable regions that pine most for their home when absent, not the inhabitants of rich

and sunny plains. Let us look upward and look forward, and, instead of dreading death, let us feel inclined to mourn over ourselves because our banishment is prolonged. Yet how much at home we feel here! How used we grow to our exile, and how fondly we hug our fetters! How little we share in the saint's home-sickness for Heaven!

SERMONS IN STONES

As you build your edifice of To-day, put the front door on the avenue of To-morrow, and a few windows in the backyard of Yesterday.

Be not a clod of corruptible iron, when a little charcoal of high impulse and the fire of perseverance will convert you into a bar of durable steel.

Solitude, that fair nurse of thought, influences characters as age does wines, ripening the delicate flavours of some, and sharpening the vinegar qualities of others.

Sorrow, like the thorn piercing the rose, lets out the fragrance of a truly noble heart.

Vices, like weeds, sprout up at short notice and beget a huge crop from very little nourishment.

Make the most of each summer-time of opportunity; birds never return to last year's nests.

Do not covet the lot of a prodigal, who, like the summer sun of Norway, has nights and days of glory for a few months: the long, dreary winter that follows has very little sunshine, even in the noonday.

The bark of a hound is the same in New York as in New Zealand: the mark of a gentleman is the same in the ploughfield as in the parlour.

An ounce of knowledge of yourself is worth a ton of boasting about your great-grandfather.

If you wear more honours than your neighbour, remember that the best-loaded tree loses the most fruit in the storm.

A man may expect to have his day sooner or later, even if he scores it on the colour of his hair. Alphabetical order makes the African first of the human races.

In striving to effect your aspirations, imitate gardeners, who prune some of the fruit from the tree to secure a better quality in the remainder.

If, at length, you have driven from your character all the alloys, so that only pure gold remains, remember that this, to have its highest worth, must be stamped; and if, on one side, it must show the impress of the world, be sure that the upper face bears, in bold relief, the image of the King.

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *In Fifty Years*. By Madame Belloc. London: Sands and Co., 11 Henrietta Street. 1904.

This dainty little volume contains, we suspect, only a portion of what Madame Belloc has written and even published in verse during the last half century; the limitations of her selection seem to be indicated by the description on the leaf after the title-page, which serves as the briefest of prefaces: "A slight record of religious thoughts, some of which are dated, collected by the wish of a dear American friend." Some of our readers will like to be reminded that this French name came by marriage to Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes, a young convert of Cardinal Wiseman's last years, if, indeed, she was not still a Protestant when B. R. P. paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of the dead Cardinal. Two external distinctions may be added: her mother-in-law spread Thomas Moore's fame on the Continent by a prose version of *The Irish Melodies*, so good as to secure the poet's gratitude and

friendship ; and her son, Hilaire Belloc, is the author of *The Path to Rome*, *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, and of the brilliant historical works, *Danton*, *Robespierre*, and *Paris*. Madame Belloc has published several volumes of reminiscences, of which the later ones never would have appeared if the early ones had not been successful. Like her book of verses, their titles give no plain hint as to their contents—"In a Walled Garden," "A Passing World," "The Flowing Tide," etc. These pleasant sketches and recollections mainly regard other people, for Madame Belloc has been the intimate friend of many whose names will long excite interest ; her present volume regards herself chiefly, the early pieces dating back to her time of doubt and searching, when the aspiration of her heart was John Henry Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light." Brighter and more poetical are the later poems, some of which describe Italian scenes. We at first looked in vain for the "Legend of the Limerick Bells," which caught our fancy when Father Coleridge first published it in *The Month* ; but it is duly given here, having for its first title "The Monk of Marmoutier." It is the theme of Denis Florence MacCarthy's "Bell Founder," but treated very differently. The American friend who induced Madame Belloc to make this tardy and incomplete gathering of her poems has earned our gratitude. It is a holy, thoughtful, and musical little book.

2. *Only a Doll, and other Sunday Afternoon Stories for Catholic Children*. By Genevieve Irons. London : Burns and Oates. 1904.

Just an even dozen of pretty stories about very young children ; but we are not sure that they are quite to the taste of children. One peculiarity about some of the children is that, in very tender years, they are able to say the *Memorare* and other prayers in Latin. There are some other improbabilities in their ways of thinking and speaking and acting, as it seems to us ; but they are pretty little stories for all that, and very well written. The usual notification of the price did not accompany this neat little volume. [We see elsewhere that it is half-a-crown—rather dear.]

3. *The Review of Catholic Pedagogy*. Edited by the Rev. Thomas E. Judge : 637, S. Harding-avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

This is another proof of the great literary activity and enterprise of our Catholic brethren in the United States. The December number before us is No. 5, Vol. 2. It is a large dignified octavo of 150 pages. There are fine portraits of Dr. Farley, Archbishop

of New York ; Dr. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester, and Dr. Messmer, Archbishop of Milwaukee ; and an extremely interesting account of the Order founded by Madame Barat, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, is illustrated by pictures of their convents at Manhattanville, St. Louis, Omaha, Kenwood, and Lake Forest—the last two in Albany and Illinois. The Editor's lecture on Patriotism and Religion is very inspiring ; and still more interesting is the philosophical duel between Professor Royce and Mr. Stetson Merrill. There are several valuable and practical articles on the special objects of the *Review* with regard to educational questions. The subscription-price is only two dollars and a half a-year, for twelve numbers. As the second volume consists of only four numbers, we hope that the present number (which completes that volume) is beyond the average size, for it seems impossible to furnish such a magazine for a shilling, and it is foolish to aim at impossibilities. If this standard of merit can be maintained even within much narrower limits, the *Review of Catholic Pedagogy* will do splendid service.

4. *A True Historical Relation of the Conversion of Sir Tobie Matthew to the Holy-Catholic Faith, with the Antecedents and Consequences thereof.* Edited, and now published for the first time, with a preface, by his kinsman, A. H. Mathew. London : Burns and Oats. [Price, 3s. 6d. net.]

In reviewing in December Father Sutton's recent book on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, we remarked the special interest that is aroused by all that is known of Bacon's friend, Sir Toby Mathew. His very remote kinsman, Mr. A. H. Mathew, ought to have given us a full biographical introduction, though indeed his preface partly supplies its place. The manuscript from which Sir Toby's account is now for the first time printed is at present in the possession of Professor Edward Dowden, of Trinity College, Dublin. It deserves examination not only as a piece of literature, but as a controversial work of great interest and power. The references to Sir Francis Bacon are extremely interesting. It is well to have the book in such readable form ; but it requires and deserves a great deal more of annotating than its first editor, Mr. A. H. Mathew, has given to it. He deserves, however, our heartiest thanks for what he has done.

5. *Church Embroidery : Designs in Mediæval Style.* By Rev.

Joseph Braun, S.J. B. Herder: Freiburg, Munich, Strassburg and St. Louis, Mo. [Price, 16s.]

This is by far the largest book that has ever been presented for our notice; it is, indeed, hardly a book, but a large portfolio (which, by the way, costs two shillings extra) containing two hundred designs on twenty-eight plates, which measure twenty inches by twenty-eight. This collection contains 16 models for chasuble crosses, 6 for cope borders, 7 for dalmatic orphreys, 7 for humeral veils, 15 for canopy-hangings, 11 for stoles, more than 40 for borders of albs, communion-cloths and altar-cloths, 24 for pallas, 17 for corporals with a great number of other drawings and 7 complete alphabets of different sizes. In all there are a little more than 200 models. The publisher furnishes, at the same time, an explanation of the designs in a book of twenty royal octavo pages. The author has a good claim to the motto he has chosen from the often-repeated Psalm xxv.: "Lord, I have loved the beauty of Thy house."

6. "Westward the course of Empire takes its way." The *Dublin Review*, with the grand traditions of its history, must rouse itself if it would hold its place at the head of Catholic periodical literature in the English language. This is only an emphatic way of calling attention to the excellent number of the *American Catholic Quarterly* for January, published at Philadelphia under the auspices of Archbishop Ryan. "Face to Face with Christ," by Father Maas, S.J., is the most satisfactory essay that we have seen on the questions connected with the recent condemnation of M. Loisy. There are several other articles of solid merit, one of the most interesting being Dr. Richard H. Clarke's account of "A Noted Pioneer Convert of New England, Rev. John Thayer, 1758-1815." We confess that we looked in vain for the name of THE IRISH MONTHLY, which ought to have been mentioned. Dr. Clarke, indeed, names Father Bridgett, C.S.S.R., but it was in our pages (Vol. 16, in the year 1888) that the learned Redemptorist published the result of his researches. Very properly, some of these pages are embodied along with Dr. Clarke's large additions, but inverted commas are used too sparingly. The Scientific Chronicle of this Review is very ably conducted.

7. We omitted to mention in our notes last month that the price of *The Inner Life of the Soul*, by S. L. Emery (London, New York and Bombay: Longmans, Green, & Co.) is 4s. 6d. net. It has

been welcomed by many Catholic reviewers, who all say in substance what the *Catholic World* ends its notice by saying:—"A multitude of people will find in this book precisely what they want—a series of quiet, fervent, sane, sincere, suggestive, encouraging and refreshing little conferences on the spiritual topics suggested by the seasons of the year." All the critics agree in praising the purity, charm, and dignity of the style.

8. *Sede Vacante, being a Diary written during the Conclave of 1903, with Additional Notes on the Accession and Coronation of Pius X.* By Hartwell de la Garde Grissell, M.A., F.S.A. of Brasenose College, Oxford, Chamberlain of Honour to His Holiness. Oxford and London: James Parker & Co. [Price 4s. net.]

We have transcribed the title in full, for it shows the nature and authority of this volume, which is produced with great taste and richly illustrated. Mr. Hartwell Grissell describes all the proceedings minutely, and lets us know exactly how everything was done. For instance, the story that the newspapers and even writers of apparent authority repeated about the Camerlengo rapping the forehead of the dead Pontiff with a little silver hammer—no such ceremony was gone through on the recent occasion, and probably never on any previous occasion. *Sede Vacante MCMIII*, has a certain historical value beside its temporary interest.

9. The dearest little book—in two senses of that phrase—the dearest little book we have come across for a long time is *The Children's Annual*, by Olive Katharine Parr (London: Burns and Oates. Price 6d., post free). A picture of Cardinal Vaughan in his red soutane on the outside cover tells us at once that the booklet is about the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster and his love for children. The sketch appeared first in *Temple Bar*, and this is a guarantee of its literary merit; for *Temple Bar* keeps up its standard better perhaps than any of the shilling magazines, of which Thackeray's *Cornhill* was the brilliant pioneer.

10. A. S. H., a Religious of Tyburn Convent, has compiled *Devotions from the Psalter* (London: Burns and Oates. Price 1s. 6d.). Verses from the Psalms of David are grouped together under some thirty heads—the *Our Father*, the Blessed Sacrament, the Sacred Heart, the Passion, the Seven Last Words, Our Blessed Lady, the Four Last Things, etc. The book is produced with very readable type, and will help many to express the feelings

of their hearts in the words which have interpreted for ages all the changeful moods of the human mind.

11. We like to hear of taste and skill shown by printers in country towns rivalling the best firms in the metropolis. Guy, of Limerick, and Harvey, of Waterford, have won a name for themselves; and Mr. William Tempest, of Dundalk, is evidently bent on not being left behind in the race. His reprint of Stuart's *History of Armagh* is a fine piece of work. *Tempest's Annual* has appeared now for forty-three years. A full set would have a good deal of historical value if it has been conducted on the plan of the latest issue, which we have examined with considerable interest and pleasure. No doubt, in the Calendar, the juxtaposition of local births and deaths with the births and deaths of people of world-wide fame is sometimes funny; but the compiler knows the constituency for whose favour he is bidding, and *Tempest's Annual* must be studied with eagerness by Dundalk readers and even as far away as Newry. Some of the miscellaneous and especially the antiquarian items are very judiciously put together.

12. As this blustering Month of March has the high honour of being the Month of St. Joseph, the nineteenth day being his chief feast, we must at the last moment announce the newest tribute paid to him: *A Little Book for St. Joseph's Month*, by Miss Emily Hickey, who has gathered together some exquisite bits of verse and prose about the amiable Patriarch from Missal and Breviary, from Cardinal Newman and Father Bearne, and many other clients of St. Joseph. This book is published for a penny by the Catholic Truth Society, 69, Southwark Bridge-road, London, S.E. The sister Society in Dublin (27, Lower Abbey-street), has issued several new pennyworths. Sir Francis Cruise has prepared a new and very carefully revised translation of *The Imitation of Christ*, of which Book I. is here given with stiff cover and excellent printing for a penny. Mr. John J. Horgan has given an admirable sketch of Count de Montalembert under the title of *A Champion of the Faith*. In the Biographical Series of the Society there is nothing fresher or more interesting. Two other penny books give each two stories by Gerald Griffin; and another superexcellent pennyworth is a stimulating essay by Canon Sheehan—*How Character is Formed*. May God bless all this good work.

WINGED WORDS

So help me God and none otherwise but as I verily think a man buyeth hell with so much pain that he might have heaven with less than one half.—*Blessed Thomas More.*

Life is but to do a day's work honestly, and death to come home for a day's wages when the sun goes down.—*Wyllie Melville.*

Nothing great and durable has ever been produced with ease. Labour is the parent of all the lasting monuments of this world, whether in verse or in stone, in poetry or in pyramids.—*Thomas Moore.*

Abuse is as great a mistake in controversy as panegyric in biography. Ridicule is not the weapon of those who desire to save souls; it repels and hardens.—*Cardinal Newman.*

To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite infinite depth, of quite infinite expansion; and all experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries and measured square miles.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

St. Teresa's Bookmark always sounds to my spirit like a deep bell, the tolling of which breathes one word, and that "Peace!"

Let nothing disturb thee,
Let nothing affright thee,—
All passeth;
God only remaineth.
Patience wins all things.
Who hath God needeth nothing;
Alone God sufficeth.

"All passes" is a strange and solemn thought to the young and happy; but a time will come, a time of sickness or sorrow, when that thought will bring a healing balm to the soul.—*Katharine Tynan.*

I always find almost all the wisdom I need in St. Teresa's Bookmark. It is a volume in itself. My great comfort in distressing circumstances is that "all things are passing."—*Rev. Joseph Farrell.*

I now smile at my past doubts, not because I know how to solve them, or can explain what thou art, O my God, or because I fully understand Thy nature and Thy essence; but because I compre-

hend that Thou art incomprehensible, and that it is folly to think of containing Thee, who art infinite, in the narrow limits of our human understanding, and of measuring by the measures of human reason Thy unmeasurable goodness and justice and omnipotence.—*Torquato Tasso.*

There is an old saying that we should not leave till to-morrow what can be done to-day. On this maxim I made the improvement of "not leaving till the next five minutes what can be done at the present moment."—*William Chambers.*

Death is the one moment of our career when we throw ourselves absolutely into the arms of God.—*Rev. John Talbot Smith.*

What is life without love and loving? What are love and loving without God? I believe in God for ever.—*The Same.*

A mighty genius speedily wears out the body which it animates; great souls, like great rivers, are liable to lay waste their banks.—*Chateaubriand.*

The devil has other interests besides sheer sin. He can fight against Jesus with low views almost as successfully as with mortal sins. The slow poison of souls sometimes does his work better than the quick.—*Faber.*

We could all be better men than we are, quite easily. I have no right to condemn a man whose nature and temptations I do not know.—*Marion Ames Tagart.*

The praise that comes of love does not make us vain, but humble rather. Knowing what we are, the pride that shines in our mother's eyes as she looks at us, is about the most pathetic thing a man has to face, but he would be a devil altogether if it did not burn some of the sin out of him.—*J. M. Barrie.*

Whoever has watched the development of character cannot have failed to note that individual responsibility alone brings out all a man's powers.—*Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.*

Life in this difficult world has great discouragements. I have met with many more people who need lifting up than taking down.—*Mary Sewell.*

THE IRISH MONTHLY

APRIL, 1904

PICTURE SYMBOLISM

A LLEGORY, or what Ruskin more fitly called "symbolism in Art," "has been the delight of the greatest men and of the wisest multitudes from the beginning of Art, and will be till Art expires." This saying of Ruskin is especially true of pictorial Art. The various classes into which pictorial Art is divided, bring for the most part, pleasure only, but pleasure, it is true, of very various kinds. Some pictures give pleasure for their beauty of form and glory of colour. Others because they recall some great incident in the world's history and tell its story with such vivid truthfulness that, by their side, the sober historian seems a feeble and uncertain witness. Others again give pleasure because they turn to shape the creation of some great poet, or embody some well remembered scene from a favourite novelist. Others because a great master of portraiture makes some famous beauty of a bygone age or some dead hero of war or statesmanship smile or frown upon us, as the case may be, from his living canvass. Others again, because they bring before untravelled eyes the varied glories of dawn and sunset, the solemn solitudes of waving forests, the wide wastes of moors and seas, the rush of the mountain waterfall or the gloom of the mountain tarn, the splendour of the snow-capped mountain flushed with the rose of evening or ashen grey beneath the silent stars. Other pictures appeal to our emotions as well as bring us pleasure, when they deal with the common things of daily life and show us scenes of youth and love and joy, of meeting and parting, of sorrow and sickness, of birth and of death.

There is another class of pictures which, while these can give pleasure, and pleasure of a very real and noble kind, can bring something at the same time, of greater value in intellectual and spiritual usefulness. I mean pictures by the great masters of religious Art, and especially by those early Italian masters who lived and worked before the Pagan influences of the Renaissance had debased Art, and lowered it

On Nature's common plane, yea and below it.*

The religious pictures of the great Dominicans, Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo, of Ghirlandagio Perugino, Luini and Botticelli, and Filippo Lippi, scamp though he was, while in grace and beauty of form and wealth of colouring they yield nothing to the later works of their more famous successors, deal with religious themes with such simplicity and reverence that their pictures serve as so many sermons to keep ever before the mind as well as the eye the varied incidents in the life of our Blessed Lord, from His birth, through His mission, His miracles, His sufferings, His death, His resurrection and ascension. In the same loving and reverent spirit they picture the maternal joys and sorrows of His Blessed Mother, the teaching and martyrdom of His Apostles, and the characteristic features of the long and sainted line of Doctors, Confessors, Monks, Nuns, and Martyrs who took up from them and carried on the work of the Church.

The class of pictures to which Ruskin refers in the quotation at the beginning of this article is of a different character. They do not deal with historical facts or characters, or tell a story or put before the beholder a scene which he has only to look at the pictures to be able to understand. They are intended to make people think. Their aim is to suggest food for thought, and that the thought when found should be of didactic value. They do this by throwing as it were together symbols of the truths or lessons they are meant to convey, but which it would take a long time to express in words. The connection between the symbols is not given, nor is it at once apparent, but is left to the beholder to work out for himself.

This class of pictures will be best explained by some examples. Within the limits of an article such as this the examples must

* Aubrey de Vere.

necessarily be few. I have selected from two modern artists and from a famous old one, four pictures which I considered the most suitable and the best types I know of to represent this class.

Many beautiful symbolical pictures have been painted by two recent English artists, Mr. G. F. Watts and the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It is difficult to say whether Watts is best in symbolical painting or in portraiture, for in both branches of his art he is excellent. In the National Portrait Gallery in London there are some splendid portraits from his brush, notably those of the late Lord Lawrence and the late William Morris, poet, art decorator, and printer. I like him best in his symbolical pictures which, while always lovely in form and admirable in technique, are at the same time full of thoughtful suggestiveness and poetic beauty. He said on one occasion, "I am a thinker who happens to use a brush instead of a pen." During his long life he has courageously and conscientiously clung to his early ideals, and painted only what he conceived to be for the ennobling of English Art. His own favourite creation is "Love and Life" now in the Tate Gallery. It is a very beautiful picture, but I much prefer his "Love and Death," which I have accordingly selected as my first example. Mr. Watts has himself described the picture as "the progress of the inevitable but not terrible Death who partially but not completely overshadows Love." It suggests the care and devotion with which Love strives to guard Home from the presence of Death. Love is represented by a manly chubby boy, who, hearing the sweep of Death's garments and her stealthy footfall outside the door, rushes impetuously forward and strives vainly with an outstretched arm to push her back. His wings are broken in the effort, and then, with head bowed down as if in compassion, Death sweeps on crushing through a trail of wild roses which fail to trip her up, and moves on so noiselessly that a dove close to her feet is not disturbed by her passing. This picture is also in the Tate Gallery.

The next example I have selected is "The Merciful Knight" of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. This is one only of the many symbolical pictures this artist has painted. Amongst them I might name "The Wine of Circe," the "Chant d'Amour," "The Wheel of Fortune," "The Golden Stairs," and the pathetic "Love among the Ruins." I have selected "The Merciful Knight," because while it embodies a beautiful legend, it is in every way worthy

its picturesque and poetical associations and its high moral, and spiritual significance.

The picture represents a knight in armour, humbly kneeling on a rough wooden platform, before one of those large crucifixes to be met with on the wayside through Italy and in the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland. He has put off his helmet which lies beside him, and he bends reverently before the figure of our Lord who lovingly stretches down from the cross and kisses the kneeling figure. Flowers are springing up beneath and around the platform, and in the distance an unarmed figure on horseback is seen riding away. "The Merciful Knight" is San Giovanni Gualberto the founder of Vallambrosa. When he was a young man his only brother Hugo, whom he tenderly loved, was murdered by a Florentine noble with whom he had a quarrel. Gualberto at once vowed a swift and terrible vengeance, and set forth in pursuit of the assassin. Returning from Florence to his father's house on the evening of Good Friday, he went up the narrow road leading to the hill on which the Church of San Miniato stands. This is the hill mentioned by Dante in canto xii of *Purgatorio* :

That steep upon whose brow the chapel stands
O'er Rubaconte looking lordly down
On the well-guarded city.

When half way up the hill he met his brother's assassin alone and unarmed. The wretched man, taken thus suddenly at a disadvantage, flung himself from his horse, fell upon his knees, and extending his arms in the form of a cross, he adjured Gualberto by the remembrance of Christ, who had died on that day, and had prayed for His murderers, to show him mercy. Gualberto, after a moment, as it may well be supposed, of mental conflict and prayer, sheathed his drawn sword, raised the suppliant from the ground, and allowed him to ride away unharmed and forgiven. Filled with grief and remorse for the crime he had been on the point of committing, he threw himself before the first crucifix he met with on his way, and begged for mercy and forgiveness as he had shown mercy. In gracious answer to his prayer he believed, and so the legend runs, that the figure bowed down to him its head. He then abandoned the world and its vanities, entered the Benedictine Order, and shortly afterwards founded Vallambrosa. If Mrs. Jameson had lived to have seen this picture she would not have

written, as she has done, that the legend had never been worthily represented in art.* Burne-Jones's picture tells the story truthfully, but with a tender charm. The agony of remorse and supplication on the face of the kneeling knight, the loving grace of the Saviour's attitude as He gently lays His hands over on the steel-clad arms of the suppliant and bends His head to kiss him on the brow, the evidence of mercy shown by the retreating figure of the pardoned murderer, and the flowers that are springing up under and around the rough platform typifying the beauty and fragrance of merciful forgiveness and contrite prayer, all make this "unforgettable picture," as it has been truly called,† an abiding lesson, teaching how Christian charity can conquer human anger, and gain in return Divine love as well as Divine pardon.

It is to Nuremberg, however, we must turn for the greatest master in this class of Art.

Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple, reverent heart,
Lived and laboured Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art.‡

It is mainly upon Dürer's engravings on copper that examples will be found of this class although many too may be found among his wood engravings. I select two of his engravings on copper, partly because they are the best known and the most famous, but mainly because they best represent the phase of Art with which this article deals.

The first is the "Melancholia." This print is the best example that could be given of what I have stated to be the aim of symbolic Art and the method of its working. Here symbols are heaped together round a central figure, itself symbolical, having no apparent connection with her or with each other, and leaving to the beholder to work out the artist's meaning for himself. No other print of this master can give a better illustration of the wonderful accuracy of finish and minute definiteness of detail which characterise all his works. The central figure is a woman seated. She is not beautiful according to the ordinary notions of female beauty, and yet as one looks at the bowed head and the far-away looking eyes, as she sits with drooping wings and her hand holding a compass resting idly on a book, she awes one with

* *Legends of the Monastic Orders*, p. 118.

† *The Story of Florence*, by Edmund G. Gardner, p. 13.

‡ Longfellow.

a sphinx-like beauty of her own. Her head is crowned with a wreath of spleenwort, and round her lie symbols of all the scientific and mechanical labours which are the sources of human knowledge. Brute ignorance is typified by a hound sleeping by the woman's side. The first steps in Knowledge are shown by a child sitting on a millstone and doing sums upon a tablet. An astrologer's crystal ball lies at her feet beside an alchemist's crucible. Fleeting time is represented by an hour-glass on the wall with the sands running down, and beside it hang a bell and a square of numbers on which the ingenuity of the mathematician has compiled a set which make 34 every way they are totted. Emblems of the mechanical arts are shown in the ladder leaning against the tower, the hewn stone at its foot, the scales on the wall, and the plane, the saw, the pincers and the tongs, that lie round the figure's feet. A strange rainbow flings its arch across the background and over the vanishing horizon of the sea a comet is flaming. The weird effect of all this is intensified by a bat-like creature that flies across the sky bearing a scroll with "Melancolia I." written across it.

From the time that Vasari wrote of Dürer, "he delineated Melancholy surrounded by all those instruments which are wont to bring thoughts of sadness to him who uses them or to the man who listens to their strain,"* the meaning of this fantastic creation has been a puzzling problem. A recent German critic escapes from rather than solves its difficulties by stating that the interpretation of its parts in detail is not an indispensable condition for the enjoyment of the composition, but that the whole speaks to us in a perfectly intelligible way by suggesting one thought—that we know nothing.† Buskin, on the other hand, finds in this print "the history of the sorrowful toil of the earth," and interprets the design to be an answer to the complaint "yet is his strength labour and sorrow," to which Dürer here replies, "Yes, but labour and sorrow are his strength."‡ The labour indicated "is the daily work of men. Not the inspired or gifted labour of the few (it is labour connected with the sciences, not with the arts) shown in its four chief functions: thoughtful, faithful, calculating, and executing."§ In a passage

* *Lives of Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, III., p. 491—Bohn's Edition.

† Knackfuss, *Albrecht Dürer*, p. 88.

‡ *Modern Painters*, v., pp. 243, 244.

§ *Ibid.*

too long to quote he finds in the print representative symbols of these four functions. A very competent recent critic of Dürer, Mr. W. B. Scott, finds the text of the design in the "Vanity and all is vanities" of the Preacher.* I confess I prefer the interpretations of Knaackfuss and Mr. Scott to what I think is the rather farfetched but yet beautiful interpretation of Ruskin. I would venture to add to these interpretations that the print also meant to convey that "much study is an affliction of the flesh," and that the whole range of human science is futile and insufficient to profit man's soul, to which it can only bring the yearnings of unrest and melancholy.

Far the finest print of Dürer in conception, as well as in exquisite finish of execution, is "The Knight and Death," produced in 1513. It is a composition of singular and striking power and and great poetic beauty. A mail-clad knight is shown riding through a wild rocky ravine overhung by a few leafless trees. He rides quietly with spear across his shoulder, the bridle held firmly in his hand, and his face set with determination but with a slightly sorrowful smile. The clear atmosphere of sunset is indicated by the cloudless sky appearing above the wall of rock, and the waning light falls on a walled city which stands on the summit of a hill in the background. By the side of the Knight Death is riding. His long grey hair is covered with a crown twined round with serpents. The sorry and limping jade on which he rides is in marked contrast with the stately caparisoned charger on which the Knight is mounted. Death holds up to the Knight an hour-glass from which the sand is running fast. A little bell hangs from the bridle of the Knight's horse, and by one of those slight but suggestive touches of which Dürer was such a master, the horse of Death stoops its head so that its rein catches the bell and makes it toll as a passing-bell. Behind the Knight stalks one of those grotesque and awful monsters with which Dürer's work abounds. He has the horns of a ram, the ears of an ass, the snout of a swine, and the feet of a goat. He carries a spear armed with two curved hooks, and he stretches out a claw with greedy eyes as if to catch the Knight. This monster in some of the descriptions of the print is called the Devil. I think Dürer's meaning is correctly given by those critics who say it is intended

* *Albert Dürer, his Life and Works*, p. 99.

for Sin. A rough-haired hound trots beside the Knight's horse, of which Vasari says "it is executed with the most subtle delicacy that can be possibly given to an engraving."* I admire more the perfect representation of the slinging trot of the dog, and of his utter unconsciousness that anything extraordinary is going on about him. The same idea of unconsciousness is given to the five dogs in Dürer's print of the Conversion of St. Hubert who quietly group themselves in the fore-ground, while the stag with the crucifix between his horns is appearing to their kneeling master. Such is a brief description of this great picture. It was this picture that suggested to De La Motte Foqué the romance of Sintram and his Companions, and which he has made such telling and charming use of it in its twenty-seventh chapter.

As with the *Melancholia* the interpretation of the Knight and Death has been a puzzling problem to artists and critics from the death of Dürer down to the present day. Vasari, whose first edition appeared in 1550, twenty-two years after Dürer's death, thus describes the print: "Fece un uomo armato a cavallo per la fortezza umana." These two last words mean properly "Human Fortitude," and not, as they are erroneously translated in Bohn's edition, "Human Force."† Ruskin who said, as we have seen, that the *Melancholia* "is the history of the sorrowful toil of the earth," says the Knight and Death is the history of "its sorrowful patience under temptation."‡ He also terms it a "design in praise of Fortitude," § and in doing so he agrees with Vasari. Mr. W. B. Scott rejecting the commonly received *motif* of the design, comes to the conclusion that the Knight was no Christian knight, and had nothing to do with chivalry or Christian warfare, but that he was one of the robber knights of the time, and that he and his companions, Sin and Death, were fittingly placed together; and he quotes, with apparent approval, the suggestion of Mr. H. F. Holt that the letter S on the tablet in the corner before the date 1513 is evidence to identify the armed man in the picture with a famous robber knight named Sparnecker, who was executed at Nuremberg about the time, and whom the Devil was about to seize when Death had done with him.|| The heroine of Mr. F. Marion

* *Lives of Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*. iii., p. 494.—Bohn's Edition.

† Vol. iii., p. 494.

‡ *Modern Painters*, v., pp. 242, 243.

§ *Ibid.*

|| *Albert Dürer, his Life and Works*, pp. 92, 93.

Crawford's novel, *A Rose of Yesterday*, takes the rather worldly view of the matter, that the Knight is making his way to a lady who is waiting in the city on the hill, to see if he will come in time. "To me," she says, "the Knight is a hero. He is making Death show him the way, and he has made the Devil his squire and servant. He will reach the city on the hill in time, for there is still sand enough in the hour-glass." I cannot for a moment accept Miss Sylvia's interpretation.

By far the greater number of critics, including Mrs. Charles Heaton in her admirable work,* take the favourable and higher view of the Knight's character and the nobler view of the meaning of the picture. They hold the armed man to represent the Christian knight who goes through the rough and thorny ways of life with brave and stern determination to follow in the straight path of duty, abandoning at its call the sweet home-life of the city on the hill, conquering and leaving behind him Sin, whose temptations were ever on his track and lying in wait to catch him, and ready, without quailing, to meet Death, who might meet him at every turn of his journey. With this interpretation of Dürer's masterpiece I entirely agree.

R. P. CARTON.

A RIVER SONG

Down to the sea a noble stream is flowing,
Fed by the waters of a thousand rills
That ring with boisterous laughter in their going
From parent hills.

Barrow its name; and where Slieve Bloom sits dreaming,
Under the glamour of the sun and stars,
It cleaves, like warrior's falchion brightly gleaming,
Its prison bars;

And, freed from all restraint, it downward dashes
Among the bog-lands, the grey plovers' home,
Where shock of rock and current fiercely lashes
Its flood to foam.

* *The Life of Albrecht Dürer of Nürnberg.*

Its sisters, Nore and Suir, have turned their faces
Mutely expectant towards the genial south,
To join, where ocean at Portlairge traces
A harbour's mouth.

A beauteous twain are these, but Barrow's booming
Over the weir at dear old Carlow town
Has soothed my heart when twilight shades were looming
In darkness down.

And memories of the past around it clustering
Come back to me on wings of thought to-day,
What time the clans of Rory fast were mustering
To join the fray.

The tramp of Art's great host, the trumpet sounding
A call to arms through every wooded glen,
The clash of steel and crash of war-steeds bounding
I hear again.

Proud memories these, of true men bravely fighting
Through strenuous years to make the old land free :
They keep the impassioned fires of freedom lighting
In you and me.

And now, evolved from fancy's inmost mazes,
Less warlike scenes unroll this summer noon,
The feast is spread and Carroll O'Daly praises
Eileen Aroon—

Praises in words that are beyond comparing,
The fragrance of whose beauty lingers yet
In notes of tenderest music that is bearing
No vague regret.

For I have wandered down the halls of vision
And put the present and its toils away,
To taste a fleeting joy in fields Elysian
For one brief day.

Dreamer, in vain you burst the fetters binding
Your soul to earth and all its dull routine,
When to the real you awaken, finding
The contrast keen.

No gold-hued banners * on the air are streaming,
No clangorous conflict rends the silence round,
For, throned on high, the sun o'er earth is beaming
A calm profound.

Only the reeds that lift their swaying lances
In mock aggression on the river's edge,
A whirr of wings as some lone heron glances
Among the sedge.

No busy mill-wheel breaks its still reposing;
Only the trout disturbs its placid stream;
On yonder bank the drowsy kine are dosing
As in a dream.

But yet 'tis lovelier in unploughed stagnation
Than if its tide bore freighted argosies,
For now my skiff responds to each vibration
Of vagrant breeze,

And, bounding like a thing of life and vigour
Across the glassy surface of its breast,
Draws up at length its trim and graceful figure
In havened rest.

All sounds of life are hushed; the branches dipping
Their languid leaves in this green-arboured pool
Seem grateful for the feast they now are sipping
Of nectar cool.

The spirit of eternal peace is stealing
Along the river, through the sky and air,
And scattering from its breath a balmy feeling
Of concord there.

And so I leave it in the pleasant summer,
When every hedge-row bears the scent of thyme,
Content if by its side some careless oomer
May read my rhyme.

WILLIAM O'NEILL.

* The Standard of the O'Mores, "of the one-coloured golden shield."

CARDINAL RAPHAEL MERRY DEL VAL

PAPAL SECRETARY OF STATE*

THE society, whatever may be its name, which affixes to houses the interesting tablets telling us who have lived or died there, should keep its eye on No. 33 Gloucester-place, Portman-square, London, for as lately as the 10th October, 1865, was born there his Eminence Cardinal Raphael Merry del Val, the one and only Secretary of State of Pius X., Sovereign of 400,000,000 willing subjects, embracing every nationality, colour and tongue.

The accident of his birth in London is not the only connection which the Cardinal has with the United Kingdom. His father, then Secretary at the Spanish Embassy, was descended from an Irish family who emigrated to Spain from Ireland at the end of the seventeenth century; hence the name "Merry."

On his mother's side also he is connected with Britain. His grandmother was Miss Sophia Willcox, eldest daughter of Brodie M'Ghie Willcox, formerly Member of Parliament for Southampton. His first schooling he received at Baylis House, near Slough, an excellent school kept by the well-known Butt family. When he was ten years old the scene of his education shifted to Namur and Brussels, his father having meanwhile become Spanish Ambassador to Belgium. He returned again, however, to complete his education in England, spending two years in philosophy at the well-known Catholic college, Ushaw College, Durham, where he remained until October, 1885. He seems at no point of his school career to have earned the reputation for brilliancy, "well-conducted and industrious" was the most that was said of him.

In amusements he developed into a good cyclist and a really excellent shot. He was fond of riding and had a pretty taste for dancing—so much so, that when, at the age of seventeen, he told his parents of his desire to adopt a religious life, his mother had to warn him, with mock gravity, that his dancing days were over.

His desire was to enter the Jesuit order, with the ambition of being sent to one of their Missions in the East of London, but his father having presented him to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., the

* Reprinted by permission from the *Review of Reviews*.

venerable Pontiff, a great judge of men, at once insisted upon his father sending him to the *Academia dei Nobili Ecclesiastici*. Here he acquitted himself with credit, and obtained a degree in philosophy, theology and canon law. His entrance into the *Academia* was no doubt intended as a compliment to his distinguished father, who has in succession been Ambassador to Belgium, Austria and the Holy See for the Court of Spain ; but his subsequent promotions are no doubt due to Leo XIII., who soon recognised the talents possessed by Merry del Val, who from this time seems to have impressed every one with whom he came in contact as a young man of singular promise.

His advancement was rapid. He was first of all appointed one of the *Camerieri Segreti*, and as such he accompanied Mgr. Ruffo Scilla in 1887 to represent the Holy See at the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. A few months later with Mgr. Galimberti he attended the funeral of the Emperor William I. In 1888 he represented the Holy See on the occasion of the Jubilee of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and on three occasions was appointed by the Queen Regent of Spain as religious instructor to her daughters, and he prepared the present King for his Confirmation. These appointments, like his visit to London as representative at the Coronation of Edward VII., were no doubt more honourable than responsible, but as time went on the confidence shown in him by Leo XIII. increased.

In 1892 he was appointed *Cameriere Segreto Partecipante*, which entitled him to take up his residence within the Vatican itself, with an apartment in close proximity to that of the Holy Father, a member of whose family he thus became. A few years later he was appointed to the responsible and onerous position of Secretary to the Special Commission appointed to examine into and determine the validity of Anglican Orders. This may be called his first responsible appointment. The Commissioners were unanimous in their appreciation of the able manner in which he discharged his duties. His minutes, drawing together and digesting as they did the daily discussions of the Commission, were regarded as extraordinary in their faithfulness and lucidity.

In 1897, when Canada was ablaze from end to end over the burning question of the Manitoba Schools, Merry del Val was selected by Pope Leo XIII. to visit and study the question on the spot, and report to the Holy See on the matter. His visit to Canada was a noteworthy success and marked an epoch in its

religious history. It was only to be expected that he would be well received at the Catholic Province of Quebec, but the singular personal enthusiasm which he kindled everywhere turned his visit into a triumph. To the English-speaking population he appeared the cultured Englishman, while the French found that he spoke their language quite as perfectly as themselves, and at the Laval University and the great seminaries he somewhat astonished his audiences, on orations in Latin being addressed to him, by at once replying, with the utmost fluency, in the same tongue. His reception in the Protestant Provinces was scarcely less cordial, his charm of manner and fine presence winning all hearts. At Ottawa both parties vied with each other in showing him respect and consideration, and at Toronto the Cabinet gave him a public reception which was attended by members of all faiths and creeds.

In connection with his visit to Toronto an amusing incident occurred. Whilst journeying in the Catholic Province of Quebec, he was, in accordance with custom, at liberty to wear the somewhat gorgeous dress of a Monsignor. In Ontario, a Protestant Province, the custom is different, and a Catholic clergyman, as in England, wears broadcloth and the plain Roman collar in the street. However, through an accident, his luggage containing the plain garments miscarried, and he realised that he must involuntarily break the law, and suggested that he should turn back. This was not to be heard of, and during his sojourn in Toronto he appeared in his Monsignoral robes without exciting the least adverse criticism. In fact, his picturesque appearance seemed to be approved.

The task he had to perform was one of singular difficulty for any diplomat, and especially for one so young. He had to inquire into the conduct and actions of men, his elders in years and superiors in ecclesiastical status, and if the rumours that were current had foundation, some of them were not particularly anxious that his mission should succeed. However such opposition may have stung him, he neither showed resentment, nor was he in the least overawed by it. His power of self-effacement, his singleness of purpose and energy, carried all obstacles, and his youth was soon forgotten and forgiven.

Many predicted the failure of his mission and the end of his career; some perhaps wished it. Even in Rome men are but human. It was an absolute success. A *modus vivendi* was found

between Church and State, and the internal peace of the Church was secured by the appointment of a permanent apostolic delegate. Catholic priest or layman, instead of a tedious and expensive appeal to Rome, now receives justice at his door.

The circumstances immediately leading to the appointment of Cardinal Merry del Val to the high office of Secretary of State are so peculiar that some of the faithful trace in them the finger of Providence. The dying Pontiff nominated Mgr. Volpini to be Consistorial Secretary, but he died a few days before the Holy Father, and the knowledge of his death was kept from the Pontiff so as not to distress him. Had Mgr. Volpini lived, he would by right have been the Secretary of the General Congregation of the Sacred College which met to elect the new Pope.

Monsignor Volpini's death necessitated the election of a new Secretary, and the choice by the vote of the College of Cardinals, convened after the decease of the Pope, fell on Mgr. Merry del Val, who was thus brought into daily personal contact with His Holiness Pius X., to whom, on his election as Pope, Mgr. Merry del Val acted as temporary Secretary of State pending a permanent appointment. One day, when Mgr. Merry del Val was leaving the Pope's room with a basketful of correspondence and papers which had just been dealt with, Pius X. called him back and handed him another letter, remarking casually, "Monsignor, this is also for you." Mgr. Merry del Val pushed it into his pile and passed to his own apartment where he began to go through the various papers and letters. In due course he took up the last letter handed to him, and to his surprise, indeed to his horror, found that this letter, written by the Pope's own hand, appointed him permanent Secretary of State, informing him further that the capability he had shown for the delicate task, his devotion to his work and absolute self-negation in all that he had undertaken under the Pope's eye, had convinced His Holiness that he need look no further for a competent Secretary of State. The shock was so great that it caused him almost to lose consciousness, and a friend who was in the room ran to his assistance, snatching the letter which had so affected him from his hand—and thus its contents became known.

Of Merry del Val's suitability for the post there can be no doubt. The son of a distinguished diplomatist, he has spent the last twenty years in the greatest school of diplomacy in the world. Other Sovereigns can back up their diplomacy by force, but the

Pope has no second weapon. It is doubtful whether any modern diplomatist has ever started better equipped for his task. His wonderful gift of languages places him in a position of superiority over all his predecessors. Spanish is his mother tongue; English he speaks as an Englishman, French like a Frenchman, and he also has a fluent command of German. Italian he speaks without accent, and he has become so much to be regarded as one of themselves that there was no feeling of opposition from the Italians to his appointment to a post they had always regarded as belonging to an Italian. He is the first Cardinal Secretary of State who has been able to deal with Catholics of the Anglo-Saxon race in their own language, and this has been, perhaps, a large factor in his appointment. He is an indefatigable worker and a man of strong character. He has a temper kept well in control, which betrays itself sometimes by the appearance of an indignant flush on his face and by a flash from his dark eyes.

Those who know the Cardinal best assert that he is a man of broad mind and deep human sympathies. That there will be any great change in the general policy of the Vatican is not likely; but Cardinal Merry del Val will greatly disappoint his admirers if he makes no attempt to bring its methods more up to date. He has already introduced shorthand writing and typewriters in the Vatican, and there are actually rumours of telephones, phonographs, metaphones, elevators, and electric light.*

There is one side of his life that is but little known, but upon which it is pleasant to dwell, and that is his private life as a priest in Rome. The position of *Cameriere Segreto Partecipante* is not unlike that occupied by the Lords in Waiting to the King. They are busily occupied with distinguished duties for a certain number of hours a day, but, on the other hand, they have ample leisure, which is entirely their own to dispose of. Nobody would think of blaming a young ecclesiastic who, when the duties of the day were finished, should consume that leisure either in visiting his friends, or in private study or legitimate recreation: but Mgr. Merry del Val has found other and greater uses for it. His duty finished in the Pope's apartment, he may often be seen racing with youthful

* The Cardinal can scarcely be given credit for all these improvements. One of the elevators in the Vatican dates back to the time of Pius IX. before 1870, and the hydraulic one in general use was put up fifteen years ago.—Editor, IRISH MONTHLY.

vigour along the frescoed loggias and up the marble staircases of the Vatican, his purple robes flying behind him, until he reaches his own little private apartment, situated high up near the roof, with an outlook on to the top of the porch of St. Peter's. A hasty and ascetic meal consumed, the purple robes are thrown aside for the plain black soutane, and in less than half an hour from leaving the Pope's apartment Merry del Val is hastening along the streets across the Tiber to the Trastevere, where the great work which he has organised amongst the poorest of the poor of Rome has its headquarters in the poor boys' school and club. This club, developed by him for years with unfailing energy, now contains hundreds of members, many of them saved from ruin by its influence. With these poor urchins and their families Cardinal Merry del Val is a hero and a saint. This is the kind of work to which, beyond others, he would wish to devote his whole life.

Time after time he has begged permission of his superiors to be allowed to leave the paths of diplomacy, along which he has been reluctantly driven, and take up the hard life of a working priest; but Leo XIII. felt that the Church had other work for him, and his petitions were refused.

It was not only in the Trastevere that he laboured. He had his confessional at San Silvestro, and later at San Giorgio, and late into the night numberless penitents, many of them the poorest of the poor, might be seen waiting their turn at his confessional, seeking for his consolation and direction. It was characteristic that on November 9th last, when he was created a cardinal, he substituted for the feast which new cardinals usually offer their friends and relations a banquet for his poor penitents and boys in the Trastevere. Sorrow was mingled with the joy of the occasion, for the banquet was a final parting from his poor friends. The arduous duties of his new post will leave, alas! no leisure for Cardinal Merry del Val to pursue further this side of his priestly calling which he loves so well.

Not alone in Rome will he be missed. In our own New Forest, here in England, summer will have lost much of its charm for many friends now that the Cardinal can no longer spend his annual vacation there.

CHARLES RUSSELL.

THE OLD COUNTRY

A Story

CHAPTER XLIX

TERESA

"THERE'S comfort in most things if you set your mind to find it," was one of Mrs. Harnett's axioms, and I cannot be sure that Teresa's wrongs were not, in part, condoned for the moment in the joy of replacing the linen, removed for the *trousseau*, in the linen closet.

Some day, of course, sheets, towels, napkins, tablecloths, must all be the girl's; but, in the meantime, it was comfortable to see the gaps filled and the shelves look as they had looked for years. It was with a sigh of satisfaction, Mrs. Harnett, her task finished, turned the big key. Why, even at Shotover, the housekeeper had been brought to confess, there was scarcely a better supply.

"It's the first thing you're laid in, and it's the last thing you're clothed in," she had told Teresa one day when, not long after her father's death, the child had peeped over her shoulder into the drawer where, in the first impulse of grief, she had arranged her own "dead-clothes," a pair of sheets, and—unfolded, stretched at full length, the sleeves crossed on the breast—a night-gown with finely crimped frills. The night-gown must not be folded, she had gravely assured the wondering child; if it was, "ill-luck would come to the corpse," and Teresa was too young to ask, or, perhaps, even to wonder, what kind of ill-luck? But she had asked, and that with anxiety, where her own death-clothes were to be found, and she could still remember how, at the question, her mother had started, and seized her in her arms, for the first time in her life, she had seen her mother cry, and it was long before she could think of the contents of the bottom drawer in the big wardrobe without a mixture of fear and awe.

That her grandmother had made the same preparations the child was soon to learn, for her grandmother had her "dead clothes" periodically aired, that they might not "rot,"—not aired on the big

oak screen with the household linen before the kitchen fire, but spread out on the grass in the orchard on a sunny day. If aired by the fire, it was carefully explained (and here again superstition stepped in), there would be death in the house before the year was out, and this the child had believed till she went to her Convent School, though some instinct in the little brain had made her once ask if Father Matthew believed it too? and grandmother and mother had exchanged guilty glances, and both had gone on with their work in silence for a moment.

"You're too young to understand everything," her mother had replied at last. "Don't you try to teach your grandmother, Teresa. If the world goes on as it's doing now, there'll soon be nothing to believe. Better believe too much than too little is my way of thinking."

Teresa never argued with her mother, but she had not been satisfied till she had consulted Father Matthew, on whom she fell back in all her childhood's troubles.

Teresa had known very well what her mother was about the day she had shut herself up in the linen closet. The girl had had her own foldings-up, her own puttings-away; she was not given to sentiment, but it seemed to her sometimes that she too had now her "dead-clothes," but looked up in her heart.

Mrs. Harnett had kept her promise. Every Friday Teresa was free to go to Father Matthew, who, busy man as he was, managed to keep a half-hour for her. Teresa had a brave heart and generous nature, and the Father knew it. "Keep yourself at the foot of the Cross with Mary," was his counsel. A counsel that braced the girl up to walk her path, outwardly at least, with almost a light foot.

"It's less trouble to Teresa than to most of us to go the way she should," her mother, from the girl's childhood, had confided to many a friend. "Teresa's took after her father's side of the house," she would add, "and, to my mind, the most the Harnetts is fit for is to go to Heaven. If it hadn't been that Harnett never shirked a *duty*, he'd been a sight too soft for this earth. My word" (and this was one of her favourite tales), "the first time he whipped Teresa, that's a story worth telling! Teresa was a bit positive as a child, there's no denying that. If she took it into her head to do a thing, she'd *do it*, and, and if she didn't want to tell you a thing wild horses wouldn't have got it out of her up till she was seven.

Well, her father had told her she was never to touch an apple in the orchard barring he or me was there, and, one day, coming in from the yard, if he didn't see her with a strawberry-apple in her hand (and they're pretty enough in their outsides to tempt more than a child). 'Where did you get that, Teresa?' he asked, and Teresa held herself mum. 'You must answer me,' he says, and Teresa, with her hands behind her back, answered never a word. Well, up he took her in his arms and carried her into the house, and up into the bedroom, and I heard him turn the lock in the door, but I *knew* him, and 'He'll never whip her,' I said to myself, 'she'll get the better of him as sure as eggs is eggs. If there's to be any whipping, it's me'll have to do the job.' But, my word, when she came down she was as meek as milk, and *the pair of them had been crying*. A good whipping she'd got, and I believe it settled her positiveness for life, but what *he went through*! That's what I often think; but he *had* to do it, and he did it, and that was Harnett all over. And never a grudge Teresa had, and it's what few 'll believe, but if I didn't see her the day the strawberries were picked (maybe a week later) take one out of the basket and put it against her cheek and kiss it, and 'That's for daddy,' she says. We didn't hear much of Teresa's stiffness after that! But the best of it was, Father Matthew came up one day, and 'Well,' he asked her (as he always did) 'I hope you have been a good little maid?' And, 'No, Father,' she plumps out, looking him as serious as serious could be in the face. 'The serpent tempted me and I did eat.' Well, we all fell to laughing, all but Father Matthew, and he took her on his knee. 'Now tell me about it,' he says as serious as herself, and she out with the whole story from beginning to end. 'Daddy cried and I cried,' she says, 'but I won't steal any more.' And I warrant you, she never did. Teresa's Teresa, as I always say, and, though I say it as shouldn't say it, it would be a better world if there were more like her in it," was the end, as a rule, of this story of Teresa.

It was the evening of the re-arranging of the linen-closet and of Jem Tracy's dinner at Wood-ash that Mrs. Makepeace, who had been restless all day, startled her daughter by opining that there was something wrong with Teresa.

"You may say as you like, Anne, but I see as far as most, and Teresa's not as she was."

"She is growing older, like the rest of us," Mrs. Hartnett

returned jocosely. "A kitten's not a kitten till the end of the chapter."

"You needn't try to brave it out, I've eyes. There's something wrong with Teresa, and you've to answer for it."

"Me? What on earth makes you think I'd do anything to Teresa? Teresa's all right."

Mrs. Mukepeace shook her head. "You can't deceive me, Anne. Teresa's love-pining, and that Doctor's at the bottom of it. I told you from the first he was no good; but what's the use of speaking to those who are too wise to listen." The old woman drew herself up with dignity.

"I never refuse to listen to those that speak sense. I'd put the notion of Teresa and the Doctor out of your head. You'll make yourself ill if you worry about a pack of nonsense."

"A pack of nonsense! Father Matthew says the Doctor is not going to marry Teresa; but he was *after her*. I've not forgotten that. Teresa's fretting, and you can't deny it, Anne."

Mrs. Harnett restrained an impatient gesture. "Teresa's all right; don't you bother about her."

"I'll bother myself about who I please. Teresa's my granddaughter, and if the Doctor's been playing fast and loose with her, I won't have him here; remember that. You were always a terrible one for doctors, Anne."

"Not for myself; no one can say that," Mrs. Harnett returned, cheerfully. "When Teresa was born was the only time I ever troubled the trade. But it's all right, mother; we'll have Bucknill. He'll not be so hard, but he'll look after an old patient at a pinch; and I reckon that you and the General are the oldest patients he has. You know what you promised Father Matthew." Mrs. Harnett went on, in coaxing tones.

Mrs. Makepeace, triumph in her face, sat up in bed. "I promised Father Matthew I'd not speak to Teresa about the Doctor; but I didn't say I wouldn't speak to the Doctor about Teresa. I have you there, Anne."

"Lord sake," Mrs. Harnett muttered under her breath, "some folk are sharper than you think. Well, well, mother." she went on aloud, "Take your own way."

"Take my own way, when I never get it." Mrs. Makepeace, exhausted by her excitement, began to cry, and Mrs. Harnett had to summon Teresa. But the mischief had been done; for grand-

mother and grand-daughter there would be little sleep that night.

"We'll have her as we had her when the heat was so bad," Mrs. Hartnett said ruefully as she looked into the room before going up to her own bed. "You'd not think a tear or two would hurt anybody, but, when you come to old folk, it's like drawing their hearts' blood—and you never know what's to set them off, that's the worst of it. There'll be none of that summer tonic left?"

Teresa shook her head, and her mother stood lost in thought for a moment.

"I declare, Teresa," she began at last, "if it wasnt ——" she paused.

Teresa understood. "You think if she does not quiet down we ought to have the Doctor? I think so too, mother. Joe Phillips is going to see his sister to-night, and could take a note." Teresa spoke quietly, but she did not turn her face towards her mother.

"You beat me, Teresa." Mrs. Harnett flopped herself down on the nearest chair, her hands on her knees. "Are you telling me in cold blood. You don't mind Tracy seeing your grandmother?"

Teresa did not answer for a moment. "Dr. Bucknill would perhaps come. Grannie must be considered and——" the girl turned again towards her mother. "It is not as if Dr. Tracy and I had quarrelled. It—it was my doing, and he understands Grannie."

"Maybe not so well as she does him," Mrs. Harnett returned with emphasis. "Look here, Teresa. If Tracy has the impudence to show his face here, I'll not promise he'll not hear something he won't like. No, you needn't speak to me. I know what I'm saying. You and he agreed to part, but you haven't told me the *reason* yet, and—I'm no fool not to guess it."

Teresa coloured.

"I won't have him here, and that's the long and short of it," Mrs. Hartnett went on. "If Bucknill can come, well and good, and I'll tell him so. If not, I'll go elsewhere. Where you pay your money down, you are free to take your choice, that's true in doctoring as in every other trade."

"It would scarcely be fair to Dr. Tracy to say we did not wish

him to come: Dr. Bucknill might think he had not treated Grannie well." Teresa had again turned her head.

"It's somebody else he has not treated well," Mrs. Harnett returned. "But, there you are, Teresa, your father's own daughter. When that man Birkett, over Hardington way, did him out of fifty pounds, there was no getting him to prosecute, because he had a wife and family. It would have been a better example to the wife and family, and done them more good to have seen him punished for cheating honest folks than to see him living on ill-earned cash, in my, or any sensible person's, opinion. It'll do Tracy no harm to see we're not soft, and it'll do Bucknill no harm to put him up to Tracy's tricks. There! I've said my say." Mrs. Harnett snatched up her candle-stick, and walked towards the door, but with her hand on the handle turned to fire a parting shot, to see Teresa bending over the table, her face hidden in her hands.

"You're not crying, Teresa?" Her mother hurried back to her side. "There's many a time I've not been tempted to thank my Maker that I was born with a tongue: once it's set a-going it's for all the world like one of those old clocks that go clap, clap against the wall. If I've said too much I'm sorry for it, and I'm maybe sorrier than you'd think, but the mother is not born that hasn't a bit of the wild beast in her when it comes to sticking-up for them that's her own. See here"—she laid her hand on the girl's shoulder—"I'll meet you half-way. I'll send a note down to say your grannie's excited herself a bit. I'll write it on a slip of paper and say it's to be left at Bucknill's, but I'll not write Tracy's name, I tell you that. If he's any shame in him he'll understand, and Bucknill and he can arrange it between them as they like. There! Will that satisfy you? There's your grandmother looking at you, and if she sees you crying we're done for."

Teresa wiped her eyes. "It's the first time," she said apologetically, and went back to her grandmother's side.

"I wish I could be sure it was the last time," the mother returned, the sharpness in her tone belied by the expression of her eyes. "Teresa, I'd be a happy woman to-night if I could hear you say you'd turn to Lycett. He's keen for you yet—anyone with eyes could see it."

Teresa shook her head, whether in assurance that, so far as James Lycett was concerned, her own feelings would not change,

or to deprecate the idea of that young man being still attached to her, it would have been difficult to say.

"Well, well," Mrs. Harnett went on, "I'll send the line, as I've said. It's safer." She nodded towards her mother, who was talking rapidly to herself. "She's sure to be run down by the morning, if she does not quiet down a bit. If you don't get your own rest, come to me and I'll take my turn." She trotted away, leaving Teresa to prepare for the night.

Should Dr. Bucknill come instead of Jem, her grandmother might demand the reason, and it might be, too, that for days afterwards she would never let the subject drop; and if Jem himself came ——? Teresa made an effort, conquered herself, and took up her *Imitation*. It had been her father's copy, and her mother had given it to her with one of her characteristic speeches the day after she had come home from school for good. "There's too much what I call poetry in it for me, but your father set store by it, and I wouldn't say but you'll do the same; though, to my mind, there's more to be got out of a page of *Think Well on't* for common folk."

Teresa, however, valued her book, and, methodical as she was in most things, had her "fancy" about the reading of it. Every evening she opened it hap-hazard and read the words on which her eyes fell:—"Have patience and be of good courage, comfort will come to thee in proper season. *Wait for Me*, wait. *I will come and cure thee*." Teresa kissed the book, as she finished the verse. She was ready for her vigil.

CHAPTER L

IMPULSE IS MASTER.

Teresa had a quick ear. Long before her mother had shouted upstairs that there was a trap turning in at the gate, she had recognised that it was neither Kitty's light trot nor the lumbering step of Dr. Bucknill's old mare that was to be heard coming up the hill. Dr. Bucknill, then, had sent someone. The girl gave a sigh of relief.

"It's the young man that's set up in High Street," Mrs. Harnett, hurrying into the room, announced, a minute later,

"Bucknill's busy—so he says. What *she'll* say, I don't know." She pointed towards Mrs. Makepeace, who, taking advantage of Teresa having turned her head towards her mother, was emptying the beef-tea the girl had been coaxing her to take into a basin that had been left on the table by her side.

"What are you doing, mother?" Mrs. Harnett sprang forward, but too late.

"Teaching Teresa a lesson," the old woman returned with a chuckle. "Beef-tea's beef-tea: I'll have none of your mutton wash."

Mrs. Harnett looked at her daughter. "It's true, Teresa, true as you're here, put a scrap of mutton *lean* into the jar; but think of her finding it out! The new man 'll have the whole story to carry back with him, I'll warrant that. But where you're to blame, take the blame, that's been my motto." She raised her voice. "It wasn't Teresa, mother; if you've got to scold, scold *me*. If there was a bit of mutton in it, it wasn't the size of your finger."

"Mutton-broth's mutton-broth, beef-tea's beef-tea," Mrs. Makepeace returned with doggedness.

"That's true," Mrs. Harnett consented in conciliatory tones. "Teresa, can I bring him up?"

"In a moment, mother. Grannie, Dr. Bucknill is busy and has sent a strange doctor to see you. You would like to see him, wouldn't you? He would give you something to make you more comfortable."

"And whose fault is it if I am uncomfortable? Bring him up if you like, but don't expect me to tell lies. Hog's-wash, that's what it is." The old woman pushed the empty cup away.

"My word, he'll have a pretty story to take back," Mrs. Harnett repeated with a shoulder-shrug. "But I can't leave him down there all day alone. Shall I fetch him, Teresa?"

Teresa nodded. "You will like to see the new Doctor, grannie? He'll tell you all the Stockton news." She drew her grandmother's bed-wrap closer round her shoulders, and re-arranged her cap. "There, grannie, you look beautiful, and you'll be nice to the Doctor, won't you?"

"He's not courting you?" The old woman lowered her voice, and asked the question with eagerness.

"No, no, grannie." Teresa's face flushed. "It's a new Doctor, don't you remember? A friend of Dr. Bucknill's, Dr. Dyer."

The old woman nodded. "I'll remember. Bucknill's shown his sense." Again she sank her voice. "What's become of the blackguard, Teresa?"

There was no time for Teresa to find an answer to this question. Mrs. Harnett's knock came to the door, and a solemn-faced young man was ushered into the room.

The stranger, after a quick glance first at his patient, then round the room, looked, and with curiosity at Teresa. Stockton was still small enough to have its general gossip; the girl's name coupled with Jem Tracy's had been on every lip, and he had heard half a dozen versions of their love affairs. Jem Tracy had jilted her; she had jilted Jem; Maria Dingley had stolen Jem's affections from her, and she—Teresa—was dying of a broken heart; a yet later story had it that Teresa had thrown Jem over in favour of a rich admirer, the American who had been making Stockton his head quarters.

Dr. Dyer had made a shrewd guess as to the reason Dr. Bucknill had requisitioned his services. The old man had given up his country visits and seldom went further than the River House; his assistant might be busy but had certainly no pressing case on hand. Had he not seen him, as he started "mooning" up the High Street and looking into the shop windows as if there was not a name on his sick list.

The new comer knew the girl by sight from seeing her on market-days, but it was the first time he had been in the same room with her, and he scanned her with the keen eyes of his profession, and had drawn his own conclusions before his visit was at an end.

There was not much wrong with Mrs. Makepeace, he was able to assure her daughter when he turned into the parlour to drink the glass of wine prepared for him, and to give her his opinion; but, as with all old people of her age, excitement of any kind was evil, and excitement of some kind there must have been to conduce to this attack.

Mrs. Harnett was honest. "My tongue," she confessed, "is a bit long, I'm not like Teresa, *she* can manage her grandmother."

"Then the more Miss Teresa is with her grandmother the better," the Doctor began, and, remembering the girl's white face, pulled himself up, "but not too much confinement of course."

"You needn't be afraid for Teresa," the mother replied.

"She's a terrible one for air. I can mind her, not so high as my knee, sniff-sniffing out of the window, and telling us she was 'taking a drink' and pouting her lips out to suck it in as if it had been colder."

"Miss Harnett is a sensible young lady," the Doctor said with appreciation.

"We are as we are made," the mother consented, "and Teresa's sensible as most, I don't deny that."

"Well, don't confine her too much. There's such a thing as exercise as well as fresh air. Give her a run now and then. Old people require a temperature that does not always suit the young, even where the air is changed."

Mrs. Harnett considered. "I'll tell you what I'll do for her this very afternoon," she said at last. "If my mother settles down I'll send her to town after the medicine; that'll give her a change."

"It is a longish step to Stockton." The Doctor demurred.

"Step! you don't think Teresa'll step it? Bless you, she'll take the gig. There's no better whip than Teresa hereabouts. There's nothing about the farm *she* can't drive, nor ride either if it comes to that. Her father had her on a beast's back before she'd set foot to ground. 'Let her tumble,' he'd say, 'a child tumbles light,'—and many a tumble she *had*, I warrant you that. No, no, Teresa'll drive herself into town."

"Then please say to her she will find the bottle ready at the chemist's. If there should be faintness, a little mustard applied to the heart in such a case is always safe. I shall report to Dr. Bucknill. Pleased, I am sure, to make your acquaintance." The stranger hurried away.

"Maybe I should have fee-ed him." Mrs. Harnett was some minutes considering this point, and then going to her usual station at the foot of the stairs, she shouted to Teresa to "speak a minute." "You'll have to go after your grannie's physio yourself. The man'll put Whitefoot in after he has had his dinner. I can't spare one of the hands; the work's behindhand as it is with the frost. He seems to have some sense in his head?"

Teresa understood the question, and that the head belonged to the Doctor, and was ready to acquiesce: "Kindly and clever both, mother. He is not anxious about grannie."

" Says what they all say, that she's to be kept quiet. She took to him wonderful."

" That was because he was so quiet himself."

" And that's a hint to me ! Tut-tut, child, I know you didn't mean it ; let me have my bit of fun. I am what I am, and I'll be it to the end of the chapter. If I'd been one of these nuns that never open their mouths, my word, I would have been crazy in a month. There's hard things on this earth, and the hardest is to hold your tongue. But the next time I set your grandmother off I give you leave to gag me—it's the best I'll deserve."

Teresa laughed.

" There was old Mrs. Pepper," her mother went on. " Her son'd bring her home peppermints. She was greedy of them, as old folk be, and she'd cram her mouth with them till he and his wife had their say. You'll have to be bringing me a pennorth from the town."

Teresa laughed again as she shook her head in denial.

" Well," Mrs. Harnett went on, " I'm not saying I don't blame myself for not keeping quiet with your grannie, and it was unlucky about that beef-tea. To think of her finding it out ! The mercy is she didn't make a fine tale of it for the Doctor to carry home. Some folk find mutton tallowy, but *with the beef* ! Well, no one can say your grandmother's not sharp."

After her night's vigil Teresa enjoyed her drive to town. It had been an early winter, and it was a late spring ; but hedges and trees were making up for lost time and bursting into green, the birds had taken up their song ; wind from the west, as she drove along, blew soft against her face. She marked a place where the willow grew. She would get some of its yellow blossoms, the "*goslings*" of her chidhood's tongue on her way home to take back to her grandmother.

Her mother had not, as usual, spared her commissions. The girl had to burry from shop to shop, and coming out of the last, the chemist's, she found herself face to face with Jem Tracy.

Both stood, for a moment, irresolute, and Teresa was the first to recover herself and hold out her hand.

" Good day, Dr. Tracy." Her smile had lost nothing of its sweetness, but the greeting given, she was about to pass on, when Jem again held out his hand.

Sore, angry with himself, as with the world in general, the

young man had been lounging about the street very much as he had been doing in the beginning of the day. More than one of his acquaintances had given him, since his engagement had come to an end (or so he fancied), the cold shoulder. Even Father Matthew was less cordial in his greeting. Jem, who had been proud of his popularity, found this come-down a hard mouthful to swallow. How if he walked up High-street by Teresa's side? That would show, at least, that the girl did not think herself a victim.

"May I walk as far as the Inn with you?" he asked with abruptness.

"If—if you wish it." Teresa drew her hand gently from his grasp.

"That old Bible fellow was right who said the world was full of liars," the young man said, as he stalked along in sulky fashion by her side. "These curs in Stockton don't care what they believe or say. Come Teresa, you know, as well as I do, how they have been talking."

Teresa did not answer. In spite of her self-control she was trembling all over, and Jem at her continued silence turned and faced her.

"You have been ill," he cried, "and no one told me." A wave of remorse came over him; he did not stop to think, but put out his hand to try and take her's again. "See here, Teresa, let the past be the past; let us be as we were. I'm not worth much, but I'll make you a good husband, I promise you that. You know I mean what I say."

"I know you mean to be kind," Teresa said at last. She tried to smile though she was still trembling. "I—I have not been ill. I was up nearly all last night, and—and—you startled me."

Jem again looked at her. "That is no answer," he cried impatiently. "I know Mrs. Makepeace has been ill, but you have been ill yourself. See here——" he began again, but Teresa put up her hand in protest.

"Please," she began, and her face was so white that Jem, instinctively, put out his hand to steady her.

"You *are* ill," he cried. "I am going to get you something. Come into this shop and sit down while I run back to the Dispensary."

Teresa shook her head. With an effort she pulled herself

together. "There is nothing wrong," she said. "I must be getting home. My grandmother is waiting for her medicine."

"I shall drive you home," Jem said with peremptoriness. "There is no use saying no. I am going to do it. You don't believe in me, Teresa, but I am not going to pretend what is not the truth. Let me make it all up to you, that is all I ask. Do you think I am brute enough to live content when I know you are unhappy?"

"I am not unhappy." Teresa tried to smile again. "And don't think I don't understand, that I don't appreciate your"—she sought for a word—"generosity. Good-bye, you know it is best." They had reached the courtyard of the Inn.

"That is all you have to say to me," Jem cried impulsively. "Remember I was ready to make amends."

The girl gave a little nod; her throat felt tight.

"I am leaving Stockton," Jem went on, "we may not meet again, Teresa."

"I hope you will be very happy." Words had come at last.

"What does it matter about me? It is you I want to be happy. See here, Teresa, you will write to me, you will tell me how you are getting on. Promise me."

Teresa shook her head. "You know it is better as it is." She turned her face away, and at that moment the ostler, who had seen them coming down the street, led the horse out of the stables.

"Good-bye," Teresa said again. "You know I have done what is right. You must not worry about me." Again she looked at the young man with a smile.

It was characteristic of the girl that, even now, she was duty-doing, and ready to ask what parcels had come from the shops, and to count them over in methodical fashion to see if their number was correct.

Jem, watching her, felt the old spirit of opposition rise. Teresa break her heart! He helped her into the dogcart without a further word, and in silence watched her drive away. She was right, they would never have got on together; there would have been always friction. But it was *she*, not himself, he had to thank that he had not again plunged himself into the depths of what he mentally termed the "mess." Jem almost gasped as he fathomed the risk he had run, but—any other fellow, under the circumstances, would have done the same thing (any fellow that

was a fellow, as least); and—he had done the “right thing,” and Teresa, when she thought the interview over, would be bound to acknowledge it.] In this conclusion there was, a crumb of satisfaction, the first that had fallen to Jem’s share that day.

CHAPTER LI

JAMES LYCETT VISITS BARONSCOURT

Life in a small manufacturing town is not lively, but James Lycett was content. His quarters were comfortable; his landlady a fair—if old-fashioned—cook; his landlord’s claret unexceptionable; the Presbytery was open to him; and—he was near Teresa.

Twice a week, at the least, the young man found his way up the Hill, and became dexterous in finding an errand. Enquiries after Mrs. Makepeace’s health; a bunch of grapes for the old lady; information to give about a new seed potato of which he had heard Mrs. Harnett speak; a question or two she alone could answer about Wood-ash in its old days; the address of the Catholic branch of the Lees, a Yeoman family once connected with his own, and which had moved to another county; a petition for a cup of tea when he was superintending the restoration of the Lycett tombstones in the Shotover Churchyard; a book he fancied *Mrs. Harnett* might like to see; a forgotten umbrella—(Forgotten indeed! Mrs. Harnett chuckled to herself when the young man came back to ask for it. Had she not seen him take it up, put it down, and finally quietly deposit it in a corner. Lovers were lovers all the world over, but it was a trick she scarcely could have expected of the staid American.)

Mrs. Harnett was outspoken with her persistent visitor.

“It’s not me you’re wanting,” she would say with a significant nod of the head and a twinkle in her eye that was not far removed from a wink; “but you’ll have to content yourself with me till Teresa can get away from her grandmother, and that’s none so easy now-a-days, I can tell you that.”

“If God had wanted patience, the world would never have been made,” was a local proverb quoted on occasion, but sooner or later, Teresa would appear and the young fellow’s own patience was rewarded; but he played his game with discretion.

Teresa near about provoked her, the mother was ready to tell herself sometimes. Innocence was innocence, but for anybody to believe that any man living would walk all the way from Stockton to ask after an old woman who was neither kith nor kin ! simple was simple, she would repeat with a sigh, but Teresa beat *her* ! And—well, some day the fat would be in the fire.

"Lord sake, every day she lives her grandmother thinks more of her," she confided to her visitor one day. "It's slavery or next door to it as I sometimes tell her."

"So long as Miss Harnett does not consider herself a slave," the young man said with a smile.

"There's no choice on this earth," Mrs. Harnett went on, "or so it seems to me. Your own slave or the slave of others you're bound to be, and better the slave of other folk than with no thought but for yourself. That's my only comfort, and Teresa's that sort. She'll be the slave to those she cares about till the end of the chapter."

"She certainly," the lover acquiesced, "does not spare herself."

Only once in these talks between mother and lover did Jem Tracy come upon the carpet, and then James Lycett, who had that morning heard the news, asked suddenly if Teresa knew the young man was about to leave Stockton.

"Leaving, is he?" Mrs. Harnett did not try to hide her satisfaction. "A good riddance of bad rubbish, that's my opinion if you want it. It's a pity he ever showed his face in it."

There was no doubt about it that Teresa Harnett, to use her mother's expression, was "one-eyed."

Maria Dingley or one of her friends the Erne girls, however broken-hearted in her own opinion, would never have doubted of James Lycett's intentions, and would have found her comfort in the appearance of another lover, but—"Teresa was Teresa," as simple in some respects (as her mother was ready to deplore) as a child.

Mr. Lycett had, once upon a time, asked her to be his wife, and she had told him it could never be, and he had acquiesced in the decision, had accepted her engagement without a protest, and it did not enter the girl's head that in renewing his visits he was renewing his suit. The American had himself well in hand ; he did not mean to lose the game by playing his cards too soon ; as far as possible he would make sure of his answer before again risking his fate. Neither by word nor look did he

commit himself, though he took care Teresa should understand that he was to be counted on, in any emergency, as her faithful friend.

The young man's advertisement for his missing relatives was no longer to be seen in the local papers, and the Harnetts had been among the first to notice this, and Mrs. Harnett had jumped to the conclusion that he had given up his search as hopeless.

"You're going back as you came," she remarked one day jocosely, "with no Lycetts to share your fortunes."

The young man hesitated before he spoke, but it could do no harm to say he was at last on a track. "I am in hopes," he said, "that I may get hold of *one*."

A man or woman would it be? Old or young? In Stockton or its neighbourhood? Who had answered the advertisement? Mrs. Harnett in answer to this information had many questions to ask.

"To tell you the truth, Mrs. Harnett," the young man replied, "I have put the whole matter into my father's lawyers' hands. But it is Father Consett I have to thank for what clue there is. We cannot be sure of anything yet, but when we are you and Miss Harnett shall be the first to hear our news, and to see her too, if you will consent."

See her! A woman then, Mrs. Harnett's curiosity was not appeased.

"You will have to be careful," she advised the young man. "There's people about would take anybody in. Wit to wit, in this world, that's how it goes, and the honest, most times to the wall."

The American laughed.

"We shall be careful," he said. "There is little likelihood of being taken in, and I hope to interest you in my young cousin."

"Young, is she?" (This part of the information did not altogether please). "Well, it'll be news for Teresa when she comes downstairs. There's nothing like holding on in this world, but many a time I've grudged the pounds you were paying away in those advertisements; throwing them to the winds. Many's the time I have said it to Teresa. You'll be for taking her to New York?"

"I hope so, but as you would tell me, Mrs. Harnett, I must not count my chickens before they are hatched!"

"And, if you have brought these lawyer folk into the business,

a fine penny you'll pay for the hatching. I'm curious, Mr. Lycett, and I'm *safe*. I'd give a deal to hear it all. It isn't as if the Lycetts weren't old friends, and—might have been more. I guess your grandfather never forgot my mother any more than she's forgotten him. The very name sets her off by the hour. And not only your grandfather's name, but just you say, 'Elizabeth,' and there she is, with talk you'd think would never come to an end. She thinks a heap of his lordship and of the family (as all the tenants do), but that doesn't hinder her having her word out about the old lord getting rid of your grandfather's father the way he did. My word, when you come to think of it, if the General had married your Aunt Catherine you might have been sitting in the River-House drawing-room instead of in the Glebe parlour. Well, maybe, he thought of her and, maybe, he didn't. I never saw the man yet that didn't perk up at the sight of a pretty face, and the Shotovers have been great ones for beauty. If you saw the pictures on their walls, you'd know that. This one's the plainest lady that's been if you believe all tales, and some count her a beauty, though it's more than I do, but the young ladies they're beauties through and through. Put them in a crowd, and they'd be the first you'd see. They tell me that that sewing-girl whose sister died in the Court is their model, but I'll see her for myself before I believe that. Peas ain't more like one another than all these Shotovers. But, my word, how I run on, and, all the time, I was taken up with your cousin. First, second, third, what'll the relationship be?"

"Upon my word, I have not counted! Wait till it is proved," the American laughed.

"You're like Teresa. You're one for making sure. But you haven't told me if you've seen her."

The American shook his head.

"Well, I see I'm to hear no more. I'll have to have patience; but don't you forget that we're to have the first sight!"

"I am depending on Miss Harnett taking an interest in her," the young man returned gravely.

"Teresa 'll do that," the mother assured him. "If she don't turn out fitter company for the young ladies at Shotover than such as us. Some folks get on; some don't."

"The young ladies at Shotover are not likely to trouble their heads about her," the American said, so shortly that Mrs. Harnett recognised the bitterness in the tone.

"Ah, you've a pick at the family yet. Well, as I've been saying, I don't know that they acted fair; but it's the General, if it's any of them, you've got to pay off, and I wouldn't forget you might have been his nephew." Mrs. Harnett chuckled over her repeated joke, while the young man reddened with annoyance.

From his landlady James Lycett knew that Mary Priddock, a convalescent, had been sent with the child who had been her charge to the country, to stay (as Mrs. Birchall put it) till they were "safe." When they came back, the woman had added, she hoped to engage the girl for a permanency. Young women like her were not so easily found, and to think that she had come out of the Court! Mrs. Birchall's hands went up in amazement.

A few days after this conversation with Mrs. Harnett the young man stopped at the entrance of the archway, on his way up High-street, and as he looked through its vista across the cobbled square at the tall old house that faced him, he put himself to imagine what the girl's surroundings had been. Old Peter, scenting the stranger, and eager for a copper, hobbled across the street and asked if he would care to walk round?

The old man had picked up a wonderful amount of information about the square and its past inhabitants. The house with the crown (coronet) was where the "Lord Shotovers" had lived, and the house beyond had belonged to another great family, the Leighs. There was a double L, and the Lily that was their crest still to be seen interlaced on some carving in an upper room, would his Honour like to see it? Some strangers did. And there in the corner was the spot where one of the family was stabbed. People had it he *walked*, but Peter (in his wisdom) doubted that.

In the centre of the Court where his Honour could see a little mound, the Priest had told him a cross had stood, but, perhaps that would not interest his Honour? Peter, dubious of the Faith of the visitor, squinted slyly up in his face. Could he see the inside of the Shotover House, the stranger asked, or would his visit disturb its tenants?

"Disturb the tenants?" Peter repeated the words with derision. "It would take a deal to disturb them." And, handing over his broom to a boy who had been on the watch, he expressed himself ready to show the stranger the sights.

Her Ladyship's door was open, and Molly Delaney, on

her knees, was scrubbing at the boards. It was not the first time Molly had performed the task, but a fetid smell still hung about the room, and James Lycett, who had stepped across the threshold drew back with a gesture of disgust.

The sweeper understood. "Why can't you burn the bits of things?" he demanded petulantly of Molly, pointing to the packages that littered the room. "Sure there's no worth in these rags by the look of them."

Molly shook her head. "Wiser than you has bid me let them be. When they find them as ought to own them, they can do as they please."

Peter forgot the visitor in his interest in this statement.

"Then there's no will?" he asked with eagerness, "and them all saying you was down for a hunder."

"What would I be doing with a hunder?" Molly burst into a laugh, and, behind James Lycett's back, lifted her hand in expressive gesture to her mouth. "Two shillings they give me every time I wash the place down, and I was paid my last week up honest, and more I can't expect."

"She'd a sister to herself?" demanded Peter.

"Then they've got to find her. The houses,"—Molly sank her voice—"they're his Lordship's. I heard the lawyer gent as came say as much to old Rouse, the agent. But what are you doing with *him*?" Molly demanded suddenly, pointing towards the American, who, having left them to finish their talk, was now standing at the foot of the staircase.

"If I wasn't forgetting him," Peter started, "and him wanting to see over the place. Is any of them in?"

"They're never in, but when they're out," Molly answered ambiguously, "or that's how it was in the old one's day when she'd be after the rent. If it's the wood-carving he's after, I'd take him to Mrs. Simmons' room; there's half the crown yet over the mantel-piece, and she'd knock it off for him for a trifle. Half-a-crown the packman gave her the other day for a bit of the board. They're making the best of it now *she's* gone." Molly pointed to the empty bedstead.

"I'd mind your steps, sir," the old man said when he had rejoined his charge. "What with the cats and the cabbage-stalks, and maybe a rent in the boards, a broken neck'd come easy. Cats is terrible beasts for the stairs," he shook his head, "and

since two of the windows was boarded up, there's no looking at your feet."

By the time the American had come to the third story of the house, where a half-clad woman was engaged in beating a child, he had had enough of the Court. The place, he told himself, was a disgrace to civilisation.

A door at the end of the passage was standing open, a broken chair and a pretence of a bed on the floor its only visible furniture.

Old Peter's eyes lightened up with recognition. "A decent pair of girls lived there," he said. "As decent a pair as ever came into the Court, though only one went out. The Priddocks, they were a decent pair." The old man sighed as he shook his head.

James Lycett made a step forward.

"Step in, step in," the old man cried, "Kitty Palmer won't say you no."

James Lycett looked in silence round the room, whose occupant was absent, and then, pulling out his purse, he laid a crown piece on the table.

"It will be safe?" he asked.

"It'll be safe." The old man nodded. "Kitty's no stranger. She'll have the cup of tea she hasn't seen this many a month. The Lord reward you, sir." As pleased as if the charity had been done to himself Peter pulled his forelock.

His own cousins, flesh and blood to the Shotovers, had lived in this room, in the *Shotover House*. For the first time this coincidence struck the young man.

When the moment came, General Shotover would not be spared. James Lycett set his teeth together as he promised himself this compensation.

A couple of shillings rewarded Peter, who, after watching him disappear through the arch, went back to make Molly a confidante of his luck.

"I'm vexed about that hunder, Molly," he said, when he had received her congratulations. "And as for the old one not making her will, they're soft that'll believe that. She wasn't one to let go her grip of the gold, even under the coffin-lid. It's not everyone she'd like to be thinking was fingering her notes.

"She'll—maybe—have something else to think of," Molly said with grim significance.

Peter crossed himself, as if in sudden remembrance. "Sure," he said, "she hasn't many to pray for her, God rest her soul." He balanced his two shillings. "They're found money, as you may say," he muttered to himself. "You haven't a bit of paper handy, Molly?"

Molly, hunting in a drawer, brought out a sheet of an account book, and Peter carefully wrapped up the coins.

"If your pocket's given out I've a needle handy, and whoever heirs her won't grudge a length of thread." Molly again pulled open the table drawer to search for a reel.

The old man shook his head. "It's his Reverence's coat," he said, "and the lining's good. It was just a notion I had."

"Well," Molly said patronisingly, "it's, maybe, safer in paper. It's a windfall."

Peter nodded, as he put the little packet carefully into his pocket. "It'll be a Mass for her," he said to himself, as he hobbled back to his crossing.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued.)

THE ALTAR OF MEMORIES

THE violet light that stains the slender spire
 Crowning the Gothic Altar, through the glass
 That turns the morning sunbeams as they pass
 Into ethereal, pale, unearthly fire,
 Seems as the rainbow of my soul's desire
 That hovers there, throughout the hour of Mass :
 But memories change with them as fleet, alas
 Even as those tender early hues expire.

The colours into green and crimson change ;
 So in my heart have earthly light and shade
 And red of suffering had their passing range,
 Till fading with the evening's softening glow ;
 Here, where the bride of Christ I once was made—
 Even here, are dearest hours my life can know.

ROSE ARRESTI.

CONCERNING CERTAIN CHRISTIAN NAMES

THE name Bessie is not a very common one at the present day, yet I have twice lately come across a child who answered to it. The first, who made her appearance in a railway carriage, was a flibberty-gibbet of twelve or thirteen, decidedly plain, but bright-looking, and was well and sensibly dressed. She carried the usual strap of school-books and was alone, but she spoke to one of the other passengers who called her by her name, which I should not of course have known otherwise. She rushed about the long carriage, in at one end and out at the other, like Harlequin in a pantomime, and vanished before the train started. She may, of course, have finally come to anchor in some other carriage, but I am inclined to think that she had merely turned into the station by way of a little interlude in her walk home from school.

The second Bessie, whom I met in a shop a few days later, was, perhaps, a year or two younger; a child of the working-class, solid and sensible, with apparently some of the responsibility of a family upon her shoulders. She had the broad accent and little turns of speech, translated literally from the Gaelic, which are so seldom heard among the younger generation, now that the National Schools have succeeded in substituting genteel vulgarity for the straightforward and often refined simplicity of former days. She was talking to an older woman about some one who was ill, and was expressing little grandmotherly opinions about the case. She was dressed in the modern hat and jacket, but she would have looked more natural with bare head and little woollen shawl over her shoulders, and far and away more picturesque.

Bessie is certainly the best of the many abbreviations of Elizabeth; far better than the commonplace Lizzie, or the sentimental Lily, while the fashionable affectation of Betty is too atrocious to be discussed. I believe the Irish form of Elizabeth is Sibel. I wonder if it comes from the Spanish Isabel, which is, I fancy, the same name; Elizabeth of Valois, the third wife of Philip II., being sometimes spoken of as Isabel. In the Irish version of the Gospels, however, the name is *Éilíbeac*.

The name is a popular one in modern fiction; the Elizabeth

who pays visits; the owner of the German garden (whom I do not think I wrong in counting among the heroines of fiction); the mother of Elizabeth's children, those fascinating little Frenchmen who make life so hard for their bachelor uncle, and the really attractive Elizabeth of the *Etchingham Letters*, to whom I offer sincere apologies for bracketing her with the rest—are some instances.*

There seems to be a fashion in heroines' names. A good many years ago three novels appeared almost at the same time, the heroines of which all bore the name of Dorothea. One of these books was, of course, *Middlemarch*; another, Miss Thackeray's *Old Kensington*; while the third, now I fancy forgotten, was Jane Ingelow's *Off the Skelligs*, which, in spite of the title, was not an Irish story.

Dorothea Brooke is almost as well known as Jeanie Deans or Diana Vernon, but I think Dolly Vanborough has slipped from the memories of all but a few. She is a simpler, and I think a more lovable person than Dorothea Brooke, who is too self-conscious; and she is quite as unselfish. For instance, she refuses to dispute her brother's will, leaving all he possesses to a comparative stranger; although this will was made in ignorance of the fact that, owing to the caprice of an old aunt who died a day or two before himself, these possessions included what should have been his sister's share. Miss Thackeray's skilful word-painting has left us some pretty pictures of Dolly, the prettiest being, I think, the one in which we see her standing in the doorway in the old brick wall, in her old-fashioned dark green gown, a lantern in her hand. "Like an ivy plant," Frank Raban thinks, "she seemed to bloom so freshly in the darkness."

I have no recollection of the heroine of *Off the Skelligs* beyond the fact that her name also was Dorothea.

The Margarets, both of history and fiction, are legion. St. Margaret of Scotland, the wife of Malcolm Canmore, the antagonist of Macbeth, was a Saxon princess, and is said by English historians to have brought Saxon civilisation into Scotland. One wonders if

* There is a strange omission in this enumeration of the Elizabeths of fiction. We remember vividly after forty years the impression made by the opening page of *The Story of Elizabeth*, published anonymously in the *Cornhill Magazine* during Thackeray's brief but brilliant reign. It was by his daughter (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie), who is worthy of him, inheriting a good deal of his genius.—Editor, IRISH MONTHLY.

it were of the same type as the "civilisation" which has been imported into our own land in the course of the last seven centuries, when we remember that the Picts and Scots had been converted and taught by St. Columba and the monks of Iona, we are disposed to wonder if Saxon civilisation were any greater boon to them than it has been to us. Of course it is only in post-Reformation times that the Scot has become "unspeakable." Even Macbeth, maligned as he is by Shakespeare, is no worse than some of St. Margaret's own Saxon kindred.

Then we have Marguerite de Valois, the sister of Francis I. She was a kind and learned woman, but she was supposed to favour the Huguenots, and was certainly the patroness of Clément Marot. M. Sainte-Beuve thinks that in common with many of her contemporaries, she was led away by the love of learning and had a narrow escape from unconsciously falling into heresy. Her humanity also caused her to protect and intercede for the persecuted Huguenots. She wrote, besides much else, both in prose and verse, the *Heptameron*, a collection of short stories somewhat similar to the *Decameron* of Boccaccio, and quite as disedifying.

Marguerite was, by her second marriage with Henri d'Albret, titular King of Navarre, the grandmother of Henry IV., the first King of the house of Bourbon. He married and divorced another Marguerite de Valois, a grand-niece of the first, and daughter of Catherine de Medici.

Margaret Beaufort was the ancestress of the house of Tudor, to which she transmitted her more than doubtful claim to the English crown; and it was the marriage of another Margaret Tudor, her granddaughter, with James IV. of Scotland, that finally led to the union of that country with England.

Margaret Beaufort also was a learned woman, and a patron of learning, founding various schools and colleges. It seems strange that none of her foundations were for women; but perhaps she thought, as Charles Kingsley did later, that the best way to benefit women was to civilise men.

The Margarets of fiction are usually gracious and dignified. One of the most lovable of them is Margaret Hale, the heroine of Mrs. Gaskell's *North and South*; although she does, under great stress, and to save another, tell a lie.

Margaret is a well-sounding name in its proper form, but its variants are many, and most of them ugly. Peggy is about the

worst, though Maggie runs it close, and the Scotch form Marjorie is the most tolerable.

I think the custom of abbreviating Christian names is one of the worst of the vulgarisms of the present day. It is allowable in the case of children, but it makes grown women appear ridiculous to be addressed as Nelly or Kitty. Besides, people's characters are unconsciously influenced by their names, and the chances are that Nellie and Maggie will be neither so sensible nor so well-bred as Ellen and Margaret. Moreover, women are handicapped in the struggle for existence by this foolish custom. I once heard it remarked that, while it was difficult for Jane to compete successfully with John, it was next to impossible for Jennie to do so. The Americans who have been the worst offenders in this respect appear to be reforming. I read a story in an American magazine lately, the characters in which were named Margaret, Anne and Katharine.

Anne is a charming name, by the way. It suggests some one gentle and gracious and womanly. And yet this gracious and womanly name was once borne by a man: Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France, who held this office under four kings of the house of Valois, and fell in defending Paris against the Huguenots in 1567.

Among those who bear the name with better right is Anne of Brittany, whose successive marriages with Charles VIII. and Louis XII. united the Duchy of Brittany to the Kingdom of France; the union being perpetuated by the marriage of her daughter Claude with Francis I. She seems to have been not only a good woman, but also a sensible and spirited one.

There have been three or four Annes, regnant or consort on the English throne, the only one of any interest being Anne of Bohemia, the much loved wife of Richard II., whom Shakespeare seems to have confused with her successor, the twelve years old Isabel, as he makes the latter speak and act with a good sense and dignity far beyond her years.

Among the Annes of fiction is Miss Austen's Anne Eliot, the one among all that writer's heroines that one would, I think, prefer as a relation, Elizabeth Bennett and Emma being somewhat too pert and vivacious for everyday use. And we must not forget Mrs. Clifford's "Aunt Anne," the absurd, pathetic figure with a certain charm about it too, whose mind has remained young while

her body has grown old, and who constantly forgets that other people judge her by the latter. We all know people who suffer from the same discrepancy; but most of them are conscious of it and make more or less successful efforts to hide it. Aunt Anne does not dress youthfully, however; the black silk dress with lace and chiffon at the throat and wrists which she orders for her nephew's dinner party is one which might be suitably worn by a woman of eighty.

Certain writers in the Irish papers are very severe on those parents who give their children names other than Gaelic ones. I quite agree with them in their objection to names which are exclusively English in their origin or associations; Edith and Ethel, Outhbert and Wilfrid, being quite unsuitable as prefixes to Irish surnames; but they seem to forget that the names of many of the saints are the heritage of Christendom, and that the three most popular names in Ireland—Mary, Michael, and Patrick—are of foreign origin, the first two being Hebrew and the last Latin. Many of the Irish names are beautiful, and it is a pity that they are not more used, but no Christian country limits itself to purely local names, and we should not like to renounce our right to such names as Dominic and Francis, Agnes or Cecilia. We could, of course, in writing or speaking Irish, use the Gaelicised forms of these names, as well as the true forms of our surnames. I should certainly like to abolish the form Mary, with its flattened vowel and Anglicised termination, and to substitute *Máire*; but I fear that English speakers would be apt to pronounce the correct spelling *Mare* and to spell the correct pronunciation *Maurya*. There are many forms of the name: Marion, Miriam, Muriel, Maria. If this last were pronounced as in Latin and Italian, it would be a pretty name, but the English mode of pronouncing the *i* as a diphthong spoils it.

There seems to be a certain confusion as to the proper equivalent for Irish names in other languages. For instance, *Sígle* is sometimes translated Julia and sometimes Cecilia, which are distinct names. Dr. Hyde says that *Una* is the Irish form of Winifred, but he gives no explanation of the statement. Winifred means, I think, a lover of peace, and *Una* may be derived from *uan*, a lamb; but the connection seems far-fetched. St. Winifred was a Welsh saint. I wonder what her name is in Welsh.

As candidates for the Intermediate Examinations are often

obliged to send in their baptismal certificates as evidence of age, the lists of the successful ones which used to be published a few years since often played the part of Ithuriel's spear, compelling by force all names to return to their original likeness, Josephine sometimes becoming Joanna, Maude Martha, and Lily Eliza ; to the great annoyance of Josephine, Maude, and Lily.

Ugly or unsuitable names are a real trial to those who bear them, and it is a thoughtless thing of parents to allow either their own fancies or excessive deference to elderly relatives to induce them to inflict upon their children names which are either so fine or so homely as to make their owners ridiculous.

KATHARINE ROCHE.

TO A. A. IN HEAVEN

DEAREST, sweetest little one, that playest in the meadows,
Where the stream of life flows from the throne of God,
Here I journey wearily amid the dusky shadows,
By a long and rough road that thy feet never trod.

Look on me, forgetting not the years we spent together—
O the bright, the glad years, vanished far away !
When the world was beautiful in spring or wintry weather,
And all the hours were noontide, and every month was May.

Now no more, my darling one, hand in hand we wander
Through the flowery woodland or down the dewy lane ;
Laid at rest, thy feet are still by the old church yonder,
Slumber seals thy eyelids to open not again.

Yea, but I shall meet thee, dear, one day in the meadows,
Playing with the children beside the crystal stream ;
Thou wilt run to welcome me from this land of shadows,
And all the pain of longing will vanish like a dream.

J. W. A.

JOHNNY MOHUN AND THE CHURN

IT was in the County Meath, in the month of June, just sixty years ago.

Such a grand, fine night as it was, and the moon queening it over everything with her pale, proud face, and sailing along so calm and easy that you forgot all about the heat and hurry of the day, and you took long breaths, and began to look about you and see how lovely the sky and fields and roads looked. Well, it wasn't cool poor Johnny Mohun was feeling at all. There he was struggling along the white road at twelve o'clock, and carrying a big, new churn home to Molly. When he'd get tired of carrying it, then he'd put it down, and work it along on the bottom from side to side. But that was slow work, and it was very late. To be sure, he should have been home hours ago, but he had stopped at Micky Ryan's, meaning only to stay a few minutes, but there was a *ceilidh* on; so, what with the talking and fiddling, and the weeny sup of whisky he took, he forgot all about the time.

He was getting along finely now, only feeling a bit ashamed when he thought of poor Molly sitting up for him all this time, and not knowing but that something might have happened to him, —when the sight nearly left his eyes. For there, coming along the road, was a whole troop of little men, dressed in black and silver, about the size of from your wrist to your elbow, and they were carrying something with lights on it.

Poor Johnny stood stock-still in the middle of the road.

Well for him it was that they were coming along slowly, for he had just time to think what to do. Off he took the lid of the churn, and in with him like a flash into it, with the lid on top of him. Then up came the little men with their coffin, and stopped at the churn, and crowded round it.

There were about thirty of them, and they had clear, shrill voices, and were talking in Irish like mad.

"Who's in this?" said they, making a great racket and hitting the sides of the churn.

One of them said "Oh, who would it be only Johnny Mohun?"

"Johnny Mohun is it? Come out, Johnny Mohun! Come out, Johnny Mohun!" they all cried.

But Johnny didn't come out, and there wasn't a sound inside the churn, only the quick breathing of him.

"Are you there, Johnny?" they cried out then. But not a word did Johnny say. Then the fairies began to laugh at the thought of the great big man keeping so quiet there in the churn, and not a sound out of him at all. And when they laughed, it was like the sweet tinkling of gold and silver bells; and anyone that ever hears them laugh has always a kind of music in his heart afterwards. Well, when they had done laughing, they put the coffin, with the lighted candles on it and all, on top of the churn, and poor Johnny shivered more than ever.

"What'll we do with him?" said they, "shall we pull him out, and make him come with us and dig the grave?"

They couldn't make up their minds for a while, but the laughing had put them into a good temper, and one of them said: "We'll let him be. He's a decent man, this Johnny Mohun, and if he's a bit of a coward, he's a wise man not to fight with us anyway. Then there's his wife Molly and the baby, and, if we take him with us to-night, he'll not be like the same man afterwards, because *he* isn't one of the living people that have some of our nature in them, and that can look at us and talk to us without harm. This man would die, maybe, and there'd be no use in that."

"There'd be no use in that," they all echoed. Then they took the coffin off the churn, and ranged themselves to march on to the churchyard.

"You've had a good rest, Johnny Mohun!" they called out. "It's a fine brave man you are, for sure! Is it butter you live on, that you're so fond of the churn?" And the gold and silver bells went tinkling again. Then they began to sing as they moved off:—

"Good-bye Johnny, don't be rash!
Don't forget us when you hear
Molly lifting the churn-dash."

So away they went in fine good temper and full of fun, even though they were carrying a coffin. For the fairy nature is easily moved to laughing, to crying, or to getting angry. And, though

the fairies can do kind, nice things when they are pleased, they are not much bothered like human people with thinking about what's right or what's wrong.

When he thought he might safely, poor Johnny got out of the churn more dead than alive. He had heard every word the fairies said, and, solid man as he was, he was shaking all over. He knew the power of them when they got angry; and he was afraid to obey them, and he was afraid not to. Well, as it turned out, he did the best thing.

Molly gave him a great welcome when he got home, late and all as it was, and even the baby wakened up and chuckled for him.

And when the story got known about the fairies, Johnny Mohun was a great man, and for weeks the people round about came flocking to hear every word of it. And to-day the story is still told, and anyone can show you the very spot where it all happened.

NORA TWEMLOW.

THE VOICE OF THE PINE

THE strength of the mountains,

The peace of the plains,

The joy of the fountains,

The hope of the rains,

The chill earth's rejoicing,

When Spring warms the sod,

Are all in thy voicing,

O minstrel of God!

J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

THE LONELY HEART

(In Memory of W. P. Coyne, who died January, 1904)

THE birds of Spring come back once more
 To sing among his hillside trees,
 And from the dear beloved shore
 We hear the same returning seas ;
 But he will never, never come again
 To lay his tender hand
 In mine or thine,
 At evening, when the children loved to stand
 And listen at his knee,
 And Love, that gift divine,
 Made life so sweet a melody
 For thee,
 That still the echo sings to me.
 Yet, while the blue light pours around
 The loveliness I scarcely knew
 Till his soul threw
 The holy light of tenderest feeling
 With all its magical revealing
 Across the paths that were a misty ground,
 Surely I feel that now I know
 How the pure heart of love might beat,
 And how its voice might flow,
 When, in thine eyes' resigned retreat,
 And on thy lips that quivering part,
 The silence of the lonely heart
 Can look, can speak,
 Still speak so sweet !

W. B.

THE LATE JAMES M'CANN, M.P.

R. J. P.

THE passing of seemingly necessary men is a dispensation to which we must reconcile ourselves." This apothegm was suggested to a writer in the *New Ireland Review* by the death of William Coyne, to whose memory were devoted the first pages of our last month's issue. This month it is our duty to pay a sincere tribute of affection, gratitude, and respect to another Irishman who has been taken from us, and to whom the words we have quoted are, perhaps, still more applicable. He was, indeed, one of the seemingly necessary men on whom his country reckoned as likely to do a great deal more of eminent service for her social welfare and material progress.

He had already done much. He had made a noble use of the ample means that he possessed. His wealth was not inherited, but chiefly acquired through the exercise of his great abilities as a stockbroker. In his financial dealings he was eminently prudent and conscientious; and his wise and cautious counsels guided many a religious community in the management of those terribly necessary money matters, and saved many a spinster and widow from ruin.

Amid his extensive professional engagements he found time to associate himself with many national enterprises. It was his ability and perseverance that achieved the redemption of the Grand Canal from neglect and disuse, and its conversion into a most important industrial highway. Of his great wealth he made, as we have said, the noblest use, not only by his unbounded liberality towards countless charitable and religious objects, but still more by devoting his energies and abilities to the encouragement of home enterprise and the bettering of the lot of the Irish peasantry. It was not with selfish motives that he became the owner of large tracts of land, but for purposes described by a writer in the *Freeman's Journal*:—

"He resided at Simmonscourt Castle, Donnybrook; but he also had a residence at historic Teltown, in Co. Meath, and was in intimate touch with the people in that county. He set the example to the owners of land in the

great grazing plains of Meath by breaking up the grass land for tillage, and he frequently declared that he found this mode of farming more advantageous, economically and nationally, than the grazing system so extensively practised around him. He took a very special interest in County Meath, and amongst the monuments to his industry and enterprise in that district are the successful bacon-curing factory which he established in Navan last year, and the publication which he started in the same town—the *Irish Peasant*—a paper devoted to the promotion of industries and the social and industrial advancement of the people, to which he contributed many able articles."

The end of this strenuous and successful career came suddenly and unexpectedly. Mr. M'Cann seemed to be in excellent health when presiding, for the last time, as Chairman, at a meeting of the Directors of the Grand Canal Company; but in a few days an attack of pneumonia carried him off, on the 16th of February. Cardinal Logue and several other Bishops attended his funeral; and many public tributes were paid to his great civic virtues and personal worth. When, at the next meeting of the Dublin Corporation, Sir Joseph Downes moved "that the Council desired to place on record an expression of its deep regret at the loss which the city of Dublin and the country at large had sustained by the death of Mr. M'Cann, who was a public-spirited citizen, and an earnest worker for the welfare of his fellow-countrymen," a Conservative, Mr. Rippingale, described Mr. M'Cann as "a broad-minded man of great ability, who desired, without distinction of section or party, to serve the country he loved so well." This was the verdict also of all the public journals of every hue.

To the people of Navan for whom he had provided so much employment and other advantages, the death of this good man was a sad catastrophe; but one of their priests was able to assure them from the altar on the following Sunday that their interests had been before the mind of their benefactor at the last, and that he had provided for the continuance of the beneficent undertakings that had already wrought so much good among them.

Mr. M'Cann's helpmate in his beautiful home was a daughter of Arthur O'Hagan, elder brother of John O'Hagan, whom many prefer to link with "Dear Land" and "Ourselves Alone" and *The Song of Roland*, rather than to describe as one of the most learned and distinguished Judges of the last century. The only daughter of the family exchanged such a home as this for the most austere order of Poor Clares, the Colettines, in the Convent of

Perpetual Adoration, Carlow. One of his three sons is a member of the Society of Jesus.

Nothing has been said of his unaffected piety, his genial nature, and all the personal qualities that made him universally loved and trusted. Would that Ireland had many such as he.

M. R.

FOR AN APRIL WEDDING

See the birds from south lands coming, back to skies of northern
air,

Rainbow-tinted, hear them singing, flinging music everywhere.

Careful of the law that keeps them, see them mate along the
breeze,

Soon their artist-craft shall build them summer homes among
the trees.

There when summer's wealth of glory thick along the wood is
hung,

Shall the willing parents labour for the pleasure of the young.

O, the carols ! O, what gladness there shall be within the home,
All the June days, through the August, till the fall of autumn
gloom.

And when raging cries of whirlwinds sweep the shelter from the
trees,

God will lead these birds that trust Him back to sun of southern
leas.

So may He, our constant Father, blessing now your springtime
ways,

Keep you through the joyful summer, lead you Home in autumn
days.

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *The Gospels of the Sundays and Festivals. With Introduction, Parallel Passages, Notes, and Moral Reflections.* By the Rev. Cornelius J. Ryan, late Professor of Sacred Scripture and Hebrew in Holycross College, Clonliffe, Dublin. Dublin: Browne and Nolan, Ltd., Nassau-street. [Price, 12s. 6d. net.]

We trust that these two most readably printed and convenient volumes will find their way at once into a very great many presbyteries in Ireland, and in other English-speaking countries. They will, please God, help many a hard-worked priest to expound the Sunday gospel to his people in a solid and interesting manner. We know of no other work of the kind that furnishes all the aids that can at once be found in these well planned and well filled pages. The frontispiece (if we may call it so) of the first volume is a very clever map of Palestine as it was in the time of our Divine Redeemer's life on earth. Four closely-printed pages give the names of the authors consulted in the composition of the work. An admirable Introduction of sixty pages treats, first, of the Gospels, their order, the various manuscripts and various translations, and, secondly, of the scenes in which the various events of the Gospel took place, the divisions of Palestine, its mountains, lakes, rivers, plains, and other natural features, especially its cities and villages, with an historical account and description of Jerusalem, illustrated by a plan of the Temple as rebuilt by Herod. For each Sunday and Festival, beginning with the first Sunday of Advent, we have, side by side, the Gospel in Greek and Latin, followed by the English translation, and this followed by the passages in which the other Gospels narrate the same event. This might seem to be enough of preliminary matter whereon to ground a commentary, but Father Ryan adds a combination of all the accounts that the Evangelists may have given of the incident in question. He then proceeds to explain and annotate the text, word by word, and these notes are followed by moral reflections which can readily be expanded into a very effective homily. A clear and full index of subjects is packed into sixteen columns at the end of the second volume, which contains maps of the Sea of Galilee and of the country round Jerusalem. Lest any reader

should misinterpret the phrase on the title-page, "Late Professor of Sacred Scripture and Hebrew," it may be mentioned that Father Ryan resigned this chair on being appointed the first pastor of a new parish formed out of the rising suburb of Dublin which bears the curious name of Dolphin's Barn. The work which we have presumed to recommend earnestly to the clergy and educated laity will be a permanent memorial of his long connection with the College of Holy Cross.

2. *Unseen Kings*. By Eva Gore-Booth. London: Longmans, Green & Co. [Price 2s. 6d.]

Miss Gore-Booth has already given us a volume of poems, and two more are promised after the present slim tome. Her poetic vocation is assured; but to what degree of perfection is she likely to attain? She is by no means commonplace, her diction is refined, and her themes are drawn chiefly from the folk-lore and mythology of Pagan Ireland. This last circumstance will be a recommendation with many readers; but we confess our preference for Christian Ireland and for the Ireland of to-day—or of yesterday or to-morrow. Those dim old days seem to us not only dreamy, but dreary. Even to William Yeats' Celtic twilight we prefer with Gerald Griffin,

A heart at rest within my breast
And sunshine in the land.

One needs a certain sympathy and a special education of the memory and fancy to be much interested in the little rhymed drama that gives this book a name and occupies most of its pages; but the poetical spirit and the cultured diction are easily perceived. Even the shorter pieces at the end are not easy to follow, the shortest being the least intelligible, and the nearest approach to a "song with a golden lilt" (a phrase that Miss Gore-Booth is fond of) being "The Queen's Flight." In page 81 there seems to be one of the most provoking kind of misprints; misprints, namely, that can only be detected by a specially intelligent reader—like the present writer. The seven stanzas of "The Wise Hermit" are all uniform except the first, in which the first line does not rhyme with the third. Was it the poet or the printer that substituted *stream* for the proper word *spring*?

3. *Anecdotes and Examples illustrating the Catholic Catechism*.

By the Rev. Francis Spirago. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago : Benziger. [Price, 6s. net.]

The title-page furthermore informs us that the Rev. J. Baxter, D.D., has adapted Fr. Spirago's work to the Baltimore Catechism ; and he tells us in his preface that this adaptation required him to add a hundred-and-fifty illustrative anecdotes. This is the largest and best collection of pious little stories that we have seen, containing as it does over six hundred well-filled pages. It will be very easy to apply this excellent selection to other catechisms different from the Baltimore Catechism, especially as the book ends with twenty columns of an index, giving an alphabetical list of the truths illustrated by this copious gathering of stories.

4. *Thought-Echoes. A Self-Thought Sequence.* Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. [Price, 6d.]

This is a new edition of *Wreaths of Song*, or of the sequence of thoughts drawn from it. Dr. O'Mahony dedicates it to his All Hallows students ; and those who have followed his lectures as professor of philosophy or theology will be more competent to appreciate so lofty a strain of thought for which a very special training is needed. Even those, however, to whom the poet speaks an unknown tongue will perceive the depth and originality of the thoughts that are here clothed in a very unusual garb. One might, indeed, imagine that the lyrical measures generally adopted are not the fittest for such themes. The so-called heroic couplet would seem to have claims to be considered the proper vehicle for philosophic thought. Certainly, now-a-days, wonderful value can be had for sixpence. Here we have one example ; and Longman announces a sixpenny edition of Cardinal Newman's *Apologia pro Vita Sua*.

5. We used to accuse American books of being very dear, but certainly two shillings is a moderate price for such handsome story books as the two last received from Messrs. Benziger Brothers. One is *The Great Captain : a Story of the Days of Sir Walter Raleigh*, by Katharine Tynan Hinkson. It is not only a tale of Sir Walter Raleigh's time, but that brilliant man is one of the chief actors. It begins in his Youghal home, and ends with his beheading in London. No need to say that it is written with all Mrs. Hinkson's charm of style, and is another proof of her amazing versatility and fertility. But I think young people will relish more the second of these stories, which is indeed meant for

a less mature class of readers. *Two Little Girls* is expressly labelled "A Story for Children." We become intimately acquainted with many other little girls beside the heroines; and there is abundance of incident and variety. No doubt some of the events seem improbable, but improbable things have the knack of happening sometimes. The style is very good, though now and then a quaint American idiom turns up. For instance, over there they do not "sleep at night," but "sleep nights." We do not remember having seen before the name of the writer, Miss Lilian Mack, but we hope to see it again—unless, meanwhile, she changes it for a better, in the usual sacramental way.

6. *Letters from the Beloved City*. To S. B. from Philip. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 39 Paternoster-row.

The Beloved City is Rome, but not the Rome of the Coliseum or even of St. Peter's; rather Rome as the centre of Christendom, as the heart of the world-wide Christian Church. Philip's letters, indeed, are an earnest and affectionate appeal to some one who is still outside the Fold, but seemingly without his fault. On such a one the claims of the Catholic Church are urged with what evidently aims at being the spirit of St. Francis de Sales or St. Philip Neri. The solid arguments are here also, as may be conjectured from the very titles of the chapters or letters, such as "The Fold and the Shepherd," "Christ's Mother and Christ's Church"; and then the usual notes, Unity, Holiness, Catholicity, and Apostolicity. But the form into which this amicable controversy is thrown gives it a kindly personal tone which is sure to catch the attention and secure the goodwill of those to whom it is addressed. For "S. B." stands evidently for any one of those well-disposed seekers after the Truth, who in England now-a-days seem to be separated from the Catholic Church by only slight barriers that may readily be broken down. God grant that Father Philip's beautiful pleading for his Mother may draw into her embrace very many who now are looking wistfully towards her.

7. *St. Anthony's Hymn Book*. By B. and J. G. Menard. Boston: Marlier & Co.

This holy and beautiful collection of music and verse seems to come to us from Canada *via* Boston. It is intended "for the use of members of the Third Order of St. Francis and others." St. Francis of Assisi and St. Anthony of Padua have nine hymns each, and there are hymns in honour of the Holy Ghost, the Sacred

Heart, the Blessed Virgin, and Christmas; while St. Clare, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and others, are sung in the "miscellaneous hymns." Nay, the *Magnificat*, the *Tantum Ergo*, the *Litany of Loretto*, and other familiar devotions have new music here, so that *St. Anthony's Hymn Book* may well aspire to general circulation. The hymns are all good, and some of them beautiful.

8. *Father Damien, Apostle of the Lepers of Molokai*. From the French of the Rev. Philibert Tauvel, SS.CC. London: Art and Book Company, 22 Paternoster-row, E.C. [Price, 2s. 6d.]

The initials after the author's name show that he is a priest of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, to which Father Damien himself belonged. If the reader has given the English sound to the *a* in the name of that martyr of charity, as when we speak of St. Cosmas and St. Damian, we think he ought to spell it in the English way also: for "Damien" was only the religious name of Joseph de Veuster. The beautiful story of his heroic life and death is very well told in this well-printed and very cheap volume, which is copiously illustrated with pictures of the holy Missionary at the age of 23 years and 33 years, and of many places and scenes connected with his work among the poor lepers.

9. R. & T. Washbourne, 4 Paternoster-row, London, have produced (for 1s. 6d.), with great neatness, *Mater Mea, Thoughts for Mary's Children*, written and compiled by Madame Cecilia, Religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham. Books intended for a special season are very often brought out a little too late; but this *Mons de Marie* is fully in time, and will, we hope, put holy thoughts into many hearts during the Month of Mary. It is a holy and beautiful little book. Such also, though not so daintily printed, is another small book issued by the same publishers—*The Crucifix, or Pious Meditations*; translated from the French by Francis M. Grafton. There is a good deal of freshness and originality in these reflections on Jesus Christ Crucified. There ought to have been a few words in front about the French author, of whom a note at page 21 tells us that he was the chaplain of a hospital at Lyons called Calvary. The translation is very well done—so carefully and skilfully that one is surprised to read at the top of page 2, "Scarcely was Jesus Christ raised upon the Cross than He drew all hearts to Him."

10. *The Soul of Jesus in His Passion*. From the French of

Père Monsabré, O.P. By Agnes Wollaston. Dublin, Belfast, and Cork: Browne & Nolan, Ltd. [Price, 1s.]

In form this is the neatest book issued for a long time from the Dublin press, and, as for the substance, its excellence is guaranteed by the name of one of the most distinguished French preachers of the second half of the nineteenth century. The translation has been made with great care and skill. In page 107 the word *bulk* must be a mistake. The only misprint that has rewarded a jealous scrutiny is *sacriligious* in page 137, which represents phonetically the universal but surely wrong pronunciation of the word.

11. *The Psalms and Canticles in English Verse*. By the Right Rev. Bishop Bagshawe. London: Sands & Co., 12 Burleigh-street, Strand.

Dr. Bagshawe seems to have attained a high measure of success in an enterprise that can never be wholly successful. The substantial meaning of the Psalms is expressed in clear and smooth verse, which is as poetical as it aims at being. Many holy and happy hours have been spent over the book by its author, and many holy and happy hours will be spent over it in the course of years by readers whom it will aid in understanding the wonderful series of prayers and spiritual reflections which we call the Psalms of David. We turned with some curiosity to a favourite text, the twentieth verse of Psalm 118, and were disappointed to find that the Bishop, professing to follow the Vulgate, abandons it here for the Hebrew, which is said to be somewhat uncertain.

Exile on earth am I; hide not
Thy sweet commands from me:
My soul, for Thy most holy ways,
Ever thirsts eagerly.

Surely the plain meaning of the Latin does not express this eager thirsting, this vehement desire, but rather that mere desire of a desire which St. Augustine and a hundred saints and a thousand spiritual writers have made one of the commonplaces of spirituality.

12. *The Last Irish King. A Drama in Three Acts*. By T. O'Neill Russell. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd. [Price, 6d.]

This drama is substantially historical, and tells an interesting story connected with Art MacMurrough, "the last of the real Irish provincial Kings." The scenes follow one another briskly, in good, manly, blank verse. The excellent moral is that disunion and

localism have been the chief causes of Ireland's troubles in the past, and that she can never be prosperous till her children become united—

A race untrammelled by provincial hates,
To whom each province shall alike be dear—
Not Gaels or Galls, but Irishmen alone!

13. Mr. George Fleming, of Arklow, has argued very ably *The Case of Ireland against the Science and Art Department* (Dublin: Browne & Nolan). It is very short-sighted policy on the part of English statesmen and officials to be unjust towards Ireland in various fiscal arrangements, instead of striving to atone for the shortcomings of the past by being generous and more than just. Mr. Fleming's excellent pamphlet is reprinted from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*. The *Ulster Journal of Archaeology* is maintained at a high level of merit. Its brief notices of books are excellent, and are not written in a carping spirit. On the other side of the Atlantic the *Dolphin* gives admirable notices of a great many new books each month. The New York *Messenger* furnishes a vast amount of solid and attractive matter, one of its finest items in March being a richly illustrated article, "With St. Aloysius in Florence and Rome." The second number of the *Catholic Review of Reviews* (edited by the Rev. Thomas E. Judge, at Chicago) is so good that we tremble for its permanence.

14. Our concluding paragraph may join together the new editions that have just appeared of two books published far apart. The first is *Pastime Papers*, by Cardinal Manning, which Burns and Oates give now in paper cover for one shilling net. It is a delightful book. It will be to many a revelation of graces and attractions which they never suspected in the great militant Cardinal. The opening pages contain a really useful introduction written in Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's most interesting manner; and the reader must by no means pass these pages over. Nay, it would be well to begin by reading the sentences printed on the covers, taken from the reviews of the book that appeared in *The Times*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, etc., praising the genial wisdom of these essays. The themes are old enough, but the treatment is new, shewing the great heart and mind of the writer, full of kindly shrewdness, expressed with simple elegance and unaffected refinement. The book must never be allowed to drop out of print or out of use; it must become a classic.

The other second edition is of the solid and sensible book that we announced here lately, *Woman*, by the Rev. Nicholas Walsh, S.J. (Dublin: M. H. Gill). We forget if the first edition also had as frontispiece this beautiful photogravure of Ary Scheffer's "Monica and Augustine." The painter's name ought to have been affixed, though most people will recognise it. A critic who evidently does not appreciate his office chiefly as enabling him to enjoy "the noble pleasure of praising," fastened on some misprints as if they were faults in grammar or style. These have, of course, been set right. There seems to be no other change, except the quotation of these words of our Holy Father Pope Pius X.: "It is a good and beautiful thing to see ladies devoting their time and their care to the poor; but a woman's greatest influence will always be exercised in her own household. Mothers have a divine mission to watch over the Christian education of their children; wives have a special power for good over their husbands: for what husband can resist the tender and tactful appeals of a good wife when she urges him to attend to his religious duties? And sisters, by their piety and purity, exercise a chastening and subduing influence over brothers who otherwise would be inevitably drawn into the vortex of the world." Father Walsh in his prudent counsels to women had anticipated the spirit of these words of the Sovereign Pontiff.

INSCRIPTION FOR A CLOCK-CASE

Irrevocabilis

Labitur hora,

Nulli optabilis

Dabitur mora.

Ne tu sis futilis,

Vigila, ora;

Ne sis inutilis,

Semper labora.

ANON.

Time ne'er returns to thee,

Passing away;

No prayer can earn for thee

Wished-for delay.

Lest life be vain for thee,

Watch thou and pray;

Lest nought remain to thee,

Work while 'tis day.

G. O'N.

WINGED WORDS

One's native place is the shell of one's soul, and one's church is the kernel of that nut.—*Hilaire Belloc*.

The time comes when one feels the need of the slumber of death, as, at the end of a toilsome day, one feels the need of another sleep.—*Abbé Roux*.

God has placed men together in one society, in which they ought to love and help each other like the children of the same family who have a common father.—*Fénelon*.

Why so busy with thyself? Leave Providence to act, whose eyes are ever upon thee in the greatest danger and who will always save thee.—*Life of St. Catherine of Siena*.

The love of truth for its own sake is the love of God. Be not afraid to contemplate with unflinching eye aught that is. Truth is absolute; lies are accidental.—*Bishop Spalding*.

There is a frankness which is brutal, and I detest it; a frankness, which is indiscreet, and I fear it; a foolish frankness, and I pity it. There is also a frankness which is opportune, delicate, and good. Honour to it!—*Abbé Roux*.

The English are irreligious by habit; the Irish are religious by nature. This world is the reality with us; but the Irish actually hold a living faith in future heaven and hell, and, alone among the Western peoples, live as if they held it.—*Filson Young*.

Every famous life is raised upon the lines of others, as a Venetian palace rests upon the piles beneath the water. . . . The multitude talk of a distinguished career; they do not think of the man's father, who toiled and saved and sacrificed himself that the lad might have the opportunity. What of the great man's mother, whose name is not buzzed about in the market place?—*Rev. John Watson, D.D.*

Either the Catholic religion is verily the coming of the unseen world into this, or there is nothing positive, nothing dogmatic, nothing real in any of our notions as to whence we come and whither we go.—*Cardinal Newman*.

It is not ability but character that does most for real success in life.—*The late William P. Coyne*.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

MAY, 1904

A PLEA FOR THE MODERN WOMAN

IT often strikes one with astonishment to see how little women who have led sheltered lives, who have never had to face the world on their own account, and who have always had a convenient father, husband, son, or brother at hand to attend to their business interests, understand the position of their less fortunate sisters who have no one to depend on but themselves. There is a certain stupidity in this non-comprehension which arises from lack of thought and of sympathy. That such women do not really know what life is like and cannot be expected to realise how bitter it may be, scarcely excuses them. Being women, they ought to understand. If they do not, where is the imaginative insight, the tenderness of heart to which they lay claim? These same women realise the horrors of war, the sufferings of a wounded man on the battlefield, though they have never seen war, nor witnessed the agonies of the dying. Is it because the sufferers in the battle of life belong to their own sex that they are less pitiful?

The conventionality of many women, their limited outlook on life, their desire to do exactly what other people of their class do, to think the very thoughts about everything that they have been told were the correct thoughts, their habit of unquestioning obedience to all power, whether political, social, or merely fashionable, without asking whether this power be righteous or unjust, fences them round as it were with fortifications and entrenchments of ignorance and self-satisfaction which are but slowly crumbling under the attacks of those great besiegers, Facts and Circumstances.

I was brought up myself within these fortifications. Most of us are, save orphans or the poverty-stricken. To us certain things went as a matter of course with a certain birth and a certain education. One could not possibly do this or that. No one did it. I never at first asked myself, why? Certain shibboleths ruled my life. To question their origin, wisdom, or authority never entered my mind. I should have almost regarded it as improper or impious. Certain people were born to be domestic servants. Certain others were born to be ladies. The latter accepted the services of the former as their right. They paid for them, and there it ended.

I had heard vaguely from the outer world of women who did things that to me seemed extraordinary, who spoke in public, for example, or became doctors; and the idea horrified me. I saw in it boldness, assertiveness, desire of notice, lack of delicacy, everything, in a word, that I most detested. Impossible to imagine that the people capable of doing such things were of quite the same fibre, flesh, blood, and feelings as myself, as delicate in sentiment. These were things for men to do, not for women. Again, I never asked myself, why? To announce a great idea to the world, to teach some beautiful and uplifting truth, to heal the sick and suffering, are human works that belong to neither sex as an exclusive right. To him or her who can best do them the doing is open; but, at the time, I did not understand this. Healing the sick as a doctor especially repulsed me, yet illogically enough, I gloried in nursing the sick as a woman's privilege, though, had I thought clearly, I must have seen that all the revelations, the miseries, the degradations of poor humanity that must be studied by the doctor, were equally open, more open in fact, to the eye of the nurse, who bathes wounds, administers medicines, and watches their effects. The Sister of Charity in her hospital ward was a beautiful and touching figure. The woman-doctor directing her efforts raised only a smile of contempt. Again, why? Because I saw one in a true, the other in a false light. I had seen Sisters of Charity and loved them. I had never seen women who were doctors, and so I imagined a great gulf between the two, without ever dreaming they were, or might be, one in spirit. Harshness, aggressiveness, the hateful instinct to push, clothed my puppet of the imagination. I had created a bogey and hated it. I have met women doctors since, tender and gentle. I

have met nurses hard and rough. It all depends upon the woman, not on her work.

What we have got to see is that the reason which leads a modern woman, with a love for the sick and a natural ability to relieve them, to become a doctor rather than a nurse (if she can afford the necessary outlay for the training, and has parents or friends who can support her during five or six years of study) is primarily economic. The economic question is at the base of practically all women's activities in the present day. A successful doctor can earn ten times as much as a successful nurse, and with less personal effort. Every doctor is not a heaven-born genius, and yet the £150 or £200 a year he can manage to make in a country dispensary, where very little ability is required, contrasts favourably with the income of the matron, the responsible head of a great city hospital, who in a month has more patients passing through her hands, and sees more uncommon and complicated maladies than our young friend in the country sees in a year. The work done by nurse and doctor is very similar, but the pay is very different. Can we wonder that an intelligent woman, with perhaps an invalid mother at home, her father dead, her brothers dead or living abroad and unable to help her, should decide to take up the more lucrative and more honoured profession? Anything shocking in either occupation is common to both; and, rightly and reverently considered, should there be anything really shocking in healing and tending on the poor afflicted bodies God has made? Is it not rather in the way that we look on the facts of life, on the vulgarity we allow to taint our minds, on the want of simplicity with which we approach the workings of nature that evil lies? Half-knowledge, doubtful speculation, present dangers far beyond those of sane and wholesome scientific knowledge acquired in a proper way.

This brings me back to my starting point, that women who have no need to go out into life do not realise or respect as they should the motives that impel other women to take up certain work for which they have aptitude. They sneer, they laugh, they misunderstand, but what alternative do they propose? Much that modern women do is hard and distasteful. Those who do it very often do not like having to do it any more than would their critics; but what else are they to do? Are the men and women who attribute to them the least pleasing and least honourable sentiments willing

to start a fund which will supply to all who retire from the struggle an income equal to what they make by their exertions? I have heard of no such generous outcome of the flood of criticism that would sweep away all employments for women save those that are tiresome, dull, and underpaid.

There are many advantages to character in having to do what one dislikes, and do it well. Facing what is unpleasant is certainly not agreeable, but it is eminently bracing. It eliminates much that is weak, and slack, and silly, and self-indulgent. It gives energy and self-reliance and clearness of thought, and the more we have of these excellent qualities the better. It also increases sympathy and tenderness born of knowledge, while doing away with the sentimentality that will shed tears over a book or a play, yet will shut its eyes to the greatest evils in real life; that will be full of beautiful phrases and ideas, yet harry a dressmaker, overwork a servant, or over-drive a horse for its own gratification.

"Help yourself" must be perforce the motto of the woman who needs help. She must depend on herself, depend on her own energies, for, while every obstacle of caste and prejudice and silly formalism is put in the way of enterprise on her part, no one thanks her for adhering to old rules and remaining a burden on her family. The only way to bring the scoffers round is to succeed. Succeed, and how quickly they come to praise the virtues and abilities—hitherto unmarked—that earned success!

All the same, it is bitter to women, especially while their feelings are not yet blunted by experience of life, to see how little kindness or encouragement they receive in their struggle from those of their own sex who have never undertaken that struggle, and are proud of the fact—which, in some instances, is subject rather for shame. Those who have been through the mill alone show fellow-feeling. Lack of comprehension, active hostility, or attempted patronage is the attitude of the others, and this attitude is unworthy. Times have changed for women as well as men. We all must recognise this. We live under different conditions, and it is absurd to measure the needs of our stirring modern life by the foot-rule of antique prejudice and narrow-mindedness. We might as well expect the woman of to-day to travel by stage-coach as to require her to keep to ways and customs that were excellent in their time, but that are not in keeping with the ideas and

necessities of to-day. There are modern as well as ancient virtues, and we do well to admit the fact.

All the "advance of women" of which we hear so much—the taking up of new occupations, the pressing for further privileges, and so on,—is the outcome, not primarily of women's peculiar restlessness, unfitness for domesticity, and the like (as I have already pointed out), but of hard, economic conditions. What is a girl to do? She must live. In China they make short work of superfluous females; but since Chinese methods are scarcely commendable, what is the alternative?

There has been no violent agitation that I have ever heard of against women engaging in field work, carrying potatoes, peat, and even manure on their backs, as I have often seen them. Apparently this shocks no one, and is looked on as right and natural; but there are vehement protests against the appointment of a woman to any well-paid post, generally for the avowed reason that her health cannot stand it. Is not this perilously like cant? The occupations supposed to be suitable to women are, with the sole exception of domestic service—for which, of course, not everyone, however willing, has the bodily strength—are over-crowded and ill recompensed. Needlework commands starvation wages only. Workers in lace, at the best, can only earn 10s. or 15s. a week. Lucky they, if they reach so much, and a change of fashion may at any time reduce them to penury. Advertise for a governess, a companion, a woman clerk, and replies pour in by the hundred from persons more or less suitable, some of them willing to take the post for bare board and lodging. Is this good enough for those who have others depending on them, for those on whose liberal education large sums have been spent? I say emphatically "No, it is not." Where, in Ireland, for example, is the woman teacher to find work of a high and well-paid kind? It scarcely exists. Of the few openings that do exist one may say, "What are these amongst so many?"

It follows naturally, therefore, that just as when heavy rains flood a river, the waters rise and cover the surrounding country, instead of confining themselves to their ordinary limits; women are forced by circumstances into fields outside what hitherto were looked on as their only suitable channels. It is not a question of whether they like it. Liking it or not, they must press on, as it were, automatically.

It may be said that this did not happen in old days, yet women existed then. How did they manage? In the first place, women did not so far outnumber men. Moreover, in old days, men were expected, as a matter of course, to support, and did support, not only their mothers, grandmothers and sisters, but their unmarried aunts, cousins, and relations, who lived with and on them, even to the second and third degree. These women were either totally uneducated or very imperfectly educated. They ate the bitter bread of dependence, and watered it with their tears. They were of no account in the world, and faded out of life unregretted. Often the hardships, insults and disappointments they had necessarily to endure soured them and made them unpleasant house-mates; but they could not be got rid of without defying public opinion. Are men—and, above all, are women—willing to return to these intolerable and degrading conditions?

It is often said that the competition of modern women renders men unable to marry. That may be; but, in the past, the maintenance of all his female relations made a man's marriage just as difficult, even more difficult than now. To my mind it is intolerably selfish of any able-bodied woman to live on a brother or cousin, acting as a drag on him, spending his money, and condemning him to celibacy for her sake. No true-hearted woman would do it, and the best of men must at times resent it.

In France every father from the moment of a girl's birth begins to save up for her marriage portion, or for an endowment that will render her independent if she does not marry. This excellent custom is practically unknown in the British Isles. Is it fair, therefore, to rail at women for their endeavours to support themselves, to force their way to a living?

The most retrograde and conservative, even the least educated and thoughtful, must begin to recognise that, instead of criticising and making more thorny the path of the self-helpful and enterprising, they should aid, extol, and encourage them. The opening up of new fields to women is a benefit to the nation and to the sex, aye, even to those who most oppose and ridicule it, and to their daughters, who, by the self-sacrifice of other women, will find roads to independence ready-made, should misfortune overtake them, or, if they cannot earn their bread, will, by lessening competition, enable them perhaps to find the husbands they could not

have had if the professional women had married for a home, or chosen to live on their brothers.

People must open their eyes to a great and fundamental fact which is invariably overlooked, when talking of what women should and should not do. Women are not strange creatures apart, of a different race to men, with extraordinary whims, ideas, and peculiarities scarcely to be understood by men. This false view is responsible for innumerable errors both of training and treatment. Men and women are both part of a common humanity and resemble each other exceedingly. One is the complement of the other. If it were possible for a boy to be brought up as a girl is, in the same traditions, dressed as she is, subjected to convention from infancy as she is, he would in nine cases out of ten develop exactly the same characteristics. Chivalry, honour, truth, a love of fair play, a sense of justice, hatred of what is mean, petty, and unfair are supposed to be specially instilled into boys. Why should they not likewise be implanted in girls?

Women differ from men as much as and no more than the lioness from the lion, the swallow from her mate. In each the female is more acute in certain things and the male in others, one may be fiercer and the other milder, but the distinction is not wide. The lioness, to be sure, rears the cubs, while the lion stalks for food. The hen swallow builds the nest while her mate brings her the materials; she sits on her eggs while he forages for worms and insects. This is during the time when their offspring is young and feeble. For the rest of the year they interchange their duties at will, and in each is the lion nature or the bird nature not mightily changed by sex.

I have been the only woman working amongst a number of men. They were all as kind and considerate to me as possible, but they had their little cliques, their little differences amongst themselves, and often A. told me what a cranky old fellow B. was, or C. complained that D. was jealous of E., or F. found it impossible to get on with G. It was the reverse of the medal generally presented to women. When one man is working with a number of women, they tell him their grievances, how horrid Miss H. is, and how meddling Miss J. in exactly the same fashion. Little squabbles and misunderstandings and pettiness are, alas! neither specially masculine nor specially feminine faults, but common to humanity under similar conditions.

The great difficulty that besets the professional woman, whatever her art or calling, is the fact that no provision is made for her as a worker in the world. Men in time past did all the business of the world, and, under these conditions, arranged things, naturally enough, to suit their own convenience. Now that the whirligig of time has brought women workers on the scene, they are confronted with a thousand obstacles, many of them trifling, some of them grave, arising from the fact that they have never been considered. This renders their work far more trying in many ways than that of men engaged in the same calling.

CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES.

(To be continued.)

THE COMING OF SPRING

'Tis the coming of Spring, and warming is the breeze,
And red runs the quickened blood in all the trees,
The carpet grass is greening bright across the hill,
And greening is a memory my heart is holding still,
Of olden days in Ireland, Spring that used to be,
The true, old springtime there at home before I crossed the sea.

'Tis the coming of Spring, and joy is in the air,
Vermont is our home now, Spring has beauty there,
When every bush with birds is pulsing pleasant sound,
And crocuses and daffodils are freshening all the ground,
But, oh! I'd give the mountain here before my eyes,
For a nook of Spring I know so well beneath the Irish skies.

It's a hillside in Clare my heart is sore to see—
A cot in the heather nestling cosily,
Where April used to scatter, like ocean white with spray,
The rolling waves of blossoms, speaking wonder all the day,
And coming home from school, I guarded like a prize
The harvest that I made of flowers to start my mother's eyes.

There's a day that I remember, drawing to the May,
I looked on the home long, as I came away,
It's tears I thought were glistening, within the dewy flowers,
And in my mother's eyes uprose a store of April showers,
And by the hedge, my Nora, pride of all the glen,
Pressed goodluck heather in my hand, so I'd come home again.

Oh ! but many the Spring has vanished with the years,
And many the Spring-day hid my eyes with tears,
Till Nora, in a Maytime, crossed the waiting sea,
And with her coming sure the joy of Erin seemed to be,
And children grew to bless us, and less I wish to roam
Back to the little heathered hill that keeps the golden home.

But this coming of Spring has started in my breast
An aching that's wild to give my thoughts no rest ;
I'm thinking of a vale where the churchyard keeps the dead,
I'm looking for a little cross above a mother's head,
And wond'ring is the green robe of the shamrock there,
And does the May-morn bring it any soothing voice of prayer.

'Tis the coming of Spring, but, praised be God ! I know
The Spring will be changing not for ever so ;
But, sure, above in heaven is no ending of the May,
When parted hearts are met again, and grief is passed away,
When all the clouds of sorrow wintry waitings bring
Shall turn to joy of sunshine in the everlasting Spring.

M. E.

TO A VISITOR FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

You came in Winter, and you made it May ;
The Spring has come, and you are going away.
I'd rather have it Winter, and you'd stay.

A. W.

IN FURTHER REQUEST

I.

THERE was no denying it. You might palliate it as much as you liked; you might excuse it; you might try to explain it away; but the fact stared you in the face. It could not be concealed. To every eye and ear it was too much in evidence. It met you at every turn and made you gasp. Even Mrs. Ridingdale had to admit it—and this is a serious statement.

What was the fact? It was—and I write it with much more than reluctance—it was that Lance Ridingdale was behaving very naughtily: had been doing so for several days.

"Can't think what's come over him," Hilary was saying to the rest as they took their seats in Sniggery. "Something's got to be done, you know. A sheet of foolscap wouldn't nearly hold his misdemeanours of the past week. Not that I've written 'em down; I hate doing that. But he's got to be checked, and that's a fact. None of 'em is serious enough to send him to father about. It's rather the number than the weight of the offences. Only they mustn't go on."

"It's just one of his fits, you know," Harry suggested. "He'll come round again all right, you see. He's liable to that sort of thing. So am I, for that matter. You know, Hillie, *you've* come to years of discretion, or something."

"I think it's the sunshine," George remarked with a quiet smile. "There's a lot of the poet in Lannie, and this scrumptious weather makes him giddy. Sort of intoxication, you know; I noticed the same thing this time last year."

Willie Murrington looked concerned, but said nothing. In a private conference with Hilary he had already exhausted his budget of excuses for his foster-brother's conduct.

"When Jane and Sarah begin to complain," Hilary resumed, "it's about time somebody called the young man to order."

"I'll bet they didn't complain to *you*," laughed Harry.

"No, I wish they had. But I overheard both of them saying that something or other was really too bad of Master Lance. And

they spoke as if they meant it. By the way, has anybody seen the young scamp since breakfast time?"

Bang!

An explosion in the extremely near neighbourhood of Sniggery was not at all the answer to his question expected by Hilary; it was the only one he received. The four boys were out of the summer-house in no time. A blinding smoke met them at the back of Sniggery. Lying on the ground was a toy cannon, hot to the touch. Traces of a thin train of gunpowder ran along the grass to an opening in the shrubbery.

"The beggar!" exclaimed Hilary. "And of course he's hiding in the thick of the shrubbery! Well, look here, you fellows, we've got to catch him somehow. If we spend the morning over it, we must find him. I shall have to order you chaps to help me."

"All right," responded Harry. "But you'll put him on trial when he's copped? We ought to have some compensation, you know," added Harry, who rather fancied himself in the part of counsel for the prosecution.

"Certainly. But let's distribute ourselves. We must cut him off from the stable-yard, you know, or it's all up. You take that end, George. You, Willie, stop here and lie low. He may run back for his cannon. You come with me, Harry, and beat about the shrubbery. If he doesn't surrender, we'll play on him with the garden-hose."

It was not the game that they had intended to play on this holiday morning, but it was one that contained possibilities. Moreover, a trial by jury was sure to follow it—if they could catch the delinquent. The shrubbery was an appalling place to tackle, they knew that very well. There was so much of it, and the central portion was density itself. The shrubs were very high, very thickly planted, and covered an acre of ground. The shape was curiously irregular, and it was intersected here and there with pathways that ran from the lawn to the kitchen-garden, and from the scullery to the stables. The boys quite realised that they had hard work before them.

Lance—it is of no use my pretending that Lance was not the firer of the cannon—Lance had one policy in regard to hiding—one born of much experience. It was to select the safest possible place and the darkest, and to remain there. He was "fleet of foot as the fleet-foot kid," and could give his brothers trouble in the

open ; still he knew that once they sighted him his capture was only a matter of time.

By dint of much crawling on all-fours he had forced his way to the very heart of the shrubbery, and there he intended to remain. He guessed that Hilary would take the lead in pursuit, and laughed as he thought of his big lanky brother trying to creep through places that he (Lance) had had great difficulty in penetrating. It was a pity that he laughed.

"The beggar's here, I'm sure!" called Harry to Hilary. "Heard him sniggering—didn't you?"

Hilary's reply was too muffled to be heard. Ignominiously, on hands and knees, was the big lad trying to force his way to the centre.

"We know you're here!" Harry shouted to the unseen Lance, "I heard you laugh. Hillie and I are going to play on you with the garden-hose."

"Do the shrubs good," chanted Lance in his ringing treble, and quite unable to resist the joy of answering back. The repartee was fatal to Lance's liberty. The next voice that was heard was not a treble one.

"Now that I know where you are, Lance," Hilary was saying. "I can go back." (The truth being that the big boy could not go forward.) "You can stop there as long as you please, but, remember, you are under arrest."

"I wanted a rest," saucily answered Lance.

But Hilary was in no humour for jokes. He could not see his young brother, but they were now well within speaking distance. Harry was also invisible.

"Are you there, Harry?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm going in now to see father. I don't know whether he'll let me deal with this case. It may be too serious. We shall see."

At the sound of the word *father*, something seemed to grip Lance at the pit of his stomach.

There was silence now in the shrubbery, save for the sound of bodies pushing themselves through stoutly-resisting growths of laurel and arbutus. Both Hilary and Harry were getting out of the thicket as fast as they could. Lance was wondering what was best for him to do. Hilary meant business ; that was clear enough.

If father proceeded to extremities—Lance shuddered at the thought of it. A birching to-day—this very morning, perhaps—would be awful.

Harry had said of Lance that, except, perhaps, in the soles of his feet, you could not have stuck a pin in any portion of his body that was not in some way bruised or wounded. Just at this time nothing could have been truer. Rugger, in its most unmitigated form, had left him with a big assortment of hacks; and a series of minor accidents in climbing trees to look into nests had painted his body in the sombre hues of black and blue. His escapade of this morning had reminded him, painfully and sensibly, of the existence of these sore places. The crawling in the shrubbery, and the battle he had waged in squeezing his lithe body through tight places, had indeed added new wounds to the freshly-opened old ones. Protesting boughs had dealt him blows, and indignant branches had swished him fiercely. He knew that there was blood upon his face as well as upon his body; but it was only when, with great difficulty, he dragged himself into the light of day he found that his knickerbockers were in ribbons. There was no need for Harry, who was lying in wait, to ask him if he surrendered. Lance was so stiff he could scarcely walk across the lawn.

"For goodness' sake, don't let mother spot you!" exclaimed Harry. "I've often seen you in a mess, but never in such a state as this. Do you know that your blouse is in tatters—literally tatters?"

"Is it really?" asked Lance, trying to look over his own shoulder.

"Past all repairs, that's a fact. You'll never be able to put that blouse on again."

"Lucky it's an old one—eh, Harry?"

"And as for your face—well, wait till you see it in a glass!"

"My leg's bleeding." Lance said, stopping to turn down his stocking, the knee of which was soaked with blood. "Thought I was bleeding *somewhere*."

"Better come in through the kitchen yard," said Harry, sheering Lance off to the left of the terrace.

"Then Sarah 'll faint. She did the other day when I cut my thumb."

"Can't be helped. I won't let mother see you like this.

You'll have to change every stitch of clothing. Take your elogs off here while I fetch your slippers."

Luckily Sarah was sweeping the drawing-room, and Jane had gone to the kitchen garden.

"Wonder what's going to happen?" Lance asked himself as he unlaced his clogs—the only part of his dress that had not suffered. "A birching would come jolly hard just now. Don't think I could be strapped down without howling. What an ass I've been! Hilary can make it hot for me if he likes."

As a matter of fact, Hilary could have made things very "hot" for Lance, but he had not done so. Knowing that his father was engaged upon an important and a more than usually lucrative piece of literary work, Hilary had hesitated about interrupting him, even for a moment. But the Squire so frequently repeated his wish that the boys should always come to him when they really wanted to see him, on any day or at any hour, that Hilary thought it best to put the matter before his father in a few words.

"I understand," said Mr. Ridingdale with a smile. "General naughtiness, and so on? Culminating in a burlesque attempt to blow up Sniggery?"

"He only wanted to make us jump, you know, father. The thing couldn't have hurt anybody or anything."

"Except himself," laughed the Squire. "Let that toy-cannon be confiscated forthwith. I suppose Williams gave him the powder?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, I shall forbid him to give powder to any of you. All right, Hilary. You can deal with Lannie. I can trust you not to be too hard upon him."

Lance would have been re-assured if he could have heard this little conversation; but, while it was going on, he was bathing his wounds, and getting into another suit of clothes. The looking-glass had startled him, for, until a warm sponge was applied, a more scratched and blood-bedaubed face could hardly have been imagined.

"And now that you are looking a little more fit," said Harry, as Lance, having finished lacing his clogs, eyed his brother enquiringly, "I must remind you that you are a prisoner."

"Where is Hilary?" Lance enquired anxiously.

"With father, I dare say. Oh, here he is! Now you'll know your fate." Hilary's face looked stern.

"You've given us a lot of trouble, young man," he said to Lance; "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"I'm beastly sorry, Hillie." Lance spoke rather hoarsely. "Er—have you seen father."

"Yes, I have. And I was very much inclined to press for a swishing. But I didn't. You are handed over to the tribunal of Sniggery. Don't think you'll get off with a light sentence, because you won't. In fact, I strongly advise you to plead guilty."

"Please, Hilary—" Lance was beginning with some hesitation.

"Well?" demanded the eldest brother, making a move towards Sniggery.

"Won't you let me plead guilty, and deal with me—I forget the right word—it's what that fellow said to father and the other magistrates last week."

"You mean *summarily*," Hilary suggested with a smile.

"Yes, that's it. I know you're all busy this morning, and a trial lasts such a time."

"But it's great fun," put in Harry, who always enjoyed himself when on the stump. Indeed he liked public speaking as much as he loathed writing.

"Not quite such fun for the prisoner," said Hilary thoughtfully as he glanced at Lance's anxious face.

"Just this once, Hillie," pleaded the prisoner. "You can be a magistrate this time instead of a judge, you know, and Harry can bring me up before you—*now*. It needn't make any difference to the sentence."

"It won't do that," laughed Hilary. "You'll get hard labour instead of penal servitude, that's all. And you know by experience that they both come to the same thing. But you've got to be punished, you know. There are twenty or thirty distinct charges against you."

"Are there *really*?" asked the astonished prisoner as he was led into Sniggery.

"Yes," replied Hilary, taking his seat on the bench, and putting on a magisterial look. "Do you plead guilty to the whole lot?"

"I'd like to know some of them; I didn't know there were so many."

"The gunpowder plot's enough," Harry suggested.

"More than enough," assented Hilary. "An attempt to blow up——"

"Oh, but I didn't want to blow up anything," Lance interrupted.

"Ah, well," began the magistrate, "I suppose we must have a trial by jury after all. I thought, officer," addressing Harry, "the prisoner was going to plead guilty?"

"Better say 'yes' to the whole shoot," Harry admonished the culprit.

"Do you plead guilty to letting off a cannon within the precincts of the court?" sternly demanded Hilary.

"Oh, well, if you call the back of Sniggery the precincts of a court—yes, I do plead guilty."

"Do you plead guilty to taking a large piece of candied peel from the kitchen dresser while Jane had her hands in the dough and couldn't prevent you?"

"Guilty," faltered Lance. This time he certainly looked it.

"Do you plead guilty to ripping a suit of clothes to tatters in an attempt to evade the justice of the law?"

"It was only a blouse and a pair of old——"

"Guilty or not guilty," the magisterial Hilary insisted.

"Oh, well—guilty."

"Do you plead guilty to playing the garden-ox all over the place for the last week or so?" Hilary asked with less than his usual lucidity, "and to endangering your own life and limb, and the lives and limbs of your brothers and sisters, in a futile attempt to double the parts of harlequin and clown?"

Harry felt inclined to applaud. Lance felt inclined to laugh—and did so.

"This is no laughing matter, sir," admonished Hilary. "I await your plea."

"Guilty, m'lord," spluttered Lance after a little struggle with himself.

"Shouldn't say m'lord to a magistrate," Harry whispered.

"Call him 'your honour,' or—or something."

"Guilty, your honour."

"Very well," said the amateur J.P. "The other six-and-twenty charges need not be gone into. They are all sufficiently grave. I need not remind you that to go to Mass in unpolished

clogs is an indictable offence; nor need I insist upon the fact that Dr. Bryse's desk is not the fitting place for a hedge-hog—dead or alive. To try and persuade Gas that Connie's doll was the bone of a mutton-chop, and to be worried accordingly——"

"'Twas an awfully old doll," Lance struck in, "and I thought——"

"Mustn't interrupt a magistrate," Harry reminded him. "Get it all the hotter if you do."

"As I was saying," Hilary resumed with a frown, "or was about to say—the introduction of a pet jackdaw into the sacred arena of classical studies may be funny, but that it is a source of distraction to the average student cannot truthfully be denied. But enough! I do not sit here to harrow a prisoner's feelings. My duty is to pass sentence. I need not say that under the circumstances that sentence must be a severe one. I therefore order you into solitary confinement until dinner-time. Within a reasonable time after dinner you will be conveyed to Siberia, where you will be kept to the hardest of hard labour for three full hours. Remove the prisoner!—and, officer!" added Hilary, addressing Harry, "I hold you responsible for the safe custody of the prisoner, and for the proper carrying out of the sentence. I'm going out with mother and father this afternoon."

Hilary left the magisterial bench with alacrity. The first bell for dinner had sounded.

Conversation at the dinner-table hovered about Mrs. Praggit and the Krumptons.

Harry had been heard to say that although in herself Mrs. Praggit was no joke, she was certainly a fruitful cause of mirth in others. Lance did not at all object to Harry's recalling the Church door episode, when, not knowing who he was, the lady had hectored him from her carriage and offered him sixpence. It was nothing to Lance that she mistook him for a boy of the village, and regarded his wearing of doubly-ironed clogs on a Sunday as the penalty of inherent naughtiness. He had rather enjoyed the bullying, and was not at all displeased with the recollection of his own presence of mind in refusing the sixpence. But he found it impossible to forget, and difficult to forgive, the scene at the Colonel's garden-party. To force a gold bracelet upon a boy was, he thought, one of those peculiarly asinine things that only a

woman like Mrs. Praggit could be guilty of. But he had comforted himself with the thought that some day the bracelet and "the other rotten things" that other silly ladies had loaded him with after his singing would be very acceptable to Maggie and Connie. Moreover, mother had said that they should be regarded as his gifts to his sisters.

Mrs. Praggit was again staying with the Krumptons, and had called no less than four times at Ridingle Hall without once having the good fortune to see Lance. How he managed to escape her was a mystery that neither mother nor father cared to probe. On each occasion Lance was *out*. Messages had been left for him, and he had replied to them with notes so polite that, if Father Horbury had permitted it, Lance would have anticipated his fortnightly confession.

"I wonder if we could make room for Lannie?" Mrs. Ridingle asked her husband. "Among other places, we are going to call at the Krumptons'," she remarked to Lance, "and perhaps you ought to say 'Good-bye' to Mrs. Praggit?"

Lance had been rather silent during the meal. As his mother spoke to him he flushed hotly, and then glanced quickly at Hilary and his father.

"I fancy, my dear, Lannie is very much engaged this afternoon," said Mr. Ridingle, trying to look grave but not quite succeeding. "Isn't that so, Hilary?"

"Yes, father. From two till five Lance will be—well, occupied."

Mrs. Ridingle smiled. She was too wise a mother to ask leading questions in public. Moreover, she half suspected that Lance was in trouble.

"There are some agricultural improvements going on at the north side of the kitchen-garden," Mr. Ridingle explained to his wife. "Lannie's presence there is, I fear, indispensable."

"Well, we are not quite sure that your friend is still here, Lannie," Mrs. Ridingle said as she gave him a second helping of pudding. "If she is, can we give her any message from you?"

"Don't know what message to send, mother. Can't send her my love, you know, 'cause——," Lance hesitated.

"Well, dear, suppose I say that you are sorry not to have the opportunity of——"

"Saying good-bye to her? O yes, mother, that would be first-rate. Wouldn't be any humbug about that, would there?"

"I wasn't going to say quite that, Lannie," she rejoined laughingly.

"Put in that way it might be misunderstood," remarked the Squire. "However, Lannie, you will be safe in leaving the message to your mother."

"Yes, mother, you'll know what to say," assented Lance, wondering a little what Hilary, Harry, and George were sniggering at. Wondering also if the three hours' hard labour he was going to do would justify three helpings of pudding. A moment's reflection satisfied him that a third helping would be sheer greediness. Mother seemed to take it as a matter of course, but a second plateful sometimes gave him a twinge of conscience.

"I'd like to see mother just for a minute," Lance whispered to Harry at the end of dinner; for that vigilant 'officer' had thought it necessary to remind the culprit that he was in custody.

"All right. But you'll turn up again—honour bright?"

"Honour bright!" ejaculated Lance as he ran after his mother. "And I shan't be long."

He was longer than he intended to be. His multiplied faults were beginning to weigh upon him a good deal; but he was particularly sorry for the ripped clothing. Mother herself had made that blouse—the material of which was anything but flimsy. He wanted to tell her how very sorry he was. It hurt him to think that he had added materially to that never-diminishing heap of sewing to which she sat down every day of her life. He wished he could say truthfully that he was glad of his punishment; but then he was not. Digging, all alone, for three hours was hateful.

Then, too, although he did not want to see Mrs. Praggit, he was sorry to miss going to the Krumptons'. He and Mrs. Krump-ton were very old friends. He was always glad to sing for her, and did not even begrudge the changing into Etons and shoes in prospect of a drive to her house. So, on the whole, he reflected, he was being pretty well punished for his naughtiness, and felt the need of comfort in the unfailing word with mother. But it meant more than a word. It meant the mother's kiss that makes for strength—as well as for consolation.

So, when Lance surrendered himself to Harry, though the brother saw that there were unshed tears in the prisoner's eyes, he saw also a budding smile upon his brother's lips, and guessed by what special mother-method the smile had been won.

II.

Siberia had never seemed so lonely. The brilliant sunshine and the absence of every human sound served to emphasise Lance's sense of solitariness. Moreover, there had been very little rain lately, and the soil was dry and hard. Lance felt grateful to Harry for giving him a fork instead of a spade. During the first hour he had not felt the loneliness; perhaps at that time his back had not ached so much as it did now.

By this time father and mother and Hilary would be well on their way to the Krumptons'—who lived quite a mile beyond Hardlow. The Snags were all in the woods; the Snigs had, of course, gone down to the river. It was just the afternoon for boating and bathing, Lance reflected. If only he hadn't been such an ass! How hot he was, and how thirsty! And the garden pump was dry! He wondered if he might venture to go to the scullery for a drink of water. He could tell Hilary afterwards, and he did not think his big brother would mind.

But he tried to persuade himself that he was not very thirsty; and for half-an-hour or so he worked on doggedly—hoping that it was nearer five o'clock than four, but greatly fearing that it was not.

What a fearfully long afternoon it was! The old stable-clock must have struck four long ago, though he had not heard it. And all this time if only he hadn't played the fool, he might have been sitting in Mrs. Krumpton's big, cool drawing-room, drinking tea and eating strawberries and cream, and singing some of his prettiest, if not his most difficult songs.

"Oh, but it must be five!" he ejaculated when, after what seemed quite a long interval, the stable-clock struck *four*. "It's no good," he said to himself, driving the fork into the soil, "I must have some water. And I'll take a squint at that clock."

Now if you knew the intricacies of the big kitchen-garden at Ridingdale Hall, you would understand why that squint at the clock led to Lance's exceeding confusion. If he had kept on the main pathway which, after one or two turnings to the right, leads straight to the scullery-yard, all would have been well. But, in order to get a sight of the clock, he had to turn to the left and pass through the orchard. Perhaps, too, if he had not been running, and if his clogs

had not made so much noise, the sound of female voices in the orchard would have reached his ears in time. As it was, he burst through the orchard gate and found himself facing, not only Maggie and Connie, but—of all people in the world!—Mrs. Praggit and her companion!

In every sense of the word, poor Lance was in a tight place. No sooner did his sisters catch sight of him than each ran and seized one of his hands.

"So glad you've come, Lannie!" exclaimed Maggie. "You see, there's just nobody at home but us. Of course I've told Sarah to make the tea. We were looking for you everywhere—weren't we, Connie?"

The two girls clung to him as though a grubby-looking, shirt-sleeved, bare-armed brother were the most natural and the most delightful thing in the world. Certainly, Lance was glad that they were present.

Both Mrs. Praggit and her companion had given little screams at his sudden appearance; but they very soon recovered themselves.

"My *dear* boy!" the elder lady began, "what a terrible state of perspiration you are in! I suppose you are playing a game of some kind?"

"Not exactly," was the only reply that Lance could make. But he made a brave attempt to smile as he expressed his deep concern at his mother's absence, and explained that she had gone to call at the Krumptons' that very afternoon.

"She will be sorry to have missed you," he added—cheeks and ears tingling as the hot blood mounted to them, but intensely thankful that by clinging to his arms Maggie and Connie relieved him of the necessity of displaying his dirty hands.

"My brothers will be home at five; and you will take some tea—won't you?"

"But you will join us directly, my dear—will you not?" said Mrs. Praggit—"when you have—I mean, when you have finished your game?"

Lance did not know what to say—except "Thank you very much"; but it was a relief to find that the ladies were moving towards the house. "I shall be—at liberty at five o'clock," he said shamefacedly. "I hope you are not pressed for time?"

"Not at all," said the lady. "Besides I want to see you and

your parents very particularly. You will sing for us before we go—will you not?"

"I shall be very pleased," Lance said rather feebly, "if——"

"Gareth is with us," whispered Maggie, "shall I send him down to the river for Harry?"

"Oh, *do*, Maggie!" exclaimed the boy eagerly. "Send him at once! Tell him to run all the way!"

Lance had often said that "William of Deloraine, good at need" was "not in it" with his sister Maggie; that night he praised her until she blushed with delight.

He was longing to be off. The ladies were still eying him—curiously and wonderingly. He was fearing every moment that some awkward question would be asked. If only they would get outside the orchard—he at any rate would not linger.

"Sarah's laying tea in Snuggery," Connie said as Maggie ran off to find Gareth.

"In that case," said Lance, darting forward to open the orchard gate, "your nearest way is through the shrubbery."

He waited to shut the gate; then, with a flourish of his cap, he clanked off.

An angry exclamation broke from him when he found himself alone. He had received a big humiliation, and he did not like it. And the thought that, if only he had gone on digging, he would not have been seen, did not make the thing easier to bear. What would those ladies think of him? Of course they would pump Connie, who, being younger than Maggie, would immediately let it all out.

"That old woman's a regular Nemesis!" he growled to himself. "Fancy her, of all people, seeing me in this state! Glad I didn't take my collar off—though I guess it's not over-clean. Oh, and hang it! I didn't get any water after all!"

He laughed a little grimly as he took up the fork and began to dig. His faults were finding him out with a vengeance. And he had wasted quite twenty minutes of his three hours. Would Hilary expect him to make it up? He would tell Harry, of course, and, as Harry had him in custody, he could decide.

But the meeting again with Mrs. Praggit! Luckily, even if Harry turned up before five, the Snuggery tea would be over. He would get his meal in the dining-room with his brothers. Singing was about the last thing in the world he felt inclined for just now;

yet he supposed he would have to make the attempt. He began to wonder vaguely how such a nice lady as Mrs. Krump-ton could possibly have a person like Mrs. Praggit staying with her. Thank goodness, the creature had come to the end of her visit!

"Hello, No. 5!"—it was Harry—"you haven't done so much amiss. But what's all this about visitors? Thought mother had gone to call on the Praggit?"

"So she has," said Lance dejectedly. "They've just missed one another. You see, mother wasn't going straight to the Krump-ton's."

"Well, I suppose she wants to see *you*!"

"She's seen me."

"*What!*"

"Fact." And Lance told the whole story.

"Oh, I say, you know," laughed Harry, "this is more than a joke! You are an unlucky beggar at times, Lannie! Well, look here—it's going hard for five, and I really think you've done enough. I'll make it all right with Hillie. You cut indoors and have a bath."

To run to the house—to bathe—to put on a fresh blouse and collar—to have a tea which was not of the drawing-room order—with Lance, at any rate, these matters were anything but the work of a moment; though some heroes of fiction have a knack of doing quite as many things in a wonderfully short space of time. Three-quarters of an hour elapsed from the time of Lance's leaving the garden to his appearance at the door of Snuggery. He did not hurry because, first of all, he knew that Harry and George were quite capable of entertaining the visitors; secondly, if the truth must out, he was not at all anxious to interview Mrs. Praggit.

But the bath or the tea, or both combined, made him brave; and he hoped that song and music might be permitted to take the place of talk—at any rate, of cross-examination.

Lance not only took pleasure in his singing, but liked those people to whom it gave pleasure. And, now he came to think of it, he considered it very good of the visitors to prolong their afternoon call merely for the sake of hearing him warble. However, he thought some apology due from himself—though Harry had promised to excuse him—and he made it handsomely.

"Oh, my dear, we are not at all in a hurry, I assure you,"

said the lady, "I cannot leave you until your mother and father return. I want to see them—*particularly*."

Standing at the door of Snuggery, Lance marvelled. The visitor was talking as though she were an old friend of the family. What could it mean? And she was nodding and smiling at him as though he understood. One glance at Harry and George assured him that they were "extensively and articulately bored." Fortunately for the credit of the house, Maggie was doing the honours as though she gave an "At Home" every afternoon of her life. Even while he strung his lute, Lance was considering in what way he could reward his sister for her distinguished services.

Without book or music-sheet he sang two or three pretty ballads, one after another—scarcely waiting for the inevitable applause and the rapturous "Oh-how-sweet!" of the visitors. He was glad to find himself in fairly good voice; the hard labour of the afternoon had not over-fatigued him. All the same, he was longing for the return of father and mother.

He did not hear their footsteps on the grass; but, just as he had finished his fourth song, an arm stole round his neck, and, in another instant, he was lifting rosy lips for his mother's kiss.

"We may go now—mayn't we, mammy?" he whispered anxiously. "She wants to see you *particularly*. And father. She said so."

"Very well, dear," whispered Mrs. Riddingdale; "but I don't think she can have anything *very* important to say to us."

Followed by her husband, she hurried towards Snuggery to greet her visitors, and Lance ran into the house to get rid of his instrument.

But for Maggie, wide-eyed and important and bursting with news, I doubt if Lance would immediately have heard of the "something important" Mrs. Praggit had to say.

Lance was sitting with Maggie and Connie in Snaggery. The party in Snuggery were just moving into the house.

"I'd run away if I thought mother and father——"

"Oh, but *of course* they won't," Maggie interrupted. "Don't look like that, Lannie!"

"Like what?"

"Like you are looking; it's *dreadful*!"

It really was. He was so bronzed and ruddy that nothing

could have made him turn pale ; but his face had taken on a look of despair and disgust that half frightened his sisters.

"The very idea of her wanting to *adopt* me!" he exclaimed bitterly.

"I'm sure and certain," said Maggie, with immense conviction "that mother won't let her."

"It's father I'm thinking of. You see he talked the other day about sending me off somewhere."

"O Lannie, he didn't! He really didn't. He only said— 'How would you *like* to be sent to some school a long way off—all by yourself?' And he didn't mean it. You can always tell when father means things."

"He might mean it to-day, though. You see, I've been worse since he said that. If he had not been so busy this morning, I fancy he'd have birched me. Hilary had me up for such a lot of things, you see."

"Mrs. Praggit's awfully rich——" Connie was beginning.

"Rich!" ejaculated Lance savagely, "just as if that made any difference!"

"She said she would make you her heir," Maggie ventured.

"Oh, *do* shut up!" Lance almost shouted, knocking his feet together with a vehemence that made his clog-irons ring.

It was just the reflection that Mrs. Praggit was very rich that made Lance uneasy. No one understood better than he the poverty of his father, and the material advantage it would be to the whole family if one of its boys were provided for—not merely for a time, but for life. Manfully he struggled against the sickening feeling that his fate was at that very moment being decided. Yet the thought of his mother remained uppermost, do what he could to suppress it. And for many reasons he was trying to suppress it. In the presence of his sisters there must not be the smallest hint of tears.

He jumped up suddenly, saying, "It is no use, Maggie! I can't stay here. I—I don't feel very well. At least, I'm awfully tired. I shall go to—I shall go upstairs."

With his back turned to his sisters, he had spoken; he now ran at full speed towards the house. As he passed the drawing-room door, he could hear the raised voice of Mrs. Praggit. Mounting the broad staircase, he crept to his sleeping-room; but he did not go to bed. He threw himself on his knees by the little

altar that stood between his bed and George's, and—the flood came.

"O dear Lord!" he cried, "don't let it happen! It'll break my heart! I know I've been bad, but I'm *ever* so sorry. And I really *will* be better. I have tried, and I'll try harder!"

His whole body shook with sobbing. In his unreasonable grief, it seemed to him as if all the faults of his life—faults long ago forgiven and forgotten both by God and man—were now finding him out. Greatly as he had always loved his home-life, it had never until this moment seemed to be so desirably lovely, so utterly impossible to give up.

He did not hear a carriage drive away from the door. He did not hear suppressed laughter in the hall below. He did not hear Maggie calling to her mother. He did not hear a light footstep tripping up the stairs.

But he did hear that footstep on the threshold of his bedroom. He heard also a loving voice, charged with some surprise, say softly,—"*My darling!*"

Springing from his knees, he flew to his mother's arms, and, though he knew by her look that the questions were futile, he could not check them:—

"Mammy darling! she isn't—you haven't—I mean you wouldn't—would you, mammy?"

"Not for all the wealth of the Praggits who ever lived, my precious! How could my Lannie think of it—even for a moment?"

And then who did the most crying and laughing and scolding and comforting—may be guessed. I only know that a boy ever so much ashamed of himself clung to his mother as though he despaired of ever telling her how much he loved her; that the mother clasped her boy as though he had just escaped some threatened peril, and as if she dared not let him leave her arms.

"Mrs. Praggit went away in an awful wax," Harry said to Lance, later in the evening. "She as good as told father and mother that they were lunatics. If father hadn't been very cool, there would have been a regular row. You see, she had made up her mind that she was going to adopt you, and she thought mother would jump at it. She was frightfully sold when they both told her straight that they couldn't and wouldn't hear of it."

"What a cheek the creature has?" ejaculated Lance.

"Yes, hasn't she? I s'pose it's a regular eye-opener to rich people when they find that they jolly well can't buy what they happen to want most."

"I wonder Mrs. Krumpton invited her."

"She didn't. Mrs. Praggit just telegraphed to say she was coming, and she came. Thank goodness she goes to-morrow. She had the impudence to remind father that *he'd* adopted a boy: just as if that had anything to do with her!"

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

OUR CLAIMS ON MARY

WITHIN a manger rude and low,
An ox and ass beside,
One wintry midnight long ago
A new-born Baby cried:—
A Babe who left through boundless love
His glorious dwelling place
That men at last in Heaven above
Might see His Father's face.
And at that faint and feeble cry
The demons quailed in fear,
The angels from the starry sky
Sang loud and sweet and clear;
And Mary bent above her child
And kissed the forehead fair
That 'mid a rabble rough and wild
A thorny crown should wear.

For her and us a God became

A Baby all forlorn;

That maiden-mother's aid we claim

By memory of that morn.

Upon a cross on Calvary's side
The while His life's blood ran
In a swift-gushing crimson tide
There hung a God and Man.

much more. The salaries of the teachers of these elementary schools—each of whom will have classes of from 40 to 50 pupils—range from £100 to £500 a year. The high schools are equipped and staffed in a proportionately costly manner, and the universities seem but to have to ask for money to get it. Where these institutions are supported by the rates the ratepayers seem to be satisfied they are receiving value for their money, though I have heard complaints of the expenditure on the salaries of the higher officials of some municipal education departments.

For the purposes of our inquiry the schools of America may be divided into two classes—those which provide a general education, and those which are devoted to strictly technical training. In the first class are included the elementary schools, the high schools, and the universities; in the second, the trades' schools and technical institutes.

Of the first class it may be said that they are equipped for teaching purposes with every appliance that money can supply. And of all of them, with a few exceptions, it may be said that their aim is the same—to form smart, quick-witted, alert business men and women rather than scholars or thinkers.

The curricula of the elementary schools include a wide range of subjects, manual training being prominent in many of them. In the teaching of every subject the end pursued appears to be a prompt and ready use of the knowledge given rather than laborious thought and personal mental effort on the part of the pupils. The work of the school is, in fact, done by the teacher rather than by the pupils. In the public elementary schools the system of co-education of the sexes is well-nigh universal. The majority of teachers—two-thirds of the entire number—are women; men with the acquirements necessary for the functions of the teacher, as understood in America, have so many other careers open to them that they do not enter the profession in large numbers. The salaries of the women teachers range, as has been said, from £100 to £500 a year. This remuneration is by no means excessive. The work imposed on the teachers taxes their energies to the full. I found the complaint of excessive strain common among them. The school hours are from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m., but the work of preparation absorbs the remainder of the day. In the large cities, wherever the teacher has to retire when she marries, the average length of service in the schools is ten years.

For their laborious task the teachers are admirably trained. The efficiency of American schools is due primarily to the professional skill of the teachers. Programmes of study, no matter how well drawn, will never raise education to a high standard unless the teacher is trained for his duties ; even an indifferent programme will become effective in the hands of a teacher who is an expert in the arts of his profession. This the American educational authorities realise thoroughly. Generally speaking, they require that before receiving a permanent appointment the candidates for the teacher's office shall have passed through an elementary and high school course, shall have received two years of training in a normal school or training college, and shall have served three years of probation in a working school, their final appointment being dependent on the favourable report of the principal of the school in which they have served. These are the requirements in the public schools. The teachers of the parochial schools—most of them members of religious associations—are for the most part excellently trained. Wherever they are not, they fail in the competition with the public schools.

The task of the American elementary schools differs in two important respects from that fulfilled by our schools at home. In the first place, they have to form to American citizenship and to train to English forms of speech the children of the immense bodies of foreign immigrants who are pouring into the country. This they do with remarkable success. The skill with which children, who in the home circle use only Italian or Yiddish, are brought to employ English as their familiar tongue, and with which they are imbued with sentiments of American patriotism, is beyond all praise.

In the second place, they do not aim at educating the unskilled labourer for his work in life—the unskilled labourer of America is supplied from abroad, from Italy, Hungary, the Slav countries, and Scandinavia, and, at present in diminishing proportion, from Ireland. No boy in an American school looks forward to digging and delving for hire as a means of livelihood, nor does any girl contemplate domestic service as her future work in life. Speaking to a contractor who had thousands of men employed on the earth-works of an important contract, I asked him how many of his labourers had been educated at an American school. He answered promptly : " Probably not one." On leaving school the American

boy enters an office, a store, or a factory, or becomes apprenticed in a skilled trade; the American girl becomes a book-keeper, a clerk, a stenographer, or factory worker. She also finds her way into the skilled trades. In New York there are 250 girl members of the printers' trade union. I saw some of them at work as linotypists. They were earning up to 23 dollars a week, and I was assured by the foreman that they were amongst the best workers in the printing office. I also found girls in charge of the complicated and delicate machines of tool factories. They were paid 25 dollars a week. In America machinery has been so perfected that dexterity rather than muscular force is required for its use. Where dexterity is the one requirement, the girl may be quite as competent a machinist as the man. And this being so, there is no reason why she should not find ready employment, and be admitted into the union of approved workers. It was noticeable in the case of all these girl artisans that they brought with them to their duties those habits of cleanliness, neatness, and order, in their persons and their work, which it is a chief aim of the American school to inculcate and to form.

The absence of religious teaching in the public schools has led to the establishment of parochial schools by the Churches concerned for religious influences in education—notably by the Catholic Church. The parochial schools are built and equipped by voluntary contributions, on a scale which at times approaches that of the public schools. They follow the main lines of the public school curricula. The competitive examinations for entrance into the normal colleges furnish the only means of comparing their work with that of the public schools. I have it from the head of one of the leading normal colleges of America that in these competitions the children of the parochial schools more than hold their own. The building and maintenance of these parochial schools impose a heavy burden on their supporters, who, besides bearing the whole expense of educating their own children, have to bear part of the expense of educating the children of their well-to-do neighbours. The parochial schools of the city of Chicago educate about 100,000 children, those of New York some 75,000. In Philadelphia and other great cities the numbers are similarly large.

The high schools carry the education of children who can afford to continue at school through courses of classics, mathe-

matics, science, and modern literature, to the college entrance examination. The normal length of the high school courses is four years. No general standard of training is insisted on for the teachers of these schools, though the tendency is to require from them a college degree. The education given is of the same kind as that imparted in our own schools, with the difference already alluded to of putting more of the work upon the teachers than is usual with us. Here again, the American educational authorities look for educational results to the trained capacity of the teacher rather than to the efforts of the pupil. It is to be noted that the high schools are more largely attended by girls than by boys. This may be due to the larger number of girls who are preparing for the teaching profession. Side by side with the public high schools a number of institutions of the same character, known as "academies," are maintained by private individuals and by religious associations.

The American "college" is an institution which carries on, through courses of four years' duration, the work of the undergraduate courses of our universities. Most of them hold a charter from the State in which they are established, empowering them to confer the Bachelor's degree. They differ widely in efficiency, and the value of the degree depends on the established character of the institution which confers it.

The colleges for women are established on a scale peculiar to America. The residential colleges of Vassar, Wellesley, Bryn Mawr, and Smith have no parallels in European institutions. They have been created by private benefactions, they educate women undergraduates only, they are, as a rule, governed by women, their laboratories and observatories controlled by women, and their chairs of classics, literature, and science occupied by women. Vassar and Wellesley have close on 900 students each, Smith has 1,100. The work done in these institutions seems to be excellent of its kind, and accounts largely for the prevalence of the educated woman in American society, and for the efficiency of women teachers in the higher grades of the teaching profession.

It is difficult to define the American "university," as distinct from the "college." The ideal university, according to the American conception, would seem to be an institution in which higher studies, literary and scientific, are carried on by students who have already received a college degree. Johns Hopkins

University, Baltimore, is, however, the only American institution which approaches this ideal. All the others have undergraduate courses, and are, therefore, colleges as well as universities. Even Johns Hopkins has an undergraduate course, but this is kept wholly distinct from the courses of the university proper. The undergraduate courses of the American universities do not differ materially from those of the mere colleges. They differ from our own in this that the undergraduate has in many universities a wide range of the most varied subjects from which to select the matter of his studies for any given year of his course. This system of "electives" has its attractions for the student who wants a degree on easy terms, but it is condemned by many thoughtful American educationists as incompatible with that systematic progress along definite lines which genuine university education would seem to imply.

In the sphere of specialised studies the universities keep themselves in touch with the industries of the country. In addition to the usual faculties of arts, medicine, and law, they maintain schools of the practical arts, such as pedagogy, pharmacy, engineering, architecture, the mechanical arts, agriculture, and forestry. Besides furnishing trained teachers in these branches, they prosecute research work, and thus put the best thought of the country at the service of its industries. In this respect they resemble the universities of Germany, and furnish a model which our newer university institutions might copy with advantage.

The technical schools of America exhibit few features which distinguish them from our own schools of the same class. The schools of general technology, such as the Drexel Institute of Philadelphia, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston, the Armour Institute of Technology in Chicago, and similar institutions elsewhere, differ in no important essential from the corresponding institutions of London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and other British cities. Their history, however, suggests a difference between the conception of public beneficence entertained by the wealthy citizens of America and that held by men of large fortunes in Great Britain.

The trade schools are of all kinds. For almost every trade there is a school in some one or other of the great industrial centres. The evening classes in these schools are sometimes largely attended by working men and women who desire to become skilled workers.

But the opposition of the trade unions to these schools is general, and they have in consequence only a limited success. A way of reconciling trade education with the desire of the unions to restrict the number of competitors in the several trades has not yet been discovered in America. By far the most efficient of the trade schools are those which have been established by certain great firms in connection with their factories, and in which their apprentices receive a knowledge of the scientific principles which they are daily applying in the workshops.

To conclude. If I were asked whether the industrial greatness of America is to be attributed primarily to her educational methods, I would answer in the negative. America's industry is what it is primarily because of the boundless energy, the restless enterprise, and the capacity for strenuous work with which her people are endowed; and because these powers are stimulated to action by the marvellous opportunities for wealth-production which the country offers. These conditions have determined the character of all American institutions—the schools included. The schools have not made the people what they are, but the people, being what they are, have made the schools.

But do not the schools help to maintain and develop the qualities on which the greatness of the nation rests? Do not the industrialists of the country owe their formation of mind and character to them? To these questions I would not reply by a mere yes or no. In the army of industry there are different grades, and each grade has its own requirements. The rank and file must be men of alert brain and deft hands, and must possess an accurate knowledge of nature and her laws. These qualities can be brought out by school training—they are well developed by the schools of America—by the elementary school most of all; and, in the elementary school, by the admirable work of the highly-trained teacher. But in the captain of industry, the man who directs the efforts of the unskilled labourer, skilled artisan, engineer, and chemist to the working out of great industrial schemes, another order of qualities is necessary. A comprehensive grasp of economic issues, the power to marshal and control the human forces of industry, the faculty of industrial strategy in face of hosts of competitors—these characteristics the successful organiser and leader of industry must possess; and these characteristics are not the product of the schoolmaster's art. To these qualities in the

leaders of her industrial army America chiefly owes her prosperity. The men in whom these qualities are conspicuous are not all of them graduates of her universities, or even of her elementary schools. In every great city, among the most successful employers of labour are to be found immigrants from England, Ireland, and Scotland, many of whom received their early education in an indifferent country school. These men have learned the arts of industrial success in the school which their social surroundings in America provided. In the same school also the native-born leader of industry in America receives his best education.

THE RIVER SHIEL

Oh, what scenes of shade and verdure on the Jewish people burst,
When they left the Desert's plains, and its glaring heat and thirst,
When they reached the Land of Promise, reached its pastures and
its streams,

Fairer than the desert mirage, far beyond their fever-dreams !
There, instead of bitter waters and those wells of salt and sand,
They found the pools and fountains of the fertile Promised Land.
Even thus, from toil and struggle, from the city's fever-thirst,
It is joy, O Shiel ! to reach thee, to escape from things accurst ;
To receive thy friendly welcome, first bestowed long years ago,
And again find rest and freedom in thy care-dispelling flow !
Happy holidays ! Like children set free from task and school,
We tread thy banks of beauty, and pass from pool to pool,
Now through heather, now through bracken, through meadow-
sweet we roam,

Finding sweeter fruits and flowers than our gardens give at home.
Here, we creep 'neath ivied crags, under woods where red deer
hide,

Our spell-bound gaze still guided to where thy waters glide.

What joy to watch the great fish with which those waters teem
Bound upward from thy bosom, to behold the silver gleam,
To be startled in the stillness with the splash and sudden sound,
And the widening rings of wavelets that mark their new play-ground !

Or, to stand and see God's creatures hold their own with graceful ease

In thy currents and caresses, and thy welcome from the seas !
How the silver-flashing phantoms play, without fatigue or fear,
Though the sunbeams show their beauty buried in thy waters clear !

I stir not, as I watch them, but my thoughtful heart mounts high,
And it seeks that Other Land, far above yon calm, blue sky.
In that Paradise are rivers ; there the living water flows ;
And there, before the Throne spread wide, a sea of gladness glows :

There, Saints of God and Angels, bright Spirits float in bliss,
For, in His bliss they find their own, and people that Abyss !
O Promised Land ! O Happy Land ! O Land of Paradise !
Joy thrills the heart, though blinding tears bedew the longing eyes !

O Shiel ! like all fair things of earth, fair River ! thou dost raise
Our thoughts to Heaven's wonders, our souls to prayer and praise.

K. D. B.

INSCRIPTION FOR A CLOCK-CASE *

*Irrevocabilis
Labitur hora ;
Nulli optabilis
Dabitur mora.
Ne tu sis futilis,
Vigila, ora ;
Ne sis inutilis,
Semper labora.*

Time will not turn for thee,
Passing away ;
Prayer cannot earn for thee
Wished-for delay.
Lest life be vain for thee,
Watch thou and pray ;
Lest nought remain for thee,
Work while 'tis day.

?

G. O'N.

* Incorrectly printed last month.

IN THE OLD COUNTRY

A Story

CHAPTER LII

"THE MISSING LINK"

APRIL had come when James Lycett, unannounced, walked one morning into the Presbytery parlour, holding out towards Father Matthew a long and a business-like blue envelope.

"'The missing link?' " asked the Priest, as he took the packet from his visitor's hand.

"'The missing link,' Father."

There was no mistaking the note of triumph in the young man's voice.

Father Matthew, with a look at the clock to see how many moments he had to spare, settled himself in his chair to show he was ready to listen to his visitor's story.

"It is plain sailing now. We have got the last connecting evidence needed—letters from Prideaux to a sister near Tiverton, and dated from the Tremenhoe woman's house." The young fellow spoke as a victor.

"And the next step?" asked the Priest.

"An interview with General Shotover. He deserves all he will get." The young man went on hotly after waiting in vain for an answer from Father Matthew.

"Nevertheless, Mrs. Shotover, as I understand, considered herself provided for," the Priest said at last drily.

"Two thousand pounds! You are not in earnest, sir?"

"Two thousand pounds is a bigish sum to a woman brought up as your grand-aunt was brought up, and it was a bigger sum in those days than it is now." The Father paused, and then went on with abruptness. "Did you ever happen to hear of the Princess who, failing bread, recommended pie-crust to the consideration of her subjects?"

"I confess I fail to understand." The young man turned a puzzled face to the Priest.

"To be plain with you, then, to the Shotovers, two thousand pounds might have seemed a not unfair provision. The well-to-do are apt to divide themselves into two classes. The class which imagines the poor can live upon nothing, and the class which finds their poorer brethren have nothing to live upon."

"I confess——" the young man began again, but the Priest did not let him finish his sentence.

"Let me go on." The Father raised his hand. "Lady Shotover is a good woman, a charitable one into the bargain, a sensible one you would say; but, two days ago, she complained to Father John that a certain family in the village at Shotover—man, wife, and eleven children, mind you—found it impossible to make both ends meet on fifteen shillings a week. That same afternoon Mrs. Sotterthwaite (you know The Hall?), was eloquent over the hardships of a man who was making his twenty-five shillings, and had only his wife to support."

"You mean——" the young man began, and again the Priest lifted a hand, beseeching silence.

"I mean that I do not only say it is possible, but that it is probable, that the Shotovers did not mean to act meanly by your grand-aunt. She herself seems to have been content, and to have found her income sufficient till her son-in-law appeared on the scene."

"My grand-aunt is scarcely to be classed as a pauper," the young man said with heat.

"Perhaps I have not been happy in my illustrations," Father Matthew returned. "All I mean to say is, that it is difficult for people in the position of the Shotovers——"

"To put themselves into poorer people's shoes," the young man interrupted with sarcasm. "It may be so, but a *wife*! No, no, sir, you will not persuade me. Shall I tell you the truth? I am looking forward to tackling the General."

"So!" For a moment Father Matthew's eyes fell keenly on his visitor's face.

"I have a right to be merciless."

"So I think you have told me before." The Priest's voice was calm.

"Put yourself in my place, sir."

"The wisest man I ever knew"—Father Matthew spoke in the same quiet tone—"used to try to put himself in God's place."

The young man started.

"As how? you would ask me." The Priest went on. "Listen. He was an old priest, the oldest in the diocese to which I formerly belonged. A peasant's son, of no great learning, simple as a child. He never came to promotion, but his brethren came to him when they wanted counsel; his bishop came to him in a dilemma, and neither they nor he repented it."

"And?" the American asked, as Father Matthew sat silent in reflection.

"A priest who knew him well asked him the secret of his judgment. A simple one! 'I lay the matter before the Lord,' he said. Or put it another way, let us act as we think our Lord would have acted on earth—that was Father Kane's way of acting; a safe one, the offering of, at least, a pure intention and of our best. Well, I don't often preach," Father Matthew went on, "as you may have heard Father John complain. Now tell me (having found her) have you interviewed the long lost cousin?"

The American shook his head, "To tell you the truth, sir ——." For some reason or other he was a little shy of the interview, he was about to tell the priest, when again the Father interrupted him.

"You think her natural guardian, her grandfather, ought to be the first to know? Well, I do not say that I do not agree with you."

"If you think I mean to hand my cousin over to the mercies of her grandfather, you are mistaken, sir." The old Adam had mastered him again, and the young fellow spoke with renewed heat.

"Now, let us consider," the Priest said reflectively, but the mouth had given its twitch. "Mr. Lycett is to arrange everything according to his will and pleasure. The principal—we may allow the young lady is the principal?—has no voice in the matter. The grandfather, sins of omission and commission having been clearly pointed out, is to be deprived of all chance of making amends. It is so, as I understand?"

The young fellow's face reddened, but he offered no reply to the Father's question.

"Your plans are settled?" the Priest asked still with modest politeness.

"You are too bad, Father." The young man, in spite of

himself, could not resist a laugh. "I *had* made my plans. I thought of asking Mrs. Harnett and her daughter" (the Priest smiled to himself at the hesitation of the last word) "if they would take my cousin in charge till she was ready to start for New York."

"No, no," the Priest cried, with vehemence. "That will never do." Then he went on more quietly. "Do not propose such a thing, take my advice, at the Glebe. I have reasons for what I am saying, if I do not care to give them. I do not say that New York is not an excellent plan, always supposing you have her grandfather's approval."

Again a shade of annoyance passed over the young man's face. "You seem to take it for granted, sir," he began, and with an effort pulled himself up.

"You do not think it probable that, considering all things, General Shotover will be over ready to take over the responsibility of a grand-daughter, is what you would say?" The Priest went on. "That neither you nor I can say, but *the decision is his*, and, if he makes a clean breast of it to her Ladyship, which is more or less likely, she too will have a say in the matter, and she is a woman to do what is right. Now I have still a few moments to spare and I shall have a look through these papers; that is, if you can leave them with me, and look in at supper-time to-night?"

"Certainly, sir," the young man responded, and, understanding he was dismissed, was making his way towards the parlour door when the Priest called him back.

"No, not that way. Come through the Vestry. You will find the chapel door open. It is scrubbing day with Mrs. Green."

The Priest opened the baise-covered swing-door and led his visitor across the polished sacristy floor to the chapel, held out a friendly hand, and then watched the young man genuflect before the altar, and, as if it was a matter of course, turn into one of the front pews and fall on his knees.

"The lad is a good lad," he said to himself, "and Father Kane's advice will come home. Natural indignation, under the circumstances, is to be expected. How will it all end?" The Priest knelt for a moment on the threshold of the door and then went back to his papers.

"Evidence that would hang a dog." He called out presently

to Father John who had come into the room in search of his Breviary. "Father John, what is your opinion of the legal mind?"

Father John, startled first by the exclamation, and surprised by the query, paused, book in hand, to consider his rejoinder. "I cannot say, sir, that I ever considered the question, but, in my opinion, it is well to be so trained as to be able to weigh both sides of a question."

"You call that the legal mind, do you?" Father Matthew laughed, and before the Curate had time to offer another solution went on. "Seen anything," he asked, "of Tracy of late?"

Father John shook his head. "Only to exchange good-day, sir, once or twice in the Court. As I understand, he leaves as soon as Dr. Bucknill has found a substitute."

"Which he has not done. The old man is fidgetty, and, in some ways, Tracy suits him to a T. The Priddock girl, what's she about?"

"She is still giving satisfaction, sir, as I understand. I have not seen her since she came back. She has great reason to be grateful to Mr. Lycett."

"Yes, yes." Father Matthew returned hastily. His Curate's precise sentences sometimes, I am afraid, tempted him to help him along. "And that reminds me, Mr. Lycett is coming to supper to-night. You can give Mrs. Green a hint. Cold mutton three nights running!" Father Matthew held up his hand. "Upon my word, Father John, you are a lucky man to stick to cocoa."

"I shall mention it, sir."

"The cocoa, or the mutton, or Mr. Lycett?" Father Matthew laughed. "Well, good-luck to you. I know what Mrs. Green is on scrubbing days." With a nod that dismissed the Curate, the Father went back to his papers again, and half-an-hour's hard reading brought him to the end. "Evidence that would hang a dog," he repeated as he put the docketed slips back into the envelope. The evidence was complete.

On scrubbing days, when the chapel door stood open, that opened on the street, Father Matthew, in spite of pails and soap suds, and his housekeeper's protestations, often made the chapel a short cut to his work. In the foremost pew, when, hat in hand, he passed through, the American was still kneeling, and at the sound of the

Father's step he got up from his knees and joined him, and, side by side, they passed into High-street.

"Where are you bound for, Father?" the young man asked. "Shall I be in your way?"

"Not a bit in my way. I shall be glad of your company, only you must not grumble if I bleed you!" returned the Priest.

The young man laughed. "My purse is at your service, sir."

"As it is at Father John's."

"Oh, Father John. I tell Father John he is a Communist."

"I wish some of the flock were not of the same persuasion! Mrs. Green tells me he has not a shirt to his back. As to his coats, I believe she locks them away. It is a mercy the blankets on his bed are not his own."

"He is one of the right sort." The American spoke with enthusiasm.

"Well," Father Matthew said, "I thank God for the example he gives me. And now, young man, what has been the result of your meditations? I take it you have the purpose of confiding them in wishing for my company?"

"Only to say to you, sir, that I wash my hands of General Shotover."

"You—*what*?" asked the Priest.

"Wash my hands of General Shotover," the young man repeated sturdily. "I can't trust myself, Father, there's the truth. There would always be fire under the ashes—even of repentance." He looked whimsically at the Priest. "I shall send him a polite note (as polite as I have the heart to make it!) to tell him inquiries have not been fruitless, and that my agent shall call on him any day he may fix, and put all information regarding his grand-daughter at his service. You approve, Father?"

"I approve," the Priest said. "It is the better way."

"Lawyers can always slump details."

"*Slump*, that is not a bad word. The details always meaning the Court and so forth, I imagine?"

"The 'details' are what I should not have tried to spare him."

"If you had not taken *good advice*. Age blunts, I grant you, but, on the other hand, anything in the shape of a shock tells. No one can tell how General Shotover may take this news, but to *let him down gently*, that is the Christian way." The Father gave his companion an approving nod.

"Nevertheless, Father, you have done me out of something."

The Priest turned so as to scan the young man's face.

"Oh, there speaks the 'original sinner,' I am afraid."

"The love of justice is inherent."

"And what about the vengeance that we sometimes use as its synonym? See here, my friend," the Priest made a motion as if to turn back. "Mrs. Green is still in the chapel."

"No, no, Father. Let me fight my battle my own way. You have scored enough for to-day."

"You will come to me on Saturday."

There was a momentary hesitation, but the answer was frank.

"Yes, Father, I will come."

"That's right; and till then?"

"Don't bind me to answer for myself, Father."

"Well, good-bye to you. I have to pay a visit here. Don't forget supper at seven if you wish to remain in Mrs. Green's good graces. Stop a moment. Tracy and you are not much together?"

"We exchange greetings, Father, and some time ago he dined with me once or twice."

"I understand." The Priest nodded. "He's made a mess of himself, but at heart he is not a bad fellow."

"With the General I am to take him to my arms! Come, Father, I have had a big enough dose for one day." The young fellow made a wry face.

"Well, till to-night. God bless you." The Priest held out his hand.

"Till to-night, sir. I shall take care not to keep Mrs. Green waiting! I suppose you have not a message to the Glebe?"

"Oh, that's how you are going to put in your time? My respects to them all."

The so-far companions parted to go their different ways.

CHAPTER LIII

MOLLY IS ELOQUENT

"It's like a lily you are," Molly Delaney cried with admiration, the first time she saw Mary Priddock after her illness. The week or two of convalescence spent in the country with her charge had

given an added charm to the girl's appearance ; a lingering look of delicacy stamped still more her look of refinement.

"You're a real beauty, Mary," Molly went on, feasting her eyes on the girl's face.

"And what good does it do me?" the girl asked, with the bitterness of the habit she had fallen into of bemoaning her lot.

"It would do me good to see my face a picture every time I looked in the glass," Molly returned enthusiastically. "If I were God Almighty, I'd keep you as a pattern."

"Molly, what a thing to say!" In spite of the protest, Mary Priddock's face brightened under the praise.

"And you had a fine time in the country. The look of you shows it. The young fellows would all be after you," Molly went on at her usual rapid rate.

"I wish you wouldn't say such things." The slender throat drew up. "I saw no one but Mrs. Birchall's father and mother and the daughter that lives at home, and the man that works on the farm."

"And he wouldn't be good enough for you." Molly nodded her head to show she appreciated the situation.

"I had nothing to do but play with Lottie," Mary went on. "Molly, did you ever smell a hay-stack?"

Molly this time shook her head. "Bad was it, Mary?"

"Bad! Oh, Molly, after the Court. 'Heaven will maybe smell like that,' I said that to myself many a time. Lottie and I would stand by when the men were cutting the squares for the cattle, and when they were gone we'd climb up and creep into the hole, and Lottie would play at hide-and-seek with the kitten, and I'd bury my head in it till I could smell nothing else. The scent of it, Molly! Many a time when they called us, I'd stuff a twist of it into the front of my dress."

"That'd make you a pretty buttonhole," Molly returned with sarcasm. "There'd be no flowers for you to divert yourself with?"

"The snowdrops and the crocuses, and, oh, Molly, if you had seen the willow!"

"Palms is it?" Molly asked, using the local word. "Faith, I'd be choosing that any day before the hay. What John Darly brings in for his ass has no such fine scent about it." Molly made a grimace.

"You should smell it in the country. It made me think——"

"It made you think?" Molly demanded. "Annie and you were always awful ones for thinking. There's plenty to think about in this world without going out of the way to do it. But let's hear."

"It's *dead* grass, you know. That put it into my head."

"Well, dead grass won't hurt you. What on earth are you after?"

"It was just a fancy, Molly, but I'll tell you." Mary still hesitated. "When Annie and I were at the Convent, one of the Sisters died, and people said—I don't know if it was true—but one of the nuns told one of the teachers, and she told one of the big girls, and so we all heard about it, that anyone would have thought there was a bunch of roses in the room, and you could smell it all down the passage, not like a corpse at all."

"She'd been one of the kind they call saints," Molly returned without hesitation.

"The hay made me think of it."

"Well, you beat me! You'll soon be as full of notions as poor Annie herself. You'd better have amused yourself with the kitten than filled yourself with such notions, and putting them into the child's head."

"No, no, Molly; I didn't do that. I can't—I can't explain. One can't help one's thoughts, Molly."

"There's no two of us think the same; I'm not one to deny it," Molly condescended, "but once you let notions into your head, there's no saying where you'll end."

Mary changed the subject. She drew a packet from under her cape. "See here, Molly, what I made for the baby. You needn't be afraid, they're safe."

"Oh, if she's to have the fever, she'll have it," Molly returned with philosophy, and then gave a screech of delight. "Heaven and earth, if it isn't a kit for her. My word, she'll not know herself come Sunday. See the stitching. Some would open their eyes at it! And there's no stinting there." She spread out a small petticoat. "My sakes, Mary, you haven't spared the flannel. Well, the words beat me, but if I don't do the same for you some day, my name is not Molly Delaney. Her father'll open his eyes when he sees the rig-out."

"Her father. Has your husband come home, Molly?"

"He's coming, and that's near about the same as come.

America, was it? Walk barefoot to Liverpool, was it? Never you believe a man, Mary."

"But where has he been?" asked Mary in astonishment.

"It was Manders, the hawker, got a sight of him Birmingham way, it'll be a week come Friday. 'How's the wife?' he asks, Manders says, as cool as paint. 'Tell her, from me,' he says, 'that when she's learnt to behave herself she'll see me home.' That a fine message to send a decent woman by a man like Manders, and me fretting my heart out if I said nothing about it. America! and him not twenty miles off. I declare, Mary Priddock, a man like that's enough to turn you sick."

"But, Molly, you will keep straight?"

"I haven't touched a drop since the day the 'old one' died, and that's Heaven's truth. But you wouldn't be grudging me a glass and my man on his way home?" The light of mischief shone in Molly's eyes.

"Oh, Molly, it is not right to joke like that."

"Devil a bit I am joking, but here's my word on it—not another taste till the next time."

"Molly!"

"If I make no promises, I tell no lies," Molly returned.

"You'll be staying on at the Hotel?"

"Mrs. Birchall would like me to stay, but, oh, Molly, I'd like to have a bit of my own, and Mrs. Tremanheere to come, and to go out by the day."

"It would be freer for you," Molly consented, and went on irrelevantly enough. "The American gent was here." She pointed with her thumb towards the Court. "Peter walked him over the place. I knowed him by seeing him with the priests. 'Why didn't you tell us?' asks Peter. What, was I, I asks, to stand up and name a gentleman to his face? Peter's a looney some ways. You'll have his mending at Birchall's."

"Mr. Lycett's. No, no. Molly, the people say he's a millionaire."

"A thousand's high enough count for me," Molly returned.

"If he's that, he's lost count of his gold."

"It would be lovely to be rich." Mary Priddock gave a sigh.

"Well, wishing's no sin. What's the first thing you'd do?"

"The first? Oh, Molly. I don't know, but I'd travel. I'd

go all over the world, and I'd never think what I wanted. I'd just get it."

"I warrant you you would!" Molly cried. "'Silks and satins and velvets so grand,' as the song has it, and a duke I wouldn't say, for your husband, and chickens in your mouth every time you sat down to your dinner, and the likes of me dropping my curtsy every time her ladyship went by."

"Oh, Molly," Mary protested, "when the first thing I'd do would be to make you and the baby and Peter comfortable. But there's no good wishing." The girl gave a sigh.

"And maybe just as well. There's some as 'll tell you it's the Devil's prayer to be wanting gold." Molly, now in a moralising mood, looked at her companion with severity.

"If I had money, I could make myself happy." The girl spoke with conviction.

"It's not getting what we want brings Heaven to the door," Molly returned. "No one ever wanted a man more than I did Delaney, and see what came of it."

"But, Molly, if you had kept yourself right——"

"That's nothing to do with it." Molly would not let the sentence be finished. "Wait till you're as old as me, and you'll see if getting what you want does you much good. Look at the 'old one' and her gold."

"What has been done with the money, Molly?"

"You may ask them that knows. A sister there is, for I've heard her say it, but she took precious good care to keep clear of the 'old one,' and lay hands on her they haven't done yet. The houses, they're his Lordship's, though how that is you needn't ask me, and coming down is what they tell me, and that's fine news for some of us here. A bad roof's better than none."

"There are the new houses by the river," Mary suggested, though with diffidence.

"For them that can pay for them. How's the like of me to pay seven shillings in the week. Tell me that if you can?"

"I know, Molly, but you have been getting on."

"Like a house on fire," Molly responded cheerfully. "The 'old one,' whatever her sins, paid up, and the Doctor got me the job to look after the place when she was gone. Two shillings every time I scrub the place down. Faugh!" Molly made a face. "There's some of them wouldn't have done it. And I've a day's washing at

the Bull, and Mrs. Green, she's given me 'another chance.' " Molly mimicked the housekeeper's voice. " Oh, I'm doing fine, Mary ; at least, I might be doing worse. And the Doctor, he says he'll find me another patient—there's for you ! What we'll do without *him* the Lord only knows."

" Without Dr. Tracy ! " The girl's face flushed, and then grew white, as she nervously played with her hands.

" You didn't hear ? Bucknill and he's split ; that's what they're saying, and he's got his leave, and Bucknill's going partner with Dyer, that's the long-faced chap up High-street ; and, mind, if I was dying, I'll not have an undertaker face like that. Putting folks in their coffins all he's fit for. But Tracy's off, for he's said the next thing to it."

" He is really going away ? "

" If you'll take his word for it. Luck's walked past him, as it seems. His young lady, she's turned her back on him, and Bucknill's given him the cold shoulder and his marching orders. My word, Mary, you'd the pick at him yourself once upon a day."

" He was good to Annie," the girl faltered, as if apologising for a change of front.

" Is it life-blood you have in you at all ? " Molly asked with indignation. " ' He was good to Annie ! ' That's all you've got to say, and him squandering himself on the pair of you ; and—I've eyes in my head—*he thought a lot of you.*"

Mary's face reddened.

" Girls beat me," Molly went on (as she had said of mankind but a moment before) ; " but there's some of us'll taste salt in our mouths the day we see his coat-tails going out of the Court. But he's not the man he was," Molly shook her head.

" How ? He isn't ill, Molly ? "

" Ill ? The like of him'll never be ill ; but luck's walked past him, as I say. He was ready enough with his joke and ready enough with his growl ; but he'll give you the *snap* now. Well, good luck to him, wherever he goes ; he's a gentleman, and may he never want ! And may old Bucknill know what he's lost before the year's out. Dyer, indeed, with his long face ! He'll be frightening some of them into fits."

" You are sure it's true ? "

" That Tracy's got his leave ? Amn't I telling you till I'm

black in the face? You'll, maybe, believe me when you see him gone. There's some of us live to change our minds. My word, there was no name too bad for him when he was looking after Annie! But, maybe, it's pleased you are he's going?"

"I must be running; it is getting late." Mary looked across the street at a clock in a shop window. "I'll see you at Sunday Mass. Kiss the baby for me."

"What's wrong?" Molly tried to see the girl's face. "You're never crying, Mary?"

"No, no, I'm only tired. Tell Peter to keep a look out for me after Mass. I've made him a shirt!"

"And that'll be lucky for his Easter! My word, he'll be proud of it, and the daughter, too. Up in the world's not down with the old friends with you. When you come into the fortune you're so keen about, we'll, all of us, be driving in our carriage and pair."

"Good-night to you, Molly." The girl did not answer this tirade, with a wave of her hand she turned and soon was out of sight.

"You would think she'd a dog at her heels," Molly muttered as she arranged the bundle of baby clothes under her shawl. Court neighbours were curious, and its glories were not to be displayed till Easter-day.

"Who was that with you?" Molly jumped at the sound of Jem Tracy's voice.

"Mary Priddock, home from the country, spry as you like, and a lily a joke to her with that skin of hers." Molly had dropped her curtsy, but constant intercourse and a good deal of chaffing on Jem's side had engendered a certain familiarity in speech.

"Spry" and "lily" conjoined tickled Jem, and he burst into a laugh. "Well done, Molly, you know how to describe your friends. Now, listen to me. I want to see Mary. How are you going to manage that for me?"

"You'll see her Sunday after the Mass."

"Don't be a fool," Jem spoke irritably. "I want to *see* her. Can't you understand that? Do you think I am going to say what I have got to say for the benefit of the congregation?"

"Sure I never thought of *inside* the church," was Molly's response. "But what's to hinder you walking the length of the street with her?"

"You are a born fool," Jem repeated, "and set every tongue in Stockton wagging! Come, you can think of some way. You don't expect me to go to the Hotel and ask for her."

"It's what I'd make small bones of doing," Molly returned in tones of wisdom. 'Can I see Mary Priddock a minute?' What's to hinder you asking that? It might be the medicine, maybe, owing for Annie. Or it might be, they'd be thinking it was to see how she was after the fever. Or a shirt or two made for yourself, or a good place you'd heard of for her. There's a dozen ways to put it as natural as grass."

"You are a woman of resource, Molly. I offer my apologies for having suggested you were a — ahem. My present idea is you would have made a first-rate diplomat."

Molly looked puzzled. "If it's one of these dippers [Baptist] you're talking about, I'd as soon be called a fool outright. There was old Mrs. Mills they dipped in mid-winter, and she was laid out corpse before the week was out."

Jem again burst into a laugh. "You needn't lose your temper, I paid you a compliment. Don't trouble you head about Mary. I'll manage somehow."

"Well, hard words, as they say, break no bones, but I was never one to hold with Baptists." Molly accepted the apology and went on. "Mary's like the rest of us, wondering how she'll get on without you."

"She didn't say that," Jem began, and pulled himself up.

"It wouldn't be for me to be saying all she was saying before you came up." Molly went on composedly, though she took a quick glance at the Doctor's face. "And Mary's one as says what she thinks, and a beauty into the bargain; there's not the match of her walks High-street."

"Well, good-day to you, Molly," Jem said hurriedly, not inclined to discuss Mary's looks with Mrs. Delaney. "I'll manage to see her somehow, don't you bother about it. How's the precious babe?"

"It's Peter's daughter has the luck with her," was Molly's reply. "I wouldn't say, if she doesn't get a back-set, but she'll be reared [yet]. Himself's coming home." Molly finished her sentence abruptly.

"Who's coming home?"

"Himself, Delaney." There was little joy in Molly's face or voice.

"That's good news for you," Jem said, drawing in his breath with a whistle at the sight of the disconsolate face.

"Well, we've all our troubles," Molly said, recovering herself, "and there's worse than Delaney. I'll say this much for him. It's not often he's lifted his hand to me, and that, maybe, when I deserved it. 'Look before you leap,' my old mother said to me the first night he came to sit with me; but there was little looking when your heart went leaping out to a fine boy like him."

"I declare, Molly, you are a poetess." Jem, as he lighted a cigar, grinned over Molly's outburst.

"Oh, I'll leave the poetry to Mary," Molly returned with disdain. "To hear her and Annie talking was like reading out of a book. Poor Annie! it's, maybe, nothing else she'll be hearing where she is now."

"Hello, Molly!" Jem amused leant his back against the wall to listen.

"Why not, then?" Molly demanded. "It's not much Purgatory the like of her would have."

"And it's all poetry in heaven." Jem took his cigar out of his mouth to ask the question.

"And singing," Molly returned without doubt. "There's a fine difference between speaking and singing."

"Well, see you sing to Delaney when you get him back, and he'll maybe find his home a heaven instead of—the other thing." Jem, catching a glance of an acquaintance coming down the street bade Molly a hurried good-bye for the second time.

Molly's plan (Jem went on, thinking with himself) was, perhaps the wisest one. Mrs. Birchall and he, considering the time he had been in Stockton, were old friends. There was nothing to astonish her in telling her he wanted a word with the girl. As Molly had said, the landlady very likely knew that he had looked after her sister.

Jem for the hundredth time had made up his mind that he could not live without Mary.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued.)

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NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. By J. Harrison. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago : Benziger. [Price, 5s.]

This is an excellent novel, with an interesting plot wrought out carefully, and written in a pleasant, graceful style. It is a full-grown romance of our own day, not meant merely for young people, like most of the excellent stories that these Catholic publishers send to us across the Atlantic. There is a great deal of clever talk, clever characterisation, and clever descriptive power kept well in check. The best people are Catholics, and their conduct shows the strength of Catholic principles ; but it is by no means a religious novel, but just a good, interesting story about people in the world, thoroughly readable and thoroughly wholesome. Its readers are sure not to pass over anything they may meet with hereafter by the author of *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. This is the first title-page on which we have seen the name "J. Harrison." Is "J." the initial of "Joseph" or "Josephine" ? The daring familiarity displayed with feminine costume and feminine character points to the latter ; but internal evidence of that kind has often proved deceptive.

2. To emphasise a remark we made lately about the activity of this Benziger firm of publishers, we mention next *The Fatal Beacon*, by F. von Brackel, a five-shilling octavo novel, evidently translated from the German, though the title-page does not say so. It is by the author of *The Circus Rider's Daughter*, which, we remember, got much warmer praise from other critics than we were able to give it. This new story has a fairly interesting plot, and the self-effaced translator has done his task well ; but we are not at all sure that the task was worth doing. The book has not much merit as literature, and we should prefer to see all this excellent American type and paper used in introducing to the world some original book by one of the many clever writers that are springing up among the Catholics of the United States.

3. Another couple of story-books from Benziger of New York, each of them very good value for two shillings. *The Young Color Guard*, or *Tommy Collins at Santiago*, by Miss Mary Bonesteel,

appeals strongly to the warlike and patriotic feelings of American boys—using “America” as the same as “the United States,” which is an awkward name that does not lend itself readily to the formation of adjectives, and pronouns, and to grammatical manipulation in general. Many stirring incidents in the war with Cuba or about Cuba are wound round the adventures of Tommy Collins, and President M’Kinley is introduced into one scene. *The Haldeman Children*, by Mrs. Mary B. Mannix, is a very bright, pleasant story of a different sort, more to the taste of girls—though these are said to relish boys’ books. Both these stories are very well written and in an excellent spirit.

4. The great London firm of Longmans, Green & Co., are publishing many excellent Catholic books, beside their splendid series of Cardinal Newman’s Works. They are the publishers of *The Inner Life of the Soul*, by S. L. Emery, which we recommended strongly to our readers two months ago. In their “Notes on Books”—their own books—which they publish every quarter, this account is given of these “Short Spiritual Messages for the Ecclesiastical Year”:—

The object of these short papers is to show that in this time of materialistic aims and deep-seated doubt there exists in the Catholic Church, her doctrines, sacraments, and ecclesiastical seasons, a spiritual life and beauty, combined with a firm and positive belief, that offers an antidote of unequalled efficacy to the tried and suffering soul of man. The writer takes the position that God is worthy that we should love Him, and as the Saints have loved Him; that it is possible to forget, for His sake, the low, sensual, sordid aims of our time and day, and to receive from Him a higher standard, nobler gifts, and the grace to desire greatly, as St. Augustine says, the great things of God; that high sanctity is possible in every state of life, and that it brings with it a joy utterly independent of wealth and worldly success; that ‘sanctity is a contagion’; that the practical Communion of Saints in the Catholic Church leads men only the more closely to Jesus Christ; and that it is the Holy Spirit Who is the Author of the Divine union between God and the soul.

5. *Irish University Education. A Plea for Fair Play.* By Rev. William Delany, S.J., President of University College, Dublin. Dublin, Belfast, Cork: Browne and Nolan, Limited. [Price, 6d. net.]

In a pamphlet of half a hundred pages Father Delany has here stated very clearly the present position of the University Question

in Ireland under one practical aspect. The facts and figures arranged in order can hardly fail to convince any dispassionate reader that Irish Catholics are not receiving equal treatment or educational fair play. As an argument on the same side, the recent appointment of the Provost of Trinity College, made since the publication of this admirable *brochure*, might be used with considerable effect. Perhaps the Prime Minister wished thus to add force to the claims of which he had already acknowledged the justice.

Another publication, which throws light on the Education Question from other points of view, is *Reports of the Moseley Educational Commission to the United States of America*. The visit to the States was paid during the last three months of 1903. The views of these clever experts, and the things they describe, are interesting and valuable, and form a volume of 400 large and closely-printed pages, which is supplied to the general public at one shilling (post free 1s. 4d.) by the Co-operative Printing Society, Ltd., Tudor-street, London, E.C.; but any educational authority in the British Isles, County Councillor, Local Manager, Head Master, Head Mistress, or Registered Teacher may obtain copies *free* on forwarding the cost of postage and stating qualifications to the publishers just mentioned.

6. *Spiritual Despondency and Temptations*. By Father Michel, S.J. Translated from the French by Father Garesché, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. [Price, 5s.]

This work, published after the death of its author, has been well translated by another Jesuit working in the United States. It is solid and practical; but could it not have been published at less than half the price if narrower margins, smaller type, and fewer leads were used?

7. Two books, very similar in purpose, have been sent for notice at the same moment. One is called *Christian Politeness*, and the other *Irish Courtesy*. *Place aux dames*, and besides *Irish Courtesy* is now published for the first time. Its full title is "*Irish Courtesy: A little Book teaching the Value of Politeness during Schooldays and in After Life*. By a Sister of Mercy. Fallon and Co., Limited, School Publishers, Dublin and Belfast." The feminine pronouns are used throughout, but young people of both sexes—aye, and old people, too—might profit greatly by the hints given by this good Sister on the home virtues, school life, good manners, neatness, social meetings, table etiquette, mental and physical

training, housework, and a great many other things, including "twenty-one acts of rudeness" and "the besetting sin of women," which, it seems, is uncharitableness. One feature of this entertaining and useful little book is its abundant supply of poetical extracts. Only three or four are quoted by name, and it can hardly be a rash judgment to attribute to the author herself the summaries that are given of very many chapters in the metre in which the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* begins. In page 8 the printer makes "nature's place" (instead of "plan") rhyme with "man," and in page 10 a full stop and double leads separate a verb from its nominative. Why was the fourth page not filled by a table of contents? But a new issue will soon give an opportunity of making any change that may seem desirable. The price is not mentioned, but it is sure to be very moderate for a book well printed and conveniently bound.

A shilling is the price of the companion volume, which is in its fourteenth edition, *Christian Politeness and Counsels for Youth*, by the Christian Brothers. (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.) As nineteen chapters treat of all the subjects, perhaps, of the other little volume (except "Plain Sewing"), and a good many others, such as afternoon teas, luncheons, morning calls, the choice of books, etc., the writers of both books might have been helped by the very careful and minute directions about social manners and customs drawn up by a highly competent authority, the English editor of *Valuy's Guide for Priests*, published by M. H. Gill and Son, which we have more than once recommended as very valuable and extremely cheap.

8. Yet another full-length story, published by Benziger Bros. of the three American cities, *The Strong Arm of Avalon*, by Mary T. Waggaman. [Price, 3s. 6d.] It is an historical tale of the early times in Maryland, when the Puritans were ousting the Catholic gentlemen of Lord Baltimore's colony. It begins with the year 1655, and is full of exciting incident, and is written with Mrs. Waggaman's usual charm of style. She is, perhaps, the most accomplished story-teller among the Catholics of the United States since Christian Reid ceased to live and Miss Tinker ceased to write; and *The Strong Arm of Avalon* is one of her best pieces of work.

THREE KINDS OF PEOPLE

THERE are three kinds of people in the world. You may, of course, subdivide them as much as you like, but in one or other of these three great classes everybody must be. The same person also may be in different classes at different times, but at any given time he can be in only one of them.

The first class is made up of those who think they are made for their own convenience. In all things it is their own ease, or comfort, or pleasure, or worldly profit, that they seek. These are the people who really never say No to a temptation, who always drift down the current of their natural inclinations. I do not say they commit every kind of evil, for many wrong things lead to personal discomfort and inconvenience; but I say that, when they do resist, their motive is their own self and that alone.

The second class is that of those who know that they were made for duty, but who try always to make the path of duty as pleasant as possible for themselves. These are the half-and-half Christians, the former being Christians only in name. For the greater part of their lives, most Catholics belong to this second class; they will keep within the Commandments, and so save their souls, but they want to have these Commandments cushioned with the softness of pleasure, and murmur if ever they come in contact with one of them in all its native hardness.

The third class is that of those who welcome duty under any shape, and instead of trying to smooth their own path, try to smooth the path of duty for others. It is wonderful what a difference it makes, this unselfish view. We are so constituted by God that the attempt to procure pleasure for ourselves usually ends in defeating itself, while the attempt to procure pleasure for others is always crowned with success. Moreover, one who thus thinks for others will find that others are moved to think of him in return, so that without any effort of his own his path of duty becomes delightful, and so without striving for it he gains the end which both the other classes aim at; while in addition he spreads happiness all around him wherever he goes. Let this then be our rule

in life : to watch the paths of those around us, and, whenever difficulties arise in their way, try to remove them ; and instead of pleasure for ourselves to take for our motto, " Duty for ourselves, pleasure for others."

F. C. K.

A MAY MASS

PRAYING I was alone, one morn at Mass,
White-vested was the day, as the morn-light ;
Later than dawn it was, yet not sun-bright,
In eastern window's tracery of clear glass.
Wandering perhaps my gaze was, seeing pass
White vestments of the priest, and server's white,
Moving about the altar ; and in sight
The door lay open to the dew-white grass :

When in the window, at the sacring-bell,
I saw Our Lady—not as one amazed,
But as a dream-like picture, known all well ;
She, softly shining, held on high her Child,
Upheld Him as the priest the white Host raised—
And vanished as the clearer morning smiled.

ROSE ARRESTI.

WINGED WORDS

TRUISMS are so dull that many do not see that they are truths.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

We must fix our eyes on Christ, our only Good, and then we shall learn true humility. Our understanding must be ennobled, and then the knowledge of ourselves will not make it base and cowardly.—*St. Teresa.*

Everything but God, if loved without God, dwarfs, stunts, contracts the soul.—*Cardinal Manning.*

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colourless when unbroken.—*Longfellow.*

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—*The same.*

A German nobleman, when he was dying, had his hunting horn blown in his bed-room, and his hounds let in, springing and howling about him. So it is with the ruling passions of men—even around the death-bed, at the well-known signal, they howl and leap about those who have fostered them.—*The same.*

We receive greater harm from one venial sin than from all the powers of Hell combined.—*St. Teresa.*

Always cherish great desires, for from them you will derive great profit, even though you should never have an opportunity of carrying them into execution.—*The same.*

Oh ! the folly of doing anything that does not help me to pray better.—*Father Gallwey.*

The conditions of human happiness are independent of bodily affliction ; and it is even possible for bodily affliction to be one of the ingredients in human happiness.—*Wilkie Collins.*

Grief that is most unselfish is always hardest to bear. A selfish heart will comfort itself with the little merciful compensations that life is ever providing, but the heart that aches for another cannot even relish peace while evil has hold of the one beloved.—*Rosa Mulholland.*

THE IRISH MONTHLY

JUNE, 1904

THE COMING OF ARTHUR

THE Colonel's nephews were a joke at Ridingdale Hall. As Lance said, "they were more than you ever had time to count, and the best of it was that they were not really nephews, but only the sons of nephews." Fortunately, the Colonel would rarely entertain more than one at a time. Some, indeed, came, remained a few days, and went away never to reappear. For not all of them were acceptable either to their uncle or to the boys of Ridingdale Hall, and one or two visits had ended in notable and lamentable ructions.

Two, and two only, of these grand-nephews had been formally offered the Freedom of Sniggery; though this is not to say that only two of these occasional visitors to the Chantry—and therefore to the Hall—were worthy. But the Freedom of Sniggery was an honour not lightly bestowed. Before you could boast of that dignity, you had to be a credit to yourself and to your upbringing. It was not quite enough that you were "a decentish sort of a chap"; it was demanded of you that you be a down-right good fellow.

Even this quality did not secure your immediate election. You had to be proposed and seconded and voted for. Moreover—and this was the test of tests—you were not even accepted as a candidate until you had passed a certain preliminary examination. Considerately enough, an adult was exempted from the ordeal; but no boy under twenty-one could be more than a tolerated guest in Sniggery who had not passed his matriculation.

Now, it is a sad fact that only two of the Colonel's nephews

had ever succeeded in satisfying the examiners. Doubtless they had given some kind of satisfaction to other examiners, for they were schoolboys each and all, and their ages ranged from eleven to nineteen; with the exception of a rather weakly boy who was taught by a private tutor, they were all at one or other of the big public schools. It may, of course, be urged that the examination-papers were not on the usual lines, and that occasionally they were drawn up with a view of excluding from Sniggery all but exceptional boys.

Ridingdale Hall was one of those places where books were not only talked about, but read: I may add, re-read. They were not merely found in every room of the house, but on every window-seat and sofa and table. In the big drawing-room there were two of those old transomed and mullioned windows, with deep recesses and broad sills, and on the cushioned seats that ran round their alcoves you would always find the books of the day—if they were worthy ones. In the small drawing-room beyond, Mrs. Ridingdale's own apartment, you would discover a very select little library, largely made up of devotional works and those quasi-classics that at certain moments are more acceptable to the weary than the Hundred Best Books. In the Squire's own writing-room were not merely the hundred, but the thousand-and-one standard works of every age.

What impressed a youthful visitor so much was that in an apartment like the one known as Arts-and-Crafts—a big play-room really, where the boys might make any reasonable kind of mess, and where something was always being designed or executed—there was a collection of volumes the very titles of which delighted a genuine book-lover.

"If opportunity makes the thief," Mr. Ridingdale said, "why should not another kind of opportunity make the reader? No boy who knows his Scott and Dickens will ever care very much for mere trash. Having chosen the noblest, all meaner choice, as the poet says, is poisoned for evermore."

Under any circumstances, Arts-and-Crafts was a delightful room. One of the biggest in the house, it was given over entirely to the boys—I mean, of course, the Snigs, for the little ones were not encouraged there—and was by them put to a variety of uses. It was studio, workshop, greenroom, and playroom. You could not go into it on any holiday without seeing a boy painting at his easel or hammering at his bench, or turning his lathe, or doing

some kind of carving or fret-work. It had been furnished almost entirely by its occupiers, and though it had but one real chair, it could boast of many seats—low seats, chiefly of the order of the transformed box. Indeed, many of these extemporised lounges were only packing-cases covered with odd bits of drapery, but they made a brave, if rather motley appearance, and being low and usually placed against the wall, were by no means uncomfortable to sit upon. The floor was of solid oak and, of course, uncarpeted, and though unmistakable marks of clog-irons could be seen here and there, and evidences of spilled chemicals and paint, all things considered, it was kept fairly free from dirt.

But it is certain that the presence of abundant books added greatly to the delightfulness of Arts-and-Crafts. On the home-made shelves could be found not only complete sets of the leading English writers but a good long row of books of reference, whose pages frequently settled a disputed point or solved a practical difficulty. An encyclopædia of venerable appearance was not unfrequently consulted and found of great value; though the erudite George sometimes refused to accept its information until he had consulted a newer edition in his father's study. An exceptionally tattered book now and then disappeared, and the Squire one day told the Colonel that no edition of *White's Selborne* or of *Tom Brown's School-days* could be made to last the boys more than six months. This remark led to a delightful arrangement proposed by the Colonel—and indeed settled by him in a thoroughly practical manner. For though this good martinet affected to be very scornful of Arts-and-Crafts, and the articles made therein, he was really much interested in it and everything connected with it.

The accidental picking-up of a volume of Shakespere that lay open on Lance's work-board led up to this proposal, for no sooner had the Colonel taken the book into his hand than it fell to the floor in hundreds of loose leaves. As Lance laughingly picked up the scattered pages, he explained that this particular copy was not meant to be handled, but only to lie open on a table. So then and there the Colonel suggested that each boy should make for himself a little book-case, and put it up near the place where he worked. Every fellow, he said, ought to have his own copy of Shakespere, and he, the Colonel, would lay the foundation of these miniature libraries by giving each lad a complete edition of this great poet.

In his characteristically teasing way he added that Lance in his strongest ologs must have kicked the old copy up and down the room ; an accusation that brought indignant denial from Lance—who, however, soon perceived that the Colonel was in a mood that he intended to be jocular.

Book-binding itself was practised on a small scale, and particularly upon well-thumbed and broken-backed volumes that eventually found their way to Sniggery. For though no books were permitted to lie there from September to April, during the warmer months of the year you could always find on its table a volume of Tennyson—an immense favourite with all the boys—a copy of *Ivanhoe* or *Woodstock*, of *Pickwick* or *David Copperfield*, and the inevitable Shakespeare. For here again, as the Squire well knew, opportunity made the reader. He did not drive horses to the water and try to force them to drink, but he took care that wherever his boys found themselves good books should abound.

Occupiers of Arts-and-Crafts breathed more freely—no mere figurative expression—when Hilary was no longer permitted to make chemical experiments within its walls. For a time these experiments were very popular ; eventually, however, they were found to interfere so seriously with the various artistic works carried on by the rest—to say nothing of the smells, and an explosion or two that might have damaged the experimenter and his audience for life—that a separate small room was given over to the budding chemist, and Hilary's laboratory became a domestic institution.

Perhaps with the exception of Hilary who, though fond of a certain sort of reading, did not take kindly to literature as such, no four boys in Shakespeare-land, as England has been called, were more familiar with our great author's tragedies, comedies and histories, than Harry and George, Willie and Lance. It is true that Harry was more at home with the comedies than the tragedies, and that Lance showed a particular affection for the histories, though he loved the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Tempest*, and parts of *Cymbeline*. But both George and Willie Murrington may be said to have possessed their Shakespeare—as for example, German boys possess him, though the former had vastly keener enjoyment of both matter and manner than any German lad could ever experience.

They knew their Shakespeare, and many another English author,

as they knew the corridors and rooms of their own home, the glens and glades of their own park, the intricacies of the wood and the windings of the river. With a suggestion from father here, and a recommendation from mother there; with a little encouragement from tutor or master, and always the right books lying handy at the right time and in the convenient place, they had almost unconsciously acquired a treasure of knowledge of the classics of their country. A complete absence of merely sporting and ephemeral papers was a big help to them, for though they were second to none in their keenness for cricket and football, they were content to play the game and enjoy it, as gentlemen should, and to leave "the latest intelligence" to professionals. Father always gave them the cricket news at breakfast, and any other item from the *Morning Nuisance* (as he called every daily paper) that he thought might interest them.

These things being so, it was not to be wondered at if they expected to find a like acquaintance with good literature in every boy they met. In this matter they had their disappointments. From the village lads they did not look for a cultivated taste in art and letters; in boys of their own class they felt that they had a right to find it, particularly among those with whom, from time to time, they were expected to be intimate; and, for certain excellent reasons, they fully expected to meet with it in the Colonel's nephews.

To give anything like a complete history of the Colonel's nephews would be to write a bigger book than the reader would care for. Besides, few of them were particularly notable; some of them were much too commonplace even to be described on a printed page. They were all well clad, mostly in faultless Etons; occasionally one of them would show good form in the cricket-field. Under their great-uncle's roof they generally behaved fairly well. Some of them had a drawing-room manner, and another manner—one that was not quite so polite. Some had an acquaintance with the latest comic song, and the newest burlesque—often written in ridicule of a classic that literary men and scholars hold dear, and almost sacred. Some of them were accomplished smokers and proficient tipsters, and as Lance and his brothers sometimes found to their sorrow, if you could not talk about the music-hall and the very latest race news, the visitors were undisguisedly bored. During the long summer holiday,

which was the time they usually came to the Chantry, the Ridingdale boys racked their brains to find means of entertaining these young people—so quickly tired of tennis and cricket, and who took no pains to disguise their scorn of the two tubs, St. Nicholas and St. Stanislaus, which Hilary and his brothers regarded as boats.

Happily the Colonel came to the rescue now and then with a big picnic, or a garden-party, or a driving expedition, and in the presence of their soldier-uncle the visitors were less objectionable.

But it must be remembered that we are speaking now of a period of time ranging over some five or six years, and of a succession of young visitors to the Chantry, some of whom came for only a few days and never repeated their visit. Happily, too, there were three or four who were always acceptable, and with whom the Squire's boys were on the most affectionate terms.

We know something of the character and disposition of Lance Ridingdale at the age of thirteen and fourteen; need I say that in his earlier years he was very much the same as the boy I have so often described him—only more so? At the time of the coming of Arthur Lance was eleven. And if I dwell a little upon the manner of their introduction, and the details of their first meeting, it is not that I take pleasure or pride in the conduct of either boy, or that I approve of their methods.

Arthur Leighson was paying his first visit to his uncle, and therefore to Ridingdale Hall. Having arrived at the Chantry only the night before, the Colonel proposed to his nephew an after-luncheon walk to the Hall. Meeting Dr. Nuttlebig on the road, the old soldier stopped to chat, telling Arthur to walk straight on towards the Hall, and that he would catch him up. But a chat between the Doctor and the Colonel always meant an argument of some kind, and Arthur arrived at the park long before his uncle.

Turning in at the big oaken gates, Arthur soon saw at some distance off the carriage drive a number of lads of different ages chopping wood, and careering about a fallen elm with axes and hatchets. Making his way up to them, the stranger addressed himself to Lance, who was working at some distance from his brothers.

"I say, kid! whose shanty is this?"

Lance dropped his small axe and stared at the newcomer without speaking.

"Why don't you answer my question, kiddy?" said Arthur, eyeing Lance's blouse and clogs. "I 'spose your head's about as wooden as your boots."

"Who are you calling kid?" demanded Lance, stepping right up to the new comer.

"You, of course."

"How old are *you*?" Lance asked—I am afraid with some scorn.

"Old enough to lick your head off, you little cad," was the polite retort.

Lance put his fists in the pockets of his knickerbockers, partly because his hands were not very clean, partly to keep them out of temptation. Wood-hauling and chopping was going on with such vigour that Hilary, Harry, and George scarcely noticed the coming of Arthur.

"Don't think my head 'll come off in a hurry," Lance remarked with a smile, as he examined the trousered and Eton-jacketed boy from his tall hat to his patent-leather shoes: "wasn't put on loose, you know. Like to have a try?"

Almost unconsciously, as he spoke, he stepped a little nearer to the stranger. Arthur's temptation was great, and he did not resist it. With his open hand he struck Lance a sounding blow on the cheek. Four white marks lay on the right side of Lance's plump and rosy face. His smile had quite vanished, and his eyes blazed.

"Better hang your hat up somewhere," he remarked with a deadly sort of calmness that made Arthur's pasty cheek turn yellow; "we'll find a dry place somewhere for your jacket."

Lance was already rolling up the sleeves of his shirt and blouse, for he had no jacket under the latter. In a sort of frightened silence Arthur removed hat and coat.

"Let's get where the ground's quite level: there! behind that big oak. And look here! if you're the younger, you shall have your back to the sun. How old are you?"

"Just turned eleven," muttered Arthur, upon whom a most unpleasant suspicion was beginning to dawn that he was not only going to be severely pummelled, but that his antagonist was a son of the house he was about to visit. It seemed to him quite too late for explanations.

"Well, I've only just turned eleven," Lance said, "but it's all right. I'll face the sun."

As a matter of fact each of them in turn had the afternoon sun in his eyes, for the preliminary dance round lasted for some time.

Lance knew that he had an easy victory, but he wanted to see what his enemy was made of. Round and round they went in a sort of irregular circle, Arthur now and again hitting out with a sort of despairing fury, Lance easily parrying the blows and trying to make up his mind where it would be safest to smite this unmuscular and unscientific young person. Indeed, if Lance had not been so exasperated by Arthur's preliminary assault, he would have been inclined to pity him for his thin, stick-like arms and general appearance of unfitness for handling anything heavier than a tea-cup or a battledore.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Lance, as at the first real blow Arthur toppled over, "only say when you're ready."

But the foe was in a hurry, and closed with Lance so sharply and suddenly that the latter's chief anxiety became how to avoid setting his clogged foot upon the other's dainty shoe. Making a passionate rush upon Lance's fist, Arthur realised that one of his teeth had been loosened and his lip cut.

"Better stop the bleeding," Lance suggested; but Arthur would stop for nothing—until for the second time he found himself lying on the grass.

"Let me get your handkerchief," said Lance, running to fetch the enemy's jacket. "Don't let the blood drop on your waistcoat."

Arthur took the proffered jacket and found his handkerchief.

"You must say, you know, when you want to shake hands," Lance hazarded. "So sorry we haven't got a sponge."

"Haven't done with you yet," said Arthur, soon throwing away his few square inches of cambric and getting into position. Suddenly, however, he changed his tactics. He had seen wrestling—in a boy's paper; he had studied a certain "fall"—in theory. Springing cat-like upon Lance, he pinned his enemy's arms to his side.

But only for a moment. Though completely taken by surprise, Lance planted his sturdy feet well apart and waited. Frantically Arthur tried by twisting his thin leg round Lance's to pull him over. He might just as well have tried to uproot a young oak-tree. With a sudden jerk of his arms Lance freed himself, and, after lifting his enemy bodily into the air, laid him down slowly upon the grass.

"Had enough?" Lance laconically enquired.

"Think so," was the answer.

"Well, you'll shake hands, won't you? Sorry you're damaged, but I didn't force you to spar, did I?"

"That's all right," said Arthur, getting up and shaking hands.

"I struck the first blow: that's a fact.

"Hum! did you now? Thought so."

Both the boys turned with a start. It was the Colonel! And Lance at once realised that he had assaulted a nephew.

"Nice young man, aren't you now?" the Colonel said, turning his grand-nephew round by the collar. "Pretty mess you're in too! Thought a tea fight the most exciting combat you'd ever been in. Up to this, I 'spose it was."

Though Lance was not a little concerned, and had a vision of himself spending the rest of the day in handcuffs or leg-irons, or both, he could not help smiling. Nay, venturing to take one quick glance at the Colonel's face, it seemed as if something very like a smile was hovering beneath the good man's moustache. But the Colonel saw the glance, and not only immediately straightened his features but turned upon Lance with severity.

"Yes, and *you*, sir! Nice way of introducing yourself to a perfect stranger—and *my* nephew—isn't it? What about the laws of hospitality and—and all that sort of thing?"

"I hit him first, you know, uncle," interposed Arthur, putting on his jacket. "Of course, I didn't know who he was. You see, I insulted him before I hit him. I thought he was a—I mean—well, I didn't think——"

"Don't stand chattering there," the Colonel interrupted as his nephew began to flounder. "What you want is a good wash."

"I'll take him to Sarah, shall I, Colonel? Lance suggested.

"That's it. Off you run, both of you!"

The Colonel sat in the Squire's study, telling the story of the fight, and laughing heartily. Mr. Ridingdale looked grave.

"It is good of you to take it like that," he was saying, "but I am exceedingly sorry that Lance should so forget himself."

"But really, Jack, it's the best thing that could possibly have happened to that young suburban whipper-snapper. It's not his fault altogether, but he really is a conceited little ass. He's fatherless, as you know, and his mother is a right-down fool. My poor nephew married beneath him, and the silly woman is as full

of pretensions as an egg is full of meat. She has already taken the lad away from half-a-dozen preparatory schools—either because they didn't put his hair in curl papers every night, or wouldn't lace his boots for him, or some rot of that kind. The wonder is that he is endurable. She has done her level best to bring him up as a fop and a coward rolled into one. And he's to be a soldier, forsooth! Good heavens! what is the army coming to?"

* * * * *

To say that Arthur found life beneath his uncle's roof slow and monotonous does not express the matter fully. Crowded with objects of art, the Chantry was an interesting house to explore, but being a house, and not a South Kensington Museum, it was soon exhausted. The Colonel's library was a delight; unfortunately Arthur read nothing, if he could help it, but the *Boys' Ripper*. Music was the old soldier's daily solace; but the youngster said all indoor music made his head ache. The Colonel asked him if he could ride, and, though (like that of the man who did not play the fiddle) his reply was a cautious one, Arthur was so anxious to try that the pony was ordered round. When his uncle saw him put the wrong foot in the stirrup, the good man tried not to make any remark; but when he noticed that the would-be-rider was trembling in every limb, the Colonel foresaw an inquest—and said so. The pony went back to the stables.

That day, luckily, Harry and George and Lance were coming to lunch at the Chantry, so Arthur tried to kill the morning by exploring the Ridingdale shops. He meant to do his best to impress upon Miss Rippel, upon Kelveston the confectioner, upon Colpington the chemist, and various other tradespeople, the fact of their exceeding inferiority, both as individuals and shopkeepers; but, blind as at that time he was to his own condition of conceited puppydom, he could not but own to himself afterwards that they one and all utterly refused to be impressed by a top-hatted youngster with a Cockney accent and the manners of a music-hall call-boy.

He started rather badly at Miss Rippel's, and only her natural urbanity and serenity of temper prevented a downright altercation.

"Look here! I want the *Boys' Ripper*," he began, turning over various periodicals that lay on the counter. "And be sharp, because I'm in a hurry."

Miss Rippel did not keep an assortment of smiles for different classes of customers: she had one unvarying expression, and it was an exceedingly agreeable one.

"That is a paper I don't stock," she replied pleasantly; "but I have all the best boys' papers," she continued, turning over a pile of current periodicals.

"Oh, I don't read dry rot of that sort," he said contemptuously; "I want the *Ripper*. Just you order it for me, and don't forget!"

Miss Rippel shook her head. "No, I can't do that—unless your uncle particularly wishes it," she said. "I think you're one of his little nephews, are you not?"

Arthur particularly objected to the adjective "little" as applied to himself; indeed, if Miss Rippel had chosen the word with a view of hurting the youngster—which she had not—she could not have made a better selection.

"Well, you just are a putrid lot of clodhoppers in this beastly hole," he burst out. "I'll tell my uncle what I think about you when I get home."

"Perhaps," suggested Miss Rippel with composure, "you will be good enough to say that I shall have the greatest pleasure in getting anything for which he may send me a written order. Good morning!"

With a muttered imprecation that she did not catch, the small Cockney swung himself out of the shop, his temper in very bad repair.

A favourite idiom of William Lethers' was that "you couldn't get no change out o' Mester Colpington." This did not refer to money handed over a counter; it meant that James Colpington, chemist and druggist, High-street, Ridingdale, Yorks, was a man very well able to take care of himself.

At this time there was no tobaccoist's shop in Ridingdale, and indeed when one was started people had become so used to getting their tobacco and snuff from the grocers', and their cigars and cigarettes from Colpington's, that they mistrusted a man who sold the weed and nothing but the weed, and his little establishment failed.

Stopping to look at the chemist's window, Arthur at once noticed some boxes of cigarettes. Now Arthur's one accomplishment—an accomplishment he shared with gutter children and

newspaper boys—was smoking. He told himself that what he needed at this time was a quiet smoke—in some quiet and secret place. Unsuccessfully he had tried to “nick” one of his uncle’s cigars: perhaps it was well for Arthur that the Colonel was careful not to leave such things lying about. Not every grown-up man was equal to a Ruggerson cigar.

Pushing back Colpington’s swing-door, Arthur heard a bell ring in the distance. The shop was empty, and the boy took from his pocket a half-crown wherewith to hammer the counter. The church clock had just struck eleven, and if Arthur had been a native of Ridingle he would have known quite well that on the first stroke of eleven Mr. Colpington always retired to his sitting-room to refresh himself with a glass of beer and a biscuit. But the number of things that Arthur did not know was large, and one of them was that you might hammer Colpington’s counter into tooth-picks before that excellent man would leave his biscuit and beer to wait upon you: in matters of urgency you were expected to find your way to him. Not knowing these things, and many others, Arthur went on hammering viciously, and using words that right-minded men and boys do not use.

Perhaps three full minutes passed before Mr. Colpington appeared, looking aggravatingly pleased with himself, and in no sort of hurry whatever.

“Good morning!” he said cheerfully, but eyeing Arthur a little more keenly than that young gentleman appreciated; “thought it was my lad come back from an errand, and hammering at that case of empties. What can I do for you, sir?”

There were certain things that Mr. Colpington did not know: one of them was that his “sir” had been uttered just in time to prevent an explosion—or shall we say a splutter?

“I want some cigarettes: a box. Best you’ve got.”

Mr. Colpington swung round on his heel and hastened to open a drawer that was certainly not labelled *tobacco*. He may have wanted to hide a smile: who knows? At any rate, he turned round again to the counter and began to scrape a pestle lying there in a huge mortar.

There are two ways of absorbing conversation. One is to start at a rush and drown your opponent in a flood of words. A second, and perhaps a more effective method is to speak slowly, incisively, but *continuously*, and without giving the least opportunity of being

interrupted. Of the latter method Mr. Colpington was perfect master.

"How's the lip getting on?" he began, leaning over the counter to get a nearer view of it—to Arthur's intense disgust. "Ah, I see it's beginning to heal nicely. Well, that's all right. Rather a tough customer to tackle, that Master Lance, isn't he? All muscle, from head to heel, eh? Very hearty and healthy young gentlemen the squire's sons, aren't they? Tooth not broken, is it? Glad of that. It's not nice to get a front tooth broken. Spoils one's beauty, doesn't it? You must get the young Ridingleads to teach you to box. I don't hold with fighting of course: but it's important to know how to use one's fists. Eh? I beg your pardon: cigarettes, did you say?"—Arthur's interruption had certainly been emphatic enough—"Well, now"—Colpington's smile was delightful—"it's of course very nice of you to think of making your uncle a little present, but between me and you and this pestle and mortar"—here the chemist dropped his voice and became quite confidential—"Colonel Ruggerson never smokes cigarettes. In fact, he can't bear the sight of them. You might just as well offer him a box of powders. The very sight of a cigarette makes him furious."

"But I don't want them for him," Arthur managed to interpolate, almost in a shriek.

"Oh, I see. You want to give them to the boys at the Hall?" Here Colpington became very serious indeed, and shook his head solemnly. "Well, now, you take my advice—don't! There's not one of them that smokes: they don't want to. If they did, they wouldn't be allowed; but they don't. They'd only give them to their father—who, by the way, always smokes a pipe; and he might tell your uncle, and your uncle would be angry. You may not know it, but the Colonel can make himself uncommonly unpleasant sometimes. He's got very strong views about boy-smokers. Why, if he knew that I sold you a box of cigarettes, I should never hear the last of it. He's in my shop most days ——"

Arthur did not wait for more. Partly in rage, and partly in fear of the sudden appearance of his uncle, the boy dashed through the swing-door as quickly as if the chemist had threatened his life. And a burst of laughter from Colpington followed him down the street.

One fact had been so constantly impressed upon his mind by

his mother that Arthur may be said to have been possessed by it: it was that the only moneyed relative he had in the world was Colonel Ruggerson. Therefore, his mother had insisted, not to offend that gentleman was not merely Arthur's duty but his one hope of inheriting a property that many other grand-nephews were anxious to share. Conscious that by his fight with Lance Ridingdale he had begun badly, and that the events of the morning had not precisely prejudiced the uncle in his favour, he was more than anxious to avoid anything that might unduly anger his relative. But the boy was furious with Colpington—who had really done him a very great service. It hurt his pride exceedingly to discover that the news of his being badly mauled by Lance had become common property; but to have been made a fool of by "a common shopkeeper," as the insolent child would have called the good chemist, was unbearable. To say nothing of the time he had spent hammering at the counter, there he had stood for a good ten minutes merely to be chaffed, and to come away cigaretteless!

Consolation and confectionery are, to a boy, interchangeable terms: Arthur wanted all the consolation he could get, and for half-a-crown he hoped to get a good deal. Kelveston's window was second to none in attractions, and, though at that moment no boy in the wide world could have been less hungry, Arthur marched into the shop and immediately attacked a pork-pie, hot from the oven. Kelveston and a plate appeared at the same moment.

"Mind the gravy, sir!"

The confectioner was too late. Arthur was not accustomed to hot pork-pies, and had not given this one credit for holding gravy. Wherefore a big splash of fatty liquid fell upon the front of his Eton jacket. Kelveston ran to get a napkin, and the boy swore audibly.

Now the chemist and the confectioner were very different men, and the difference chiefly consisted in the fact that Colpington always said what he thought and Kelveston did not—at any rate to a customer. Kelveston had, perhaps, absorbed a little of the saccharine, not to say oily, character of his goods. In his heart he strongly disapproved of the use of strong language, but he would not say so to a boy who was already attacking his second pie, and whose eyes were fixed upon a plate of puffs.

Kelveston called everybody "sir," or "madam," and spoke apologetically of the weather. Arthur had no interest at all in the weather; he was absorbed in considering if, after the demolition of the second pie, he would start upon the puffs or the open tarts.

Making the circuit of the counter he came upon a dish of cheese-cakes—lemon. With one eye still upon the puffs—three-cornered, you know, and easily disposed of—he was benignant enough to assure Mr. Kelveston that the lemon cheese-cakes were "no end good." The confectioner did not blush, but his acknowledgment was modest and sweet. Finishing the fourth cheese-cake, Arthur helped himself to a puff. After that he had a bottle of lemonade, and gave up keeping count of the various delicacies that appealed to him, and not in vain. He told himself that it was the duty of the confectioner to keep count: it was a duty that Kelveston never missed.

The church clock struck twelve, and remembering that the luncheon was at one o'clock Arthur concluded that perhaps for the present he had had enough. Kelveston was accuracy itself in reckoning up—doing it audibly and showing a great genius for mental arithmetic; to the consternation of Dr. Nuttlebig who, suddenly called to a case out of town, had looked in to get a sandwich. Arthur did not know the Doctor, and felt inclined to ask him "What he was jolly well staring at?"

"You don't mean to say that that lad has just *eaten* all the stuff he's paid for?" the amazed Doctor enquired, when Arthur had left the shop.

"Every bit of it, sir," said Kelveston.

"Who is he?"

"One of the Colonel's nephews, sir."

"Thought so. Well, if I'm called in to-morrow, I shall know what's the matter with *him*!"

Whenever he entertained, the Colonel was at his best. As the Ridingdale boys always said, not only were the luncheons ripping, but so was the host himself. He seemed always to get the very things the boys liked best. Lance called these entertainments "birdy dinners"—for to him and his brothers they counted as dinners. Doubtless the good Colonel carefully avoided providing anything that they were likely to get very often at home; but it was wonderful how he contrived to make the solid part of the meal so delightfully *birdy*. Then, too, he seemed to save up all

his very best stories for these occasions : " real Rattlers, you know," Lance said, " and every one of them true ; all about the Mutiny and Indian things, snakes and tigers and Thugs, and chaps of that sort. And if you *have* heard some of them before—well, if a tale is really good, you like to have it again. In fact, sometimes the Colonel remembers bits that he forgot all about when he told us the tale the first time."

On this particular day, when the boys arrived at the Chantry, Arthur Leighson was making a very careful toilet. He put on his best Etons, a pair of evening shoes, and some cuffs that reached his knuckles. Two cambric handkerchiefs he soaked in some abominable essence : with something out of a bigger bottle he deluged his hair. On the whole, he felt pleased with himself, but he could not help wishing that he had a better appetite.

When he entered the morning-room he found Lance laughing over the current *Punch* ; the rest were deep in some illustrated papers that the Colonel had bought expressly for his nephew. Perhaps it took Arthur about thirty seconds to realise that he was in the presence of four exceedingly well-bred as well as well-dressed boys. For though their Eton suits were somewhat worn, and their boots a little thicker than his dancing shoes, Arthur could not but realise that in their presence he was anything but an imposing figure.

Moved to much laughter by one of Charles Keen's delightful drawings, Lance did not immediately notice the entrance of the boy he had so recently fought ; but as Arthur began to shake hands with Hilary, Harry, and George, Lance rushed forward and gave his old enemy a grip so hearty that one would have thought them very old friends indeed.

The luncheon could not have been " birdier," nor could the talk have been merrier. Arthur was the only silent member of this party of six, and he was silent for two reasons ; he was not hungry, but he was forcing himself to eat ; he knew absolutely nothing of the books and the pictures, the games and sports, upon which these four merry lads were as eloquent as song-thrushes in spring. The Colonel was radiant.

Arthur had trifled with chicken and played with roast duck and green peas, but it soon became clear to the Colonel that his nephew was not making a meal. However, the good man reflected that the lad had had an amazing breakfast, and that probably he

had taken very little walking exercise. But it was when the grouse came on the table that Arthur suddenly turned very pale and hastily left the dining-room.

The Colonel sent a message to his housekeeper, and in a very short time the housekeeper sent a message to the Colonel.

"It's all right," said the latter to his guests. "He's a little bilious, that's all. Change of air and food, you know—shaken up a bit by the journey. That's right, Harry, have another bit of grouse. Shot 'em myself on the 12th. Hardly hung long enough, have they? But they're not tough."

Then the Colonel told a grouse-story, which was received with such peals of boyish laughter that a most exceedingly miserable young gentleman upstairs wished all confectioners and cooks and uncles and Ridingdale boys at Jericho. But particularly confectioners.

An hour or two later Arthur bestowed the same wish upon Dr. Nuttlebig, and upon his physic. The Doctor was kindly facetious, but his patient was in no mood for humour.

"Well, I won't give you away this time," said the medical man as he took his leave. "It was by the merest accident that I overheard the catalogue of things you had at Kelveston's. But making all allowances for a young appetite—well, my lad, there is such a thing as gluttony, and gluttony is a particularly ugly sin—eh?"

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

GOD'S FOUR WAYS OF GIVING HIMSELF

He came into the world and gave Himself
My Friend, my Brother, and my Love to be.
And in the world He died, and gave Himself
My sin-bound soul from slavery to free.
And then He left the world, and gave Himself
To be my endless joy and bliss at length,
And still He stays below, and gives Himself
My daily food and supernatural strength.

F. C. K.

AD FILIUM

O LITTLE SON, love of my heart most tender !

I would you grew

Less fragile, less seraphically slender.

O eyes of blue !

I would you held less thought within your sweetness.

O gentle, loving heart !

I would you showed less wisdom, in completeness

Your years could not impart.

Two other sons have I, O happy woman !

Two others, strong and tall ;

Donal the merry, Barry, bold and human,

Careless of all

The days may hold for him ; but you, my Cullen !

Thoughtful beyond your years,

When life grows sad, and skies loom dark and sullen,

Your mother's fears

Awake, and she would gladly come and hide you

Within her arms

From what of this world's sorrow may betide you,

From war's alarms—

From all the troubles that the days may bring you

When she is dead,

And never more a crooning song may sing you,

O dear brown head !

My little son, love of my heart most tender,

I would you grew

Less flower-like, less ethereally slender,

O heart so true !

I wish you held less wisdom in completeness

Within your eyes ;

But, oh ! my son, I would not lose your sweetness

To have you otherwise.

NORA O'MAHONY.

A PLEA FOR THE MODERN WOMAN

II.

BEFORE pursuing my plea any further, may I say that I should like this article to make readers think for themselves. I do not ask any to accept or reject a statement because it is mine, without personal inquiry into its truth and justice. Let them, on the contrary, look at the world around them, study the actual financial and economic position of women in it, the kind of education they receive, its bearing on their future, the conventions that enmesh them, the occupations they follow, mostly unskilled, the payment that they work for, the results they achieve, the esteem in which they are held, consider how they themselves would feel and act in like circumstances, and then, with full knowledge, decide for or against my arguments. We are all too much inclined to adopt as our own views formed at second hand, on questions which we have not studied, about which we have never once thought clearly and independently. Prejudice is the only outcome of this method of dealing with social and political problems of importance, and from prejudice it is above all things desirable that the mind should be free. To return to our subject, it must be admitted by all who have gone into the matter that there really is no such thing as an equal chance in life for men and women. The conditions are too different. To make the same income as a man a woman must actually be better than a man. To be "honest, sober, and well-conducted," as runs the time-honoured formula, practically insures a livelihood to any fairly intelligent man. Honesty, sobriety, and good conduct go a very short way towards securing for a woman a minimum income. Amongst the educated classes, professional or aristocratic, the young college man, willing to work, who cannot slip into some appointment, or take up some calling where he can make a modest £200 a year, must be singularly unfortunate or singularly incapable. Only an exceptionally lucky and intelligent woman can make a like sum.

The woman worker labours under many difficulties. To start with, it is taken to be a man's right, duty, and privilege to work.

He is accepted at the outset as presumably a sensible, level-headed person, to be taken seriously. It will be his own fault if this attitude of the world towards him changes. A woman, on the other hand, has to prove a negative before she is accepted. She must first show the world, if she can get the chance, that she is capable, level-headed, businesslike, and not a trifler playing at work for fun or for pocket-money.

It is strange, too, that if any woman obtains an unusual employment, and fails to give satisfaction, this is supposed to prove to demonstration the unfitness of her entire sex for that occupation. "Oh, we tried a lady," people will say, "and it didn't answer. No more women for us!" If, on the other hand, a man is engaged, and turns out to be unsuitable, he is simply dismissed, and another and a better man replaces him—which is as it should be. A bad woman, we are often told, is "a disgrace to her sex." Poor sex, that must bear the blame of her ill-doing. A male criminal might, perhaps, be told he was a disgrace to humanity; but no one would tell him he was a disgrace to his sex.

Of all countries in the world, America is the one where women, without let or hindrance, have opened up careers for themselves. They are working successfully in every sphere; they have invaded positions at which we still smile as absurd for women, and have done credit to themselves; they are dentists, doctors, lawyers, lecturers, journalists, school teachers, stockbrokers, house agents, clerks, surveyors, engineers, horse-breakers, and what not, working on practically the same conditions as men, and at equal salary. Surely, if what some people think and say be true, they must be despised and hated as unsexed, unfeminine, as rivals and interlopers. Far from this being the case, the exact opposite holds good. In no country in the world are women honoured, and cherished, and respected as in America, in no other country do they reign so absolutely as queens; a kind of adoration is paid them. Nor have they suffered by their liberty of action in their physique or in delicacy of sentiment. The beauty of the American woman, her taste in dress, her wit, her grace, her vivacity, her armoury of feminine charms, are renowned, and have led to her being sought in marriage by the men of all other lands, to the detriment of their fellow-countrywomen. On the other hand, where in this world are women to be found as thoroughly conformed to the ideals

of our great grandmothers as in Germany? There domesticity is a cult—an excellent and worthy cult, I admit—but often limited in its scope. The four walls of her home, her husband, her children, her servants, bound the woman's horizon. The American is generally a good house-keeper, too, but she is something more than a mere housekeeper. The German is a house-keeper only. *Kinder, Küche, und Kirche*, the Kaiser defined to be her sphere—children, kitchen, and church. She never raises her voice in the press or on the platform, she is meek, submissive, a believer in her own absolute inferiority to the god-like Herrn who rule her destiny—and she is, nevertheless, a cipher, despised, and ridiculed. In a recent German novel, admitted to be a faithful picture of life, the school-boy, when his mother corrects him, replies, "Don't talk! Women should hold their tongue."

Obviously, therefore, women lose nothing by asserting and proving their claim to be regarded as reasonable human beings, making up half the human race, their claim to work, their claim to think, their claim to judge for themselves, and be guided by circumstances. They have only to open their eyes to see that good things come not to her who waits, but to her who does not wait. Let them bring the virtues that adorn her home into the sphere of active life if active life for them be needful.

It is said that in Chicago, where an enormous percentage are independent workers, one rarely sees a sad, worn, peevish, discontented woman's face, and that is largely due to the help and support women get from the city men, who honour their pluck and capacity, and do all they can to help them to succeed in whatever career they have adopted, realising in the words of the American playwright, that "It's a hard world for men, but a cruel world for women."

I must not be taken as urging that women, regardless of circumstances, are to rush into professions and publicity. On the contrary, the women who can avoid both are blessed. Home is a woman's true and proper sphere. Would that it were secured to all. Moreover, work in the home is not without its trials, labours, and responsibilities. It takes as much skill and judgment to spend an income wisely as to earn it. In the home the woman is at her best and brightest, but to keep on crying "peace, peace, when there is no peace," is an absurdity.

While in the nature of things those who by stress of circum-

stances are pushed into the arena form the bulk of the women who mingle in the work of the world, it need not be concluded that it is desirable to exclude all women who are financially independent. Better for such, of course, to confine their efforts in the main to humanitarian but unremunerative employments ; at the same time, because of their financial independence they are valuable allies to their less fortunate sisters, as they can stand out for fair pay and fair treatment without injury to themselves, and thus raise the standard, while those ground under the heel of necessity must take what they can get and put up with it. No man is prevented from earning because he has private means.

It is said that an ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory. I have admitted that I began with inherited ideas and theories as to what women should and should not do, due to the surroundings and the family traditions in which I was reared. Experience in time showed me the folly of many of them. I have had myself actually to do some of the things I vowed I never could, would, or should do. I have had to overcome many obstacles single handed. This should make one more tender to one's own, less censorious, better able to understand women and their difficulties, aye, and men too, and their difficulties ; to see that the struggling father or brother has his hard times, and is not merely a sort of purveyor from whom his womenkind may thanklessly draw whatever they demand for sustenance or luxury ; that men and women are not rivals and opponents, but naturally friends and comrades.

An excellent acquaintance of ours, an old-fashioned lady, reared in the mental atmosphere of the contemporaries of Jane Austen, was one day speaking to me of a singularly unsatisfactory female member of a certain family. She told me of the trouble the latter had given her mother and her sisters, of her silly love-affairs, her debts, her undignified quarrels. When a whole litany of grievances against this troublesome person had been recited, the speaker dropped her voice to show that something more monstrous still remained untold. "And my dear!" she concluded in thrilling accents—"to cap the climax, she writes for the public press." As I wrote for the public press myself, a fact which my kind friend had absolutely forgotten, I am afraid I smiled at this revelation. My contributions, I hope, are not quite the same as those of the lady in question, but my friend's remark showed how far we have travelled since she was young. It was the other misdemeanours

that most astonished me : it was the fact of writing for the press that most horrified her. Though I come of literary people, I had a good deal of this feeling at the start, a feeling that made Jane Austen hide the fact that she wrote novels as if it were a crime, and frightened Charlotte Brontë and Mary Ann Evans into pseudonyms. I have it still in a lesser degree. To see one's name in print is always rather painful, rather a shock, however blameless and conventional the sentiments to which it is attached. As a result, most of my work has been done under the shelter of a *nom de guerre*, and I have derived an amusement not altogether free from aftertaste at the different judgment that the critics meted out to the acknowledged woman and the supposed "rising young man." Literature is, perhaps, our fairest field. Why should there be even here cause for the woman to dread that her sex will be dragged in to witness against her ?

In literary life men are dealing with their school-fellows, their University chums, the lads with whom once on a time they played football. When a woman comes in, she comes, more or less, as an outsider, almost as a foreigner into a not too favourable city. The people to whom she submits her work have rarely met her, rarely heard of her. She cannot enrol herself as member of the Savage Club or the Vagabonds (as I was asked to do under the belief I was a man) and there revive old friendships or form new, like her brothers. She has no adventitious aids whatsoever, unless she happens by lucky accident to have been born within the charmed circle of writers, or to have power behind her, whether in relations, in beauty, or in money. When one knows, as I know, the true history of such modern women as have come to the front in literature or the drama, it is astonishing to see how few amongst them have succeeded by ability alone, however great and genuine that ability may be. So-and-so is the daughter of her father, and therefore everyone wishes to oblige him through her. Such a one is wealthy, and puts money into the production of her plays. Mrs. Blank is the daughter of a politician, or an editor, and on the principle of *gratte moi et je te gratterai* finds many to praise her work. All their work, moreover, is good, even excellent, but work as good, as excellent, is overlooked or "damned with faint praise" where adventitious circumstances have not helped to swell the writer's fame. That merit succeeds in the end I cheerfully grant—at least I hope—but rarely does this happen

to a woman till the hair is streaked with gray, the brow furrowed with care. "To be famous while you are young," says D'Israeli, "is the portion of the gods." It is seldom the portion of our sex. So far as I can gather, no woman has succeeded during the last thirty-five years without having some powerful man, whether openly or secretly, to back her—that is, no woman has made a first-class success unaided. We all admit that George Eliot was in her way a genius. Learning, humour, knowledge of life and character are evident in every page she wrote. It is astonishing to find that George Lewis had to go on his knees to the critics on her behalf, that he begged and implored people to praise her, wrote articles about her himself; in a word worked up what modern slang calls "a boom" for one who ought, one would think, by every right, to have succeeded on her merits.

I am not contending that literary men have not their trials as well as literary women. That would be absurd, and one has only to read the lives of the poets to learn the contrary; but what I do maintain is that in addition to the difficulties common to all literary aspirants, women who are serious workers, and not *dilettanti*, find obstacles special to themselves simply because they are women. That a woman can be calm, amenable to reason, and worthy of a tolerant and courteous bearing, is not a popular doctrine. Looking on women as beings fundamentally unreasonable, beings entirely different from themselves in their intelligence, ideas of honour, uprightness, truth, public spirit, and mutual kindness, women workers are often treated in business as men would never treat their fellows. The women submit through necessity, or moral cowardice, or sheer helplessness. The finer a man, of course, the more cultured and comprehending, the less there is of this. From the inheritor of a well-known name who directs a great magazine, or a great publishing house, even the youngest and least-known writer, man or woman, is sure of a courtesy and consideration rarely accorded by the persons of school-board education that luck has enabled to direct the fortunes of penny novelettes. A literary woman is well advised if she writes only for the best magazines. She will be better treated, better paid, and make a name more quickly. His attitude to women is the surest test of a man's character.

But who, it may be asked, is to blame for this widely accepted view of women as creatures of a different breed to men, whose chief

good qualities are youth and beauty, neither of them lasting? Largely, women themselves, comfortable, narrow-minded women, who have never had to face life or facts. Failing to see that the interests of all women are identical, that in the finest and truest woman there should be something of the man, as in the finest and truest man there should be, and always is, something of the woman, they fight too often for their own hand, despising great things, exaggerating the importance of little things, treating their sisters as rivals and enemies, and joining in the laugh and jeer at age and homely looks, that will one day be turned against themselves. The easy way is the way they prefer. They teach as a truism that a woman must gain her ends by guile, that frank dealing and sincerity, especially between man and woman, are impossible. From this comes lack of a sense of honour, duplicity, underhand methods, and the acceptance of the axiom that it is right for a woman to pretend outwardly to give in while secretly pursuing her own way. To all this the modern woman is opposed, and fortunately the best and most far-seeing of men are on her side. Intrigue and cabal are no longer condoned or approved of, and the depths of iniquity that have been plumbed in the past by woman's calculated insincerity are lit by modern women with the lamp of truth.

If all women taught their sons to honour their mother's sex, what a different world we should have! It is the proclamation by women themselves that women are necessarily vain, and shallow, and deceitful, unfit to be trusted, or to take moral responsibility on their feeble shoulders, that impresses the ductile mind of youth, and forms a prejudice that later crystallizes into injustice. That a man is the poorer for holding such views, that he and his children are the losers by his choosing for wife a girl who embodies all he has been told are the characteristics of women, and as such unavoidable, that thus the evil of a low standard of righteousness and honour as between the sexes is passed on to another generation, are considerations that time alone teaches.

I am far from denying that there are disagreeable and ill-tempered women in the world—cranky, embittered, difficult to please, making heavy demands on the forbearance of others, but, as the French say, "*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*"—to know all is to forgive all. Such characters are almost invariably weak, and have been soured by circumstances, by a life without

love or kindness in it, by ill-health, by struggling with the world against odds too heavy for them. It must be remembered that "The wounded is the wounding heart." It takes much fortitude, much of that "strength of mind" so greatly decried in women, to "suffer and be strong." In facing a multiplicity of troubles, slights, misunderstandings, losses, bereavements, isolation, poverty a woman has often to pull herself together, as it were, and resolve that, come what may, she will not let sorrow rob her nature of its sweetness and elasticity. If her courage fail, if she take to whining and bemoaning herself, with however good reason, farewell to happiness for her, and for those around her. Strength of mind obviously has its uses.

That women should stand by each other, should aim at the highest, whether they reach it or not, should cast out the cowardice which precipitates and perpetuates evil, should cease to condone in the strong what they condemn unsparingly in the weak, that they should take up as human beings their individual responsibility for what goes on in the world, instead of shuffling it off their own shoulders on to the shoulders of anyone else, is the belief of the modern woman. She has brought good even to those who malign her and wilfully misunderstand her.

It is time, indeed, for women to see that union is strength. One cannot but be struck by the fact that the attitude of the world towards women is largely that of Englishmen toward Irishmen. In each case the former thinks the latter to be queer, unaccountable, irrational creatures, who want no one knows what. A truer understanding is the only way out of the difficulty. If women will interpret women kindly to men, and show them as they are, the world in time may listen and understand. What says the anonymous poet of women?—

"More flattered and least trusted of the race,
Dropped for a whim and followed for a face,
Loved for their follies, their devotion scorned.
In presence flouted, and in absence mourned.
Their hearts, their characters by men abused
Who never think their help should be refused;
Seated by kings and trampled in the mire,
The best, the worst, they equally inspire;
Cursed for their weakness, hated when they're strong,
Whatever happens, always in the wrong."

There is the whole tragedy of woman's life in a nutshell.

Surely we have borne more than our share of reproach from the days of Isaiah to those of Mr. Crosland? True, we are not faultless—"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone"—but our faults are largely the result of circumstances, of false education, and false ideals. We have, amongst other things, been told from time immemorial of our vanity, our extravagance, our love of dress. We admit the justice of these criticisms, but, on the other hand, did those who made, and those who still make, them ever reflect how vanity and love of dress are almost forced on women by their position? Let us speak the truth. What woman, however gifted, can hope to succeed in life without pleasing men? Take it in the most legitimate way: men hold honours, riches, social position in their hands and distribute them to women. What do they most admire? Is it first of all modesty, thrift, intelligence, unselfishness? Such virtues, while they may add a charm to life in common, and rivet an affection already existing, have little to say to a woman's success. Beauty is a woman's strongest weapon. Possessed of this alone, she is fully armed; denied it, she is indeed defenceless whatever may be her other attributes. Beauty is an exquisite thing, but make it all-powerful, all-important, and vanity and love of dress are inevitable results. Many women, not strictly beautiful, become beautiful if handsomely attired. Can we expect them to see the prizes of life within their grasp if they will but stretch out their hands, and yet hold back, allowing love, wealth and honours to pass them by? It is scarcely in human nature. They look around them and behold a penniless girl, perhaps dancing for her living in the ballet, raised at a stroke to the peerage, made sharer of an ample fortune, consorting with the greatest in the land; a little typewriter married to a merchant-prince and queening it amongst the best—and why? Because of intelligence, because of generosity, because of virtue or ability? Oh, no! Because of good looks. With such object-lessons on every hand, is it not an absurdity to expect women to rise superior to their influence? When a woman's character counts as the chief thing in life and in marriage, then and then alone can we reasonably expect women to outgrow the pagan ideals set before them. If conditions were reversed, and advancement was secured to the opposite sex by the colour of their hair or the cut of their coat, cosmetics and dyes might possibly figure in their annual budget, and the choice of a tailor become as serious a question as the choice of a profession.

intellectual arguments, I am dismayed. Her best reason, as it is the world's best reason, is the inspiration of a pure and believing heart." The italics are mine.

Is, then, a pure and believing heart incompatible with intellectuality in man or woman, as infidels would have us believe? What sort of argument is this? Have we not all known women whose hearts and souls and minds refute it? To cite but one. I hold it a privilege of my youth to have known the late Mrs. Atkinson, the counsellor of all who needed her advice, the capable mistress of a refined and well-ordered home, the tactful hostess, the affectionate and loyal friend, the comforter of the poor, the sinful and the afflicted, yet a brilliant writer, a woman of profound learning, who under other circumstances could have made her mark, and that a high one, in competition with the best intellects of the day. Her mental gifts but added to a charm that all who approached her acknowledged, and who will say that lacking them she would have been a more admirable woman?

I do not contend that intellectuality in either man or woman works for happiness. All history disproves such a theory. Nevertheless, I think intellectuality a good gift of God, a higher and nobler thing than its absence, and as such to be respected wherever it is found. Why anyone should fail to esteem it is difficult to understand.

If a woman be intellectual—I do not say if she apes intellectuality—but if she be genuinely intellectual, whose is the fault if fault there be? Did she make herself? create her own tastes or aptitudes? Will the absence of intellectuality—by which we understand superior intelligence, a love for the things of the mind rather than for those of the body, a joy in a beautiful poem that exceeds joy in a new bonnet, an appreciation of a beautiful landscape beyond admiration for a trinket—will the absence of this create heart or love of duty in a woman lacking those qualities? When will people see that the worst vices of the modern world are to be found not in the women of intellect, but amongst the feather-headed, the thoughtless, and the silly?

The curious part of the sentences I have quoted is that they are taken from an article, in many ways admirable; of a panegyric on the Blessed Virgin! Does, then, the writer seriously contend that intellectuality was not one of the gifts of Her whom the Church invokes daily as "Seat of Wisdom," "Queen of

Prophets," and "Mother of Good Counsel"—the Woman who for thirty years enjoyed the daily society and conversation of the God made Man? He cannot have meant this; but why should he imply it, save in deference to popular and unworthy prejudice, or to a misunderstanding of what intellect means?

Christ thought well of women and their intelligence. To the woman of Samaria, to Martha and Mary, he enunciated some of the subtlest truths He taught. Evidently to Him, so gentle to women, so understanding, so pitiful of their weakness, and even of their sin, intellect in women was no subject for "dismay." In return, who loved Him as women did, who followed Him as women did, when His disciples fled?

The Church has always favoured and honoured women—honoured not only woman's sanctity, but woman's intelligence, which gives additional value to sanctity, as light shows out the colours of stained glass. Has she not raised to her altars even in our own time, women whose deeds rival and surpass those of the few who to-day are jeeringly termed "advanced"? No modern woman has emulated Venerable Joan of Arc, clad in knightly garb, and riding like a soldier at the head of her troops. Was she the less a woman, timid, trusting, gentle, soft-hearted, because she did this? For answer we need only read the process of her beatification. Why should we assume that those who undertake deeds infinitely less daring are unsexed?

If for feats of arms we can cite Joan of Arc, for literature we can cite St. Teresa. She compelled the admiration of Froude, this valiant nun of Avila. Not only what she wrote but how she wrote it has given immortality to her work. In journeyings often, in perils from false brethren, founding convents, governing communities, laying down rules, struggling against calumny and misrepresentation, had she lived in other times and another land she would have been acknowledged a *maitresse-femme*, intellectually great in the paths of righteousness.

Let us come to politics. We see before us St. Catherine of Siena. What modern woman would dare, as she did, to rebuke bishops and admonish Popes? St. Catherine brought back the Popes from Avignon to Rome. One has only, in order to realise the overwhelming magnitude of her work, to imagine a woman of to-day presuming to advise a Council of Cardinals on any similar problem. We have not, then, gone beyond our sisters of the past. We have not even touched the hem of their garments.

It may be objected that these women were saints, were exceptional women. Of course they were, but few recognized it when they were alive. Detraction has full sway until the tomb has closed. They seemed in their time to be no more than others, and their audacity was denounced, while their motives were impugned and condemned.

If we come to people more ordinary, what of the women doctors of the University of Padua? what of Vittoria Colonna and her contemporaries? That woman should be capable of intellectual argument did not dismay Blessed Thomas More. He actually encouraged it. In his famous book *Utopia* he says, that on the island girls as well as boys were carefully taught, "and the better parte of the people, both men and women, throughoute all their whole lyffe do bestowe in learninge those spare hours which we sayde they have vacante from bodelye laboures." Women in "Utopia" assisted in administering justice when questions arose that concerned women, and were unfit to be decided by men, and in places innumerable More shows his sense of the honour and consideration due to the wife. Nor did his preaching go beyond his practice. He instructed his daughters in Latin and Greek, and their learning was celebrated throughout Europe. Sweet Margaret Roper seeking her dead father's head, was not the less a woman of warm heart and sympathetic nature because of her brilliant attainments.

Not only has the Church supported women, but women beyond others have supported the Church. If their support and allegiance were withdrawn, how sad would be the condition of the Church in most lands to-day! How hopeless the outlook for the children of the future! The women have ever been faithful, but their fidelity in this, as in other matters, wins little recognition and less thanks from the unthinking multitude. Few there are who say with St. Anselm: "Blessed are women. The Son of God had a woman for His Mother."

CHARLOTTE O'CONOR ECCLES.

WHAT IS A PRIEST ?

THE priest is a man of sorrows,
 Though not a grief is his own ;
 But the weight of each man's burden,
 Pall-like, around him is thrown.

To-day, 'tis the Reaper claiming
 Some loved one beyond reclaim ;
 To-morrow, a lost, lost sister,
 Gone down in sorrow and shame.

And if he smile with the happy,
 A sigh for once will not breathe,
 'Tis ice, in the sunshine glowing,
 But gloomy as death beneath.

He comes from the land of Edom,
 His vesture and hands dyed red.
 Halting and heavy his footstep,
 And wearily droops his head.

Worldlings ! that laugh and make merry,
 And simper and dance and sing,
 Let him pass on to the stricken,
 Their purple-clad, thorn-crowned King.

Touch him, O God, with Thy pity,
 Incline his ear to our call ;
 For unto the Holy of Holies
 He beareth the sorrows of all.

R. O. K.

IN THE OLD COUNTRY

A Story

CHAPTER LIV

FATHER MATTHEW GOES OUT TO DINNER.

ONCE or twice in the year General Shotover invited Father Matthew Consett to dinner. It was an act of proper courtesy towards his Parish Priest. Beyond going, now and again, to Mass, the old man did not practise his religion, but he respected his Church very much as he respected his queen, and, for either, would have drawn his sword as a matter of course.

The old man took more than usual trouble with his menu on the occasion of these feasts, and had out the best of his cellar, though he knew Father Matthew was abstemious and content with colouring the water in his glass with claret. To break the *gêne* of a long *tête-à-tête*, the relatives from Shotover were always commanded. Chattie knew how to make things pleasant, how to skim over the disagreeables, and float the agreeables of conversation. If General Shotover loved anyone on earth as well as himself, it was his nephew's wife. He never heard her name without an inward grunt of satisfaction. Chattie was worthy of being Baroness Shotover!

Father Matthew had been bidden to one of these bi-annual dinners the day of his interview with James Lycett, and knew that the very morning of the feast the young man's first shot had been fired in the shape of a politely-worded note. The Priest thought of this note as he walked along, thought of it as the footman helped him off with his coat in the hall, thought of it as he was ushered into the drawingroom.

The young people were round him in a moment. In their opinion there was no one to compare with Father Consett. They enjoyed his gentle chaffing that did not spare its point, and were ready to answer to the "saint-names" he had bestowed on them in Baptism. How was Philomena? and was St. Catherine living

up to her vocation? And what had St. Gertrude been about? They had plenty to tell him while they waited for dinner to be announced; their mother amused their great uncle, and their father buried himself in a book.

Lord Shotover was Lady Shotover's husband, there was no mistake about *that*, though, as a good wife should, she deferred to him when occasion required the deference; his Lordship had but one interest in life, and that was Natural History, and if Chattie (who had a head on her shoulders) liked to look after things, why shouldn't she, when it left him the moretime to follow his bent? "Ask her Ladyship," had become such a stereotyped answer that after five-and-twenty years of married life no one about the place dreamed of going to him for orders. But if "the woman was the man," as the Scotch gardener chose to put it, there was not in England a happier couple than Lord and Lady Shotover. Her husband was as proud of his Chattie as was her faithful admirer, the General.

As for the children, the sons, both in the army, were steady, and the daughters were as good-looking and as well-bred as it was necessary for Shotovers, in their grand uncle's opinion, to be, but they lacked their mother's "verve" and "go." They might be married for their looks and virtues, as, indeed, the eldest at seventeen had been, but they would never (and their grand-uncle deplored it) make the figure in the world their mother had made in the few seasons she had queened it in Grosvenor-square after her marriage, before her husband had given himself up to country life. Still the slim young figures were pleasing to the eye, and General Shotover was always ready to lift a wrinkled cheek to their salutes.

"You don't see how smart we are, Father?" one of the young people asked the Priest.

Father Matthew shook his head. "New frocks?" he asked.

"Better than new frocks."

"Better than new frocks? Is that St. Philomena crying up the goods of this world?"

"Look at mother."

Father Matthew turned his eyes towards Lady Shotover sitting serene in her black velvet by the General's side, and again shook his head.

"Father, don't you see? Uncle Geoff has given her our great

grandmother's diamonds, and he has given us her other ornaments."

Father Matthew remembered that he had been told that the estate of the General's mother, an heiress, had gone to as second son. He looked again at Lady Shotover, and saw that a *rivière* of diamonds was round her throat, and that something was glittering in her hair. "You did not expect me to be on the look out for such vanities?" he asked. "Two or three bits of glass would look just as well."

"Father, you know they wouldn't? Even father was pleased. He had never seen them before, for Uncle Geoff has always kept them looked up. Of course, mother has her own, but they are not nearly so fine as these."

"The Lord Shotover in Charles's time sold his jewels to help the King," a younger sister struck in. "That is why the Shotover diamonds are so poor."

"Ah, that is St. Catherine," the Priest said, in a would-be ruminative tone; but there was a twinkle in his eye.

"Now, Father, you know you are glad that we have got these pretty things. Uncle Geoff says we are to carry them home, and divide them at our leisure." The girl pointed to the pile of morocco cases on the centre table. "Say you are glad, Father."

"I am glad if you are glad, and if they are to do you any good, and if there is no one with a better right to them."

"Oh, no one has any right to them but Uncle Geoff, and he likes us to have them. Do you know what father said when Uncle Geoff took out the *rivière*? That he wondered Uncle had never married, that he might see his wife in such magnificence."

"Your uncle gave them to you to-day?" the Priest asked meditatively.

"Yes; a note came to mother, asking us to come early; and we found the table heaped with cases, and he made mother put the diamonds and said they were *hers*, and that we were to have the rest. It was beautiful of him; wasn't it? He had sent on for them to the Bank this afternoon. Father says we must look out for highwaymen on the way home!"

"I asked them for bread, and they gave me a stone," the Priest said under his breath.

"Father?"

"Oh, it's a bad habit to talk to oneself." The Priest gave

himself a shake. "And so these stones have made you all happy. Well, well!" He held up his hands in pretended deprecation of the situation.

"Father, you are pretending. You always tease."

"Pretending, am I? What does St. Philomena say?" The Father smiled, as he nodded towards the youngest of the sisters.

"St. Philomena says," the girl laughed back, "that Father Matthew would not say 'No,' if he was told to put them into his pocket, and—build a new church."

"Ah, Miss Philomena, that is what you would do with the stones?" The Priest laughed.

"Stones." General Shotover's ears had caught the word. "What is that about stones? You are not a geologist, Father?"

The Priest explained. "Our stones are diamonds." He nodded towards Lady Shotover.

"The young people have been telling you? I hope you think I have been doing a wise thing. One never knows what may happen, and I should regret my mother's ornaments falling into the wrong hands."

There was no mistaking the emphasis of the last words. "It is but natural," the Priest returned, as dinner was announced, and changed the course of conversation.

Once or twice during the meal Father Matthew looked at his host. A spot of red on the old man's cheek told, perhaps, of excitement; but to outward appearance he was in a gracious mood, paying compliments not alone to his Chattie but to his grand-nieces, and condescending even to banter the Priest, to show that he, too, was in favour for the moment.

"Seen much of your American friend lately?" was the question that suddenly startled Father Consett.

"There are few days we do not see him at the Presbytery," returned the Priest.

"Ah, a fine fellow, a fine fellow." General Shotover rubbed his hands.

"As fine a fellow as you will meet," the Priest returned with heart.

Lord Shotover, for the first time, showed interest. "What part of America does he come from?" But before the Priest could answer the General struck in, ready for once to joke even his silent nephew, "No, no, you won't find Father Consett's friend

ready to hand you over the American eagle; he has all the cuteness of his countrymen. You are with me there, Father?"

"Father John and I have seen a good deal of him, and we have never seen anything that was contrary to a gentleman," the Priest returned sturdily. He was beginning to recognise that his host's amiability was on the surface.

"Oh, a fine fellow, a fine fellow, as I have said, but with his national characteristics, of which perhaps curiosity, from all accounts, is not the least."

Lady Shotover scented powder. "You are speaking of the young man I have seen on the ice?" she had turned to the Priest. "Where does he come from, Father? Shotover will not be happy till he gets hold of a Brazilian—a Brazilian ornithologist!"

"My young man won't do." Father Matthew shook his head. "But why not go to Brazil? It would be a fine trip for you all."

"And have the sanction of the Church! We must think it over. You would have to come with us, Uncle Geoff."

"Don't forget to invite me as chaplain," laughed Father Matthew.

"Father, you would never come back," one of the young people said mischievously. "You would never be able to tear yourself away from the humming-birds—would you, father?"

"Humming-birds *versus* impertinent young ladies." Lord Shotover smiled benignly on his daughter. "Well, if it came to beauty!"

"Come, come," Father Matthew cried, "that is too bad."

"Uncle Geoff, you would have to come too." The same mischievous voice spoke.

General Shotover shook his head. "No, thank you, my dear. I have no wish to be a second Waterton. Your mother and I will stay at home."

Lady Shotover's diversion had been successful. The conversation till dinner was ended ran on more genial lines.

Father Matthew was never let walk home. His cup of coffee drunk, the butler whispered to him that the brougham was at his service when he was ready to give his orders, and his Reverence answered with a laconic "ten."

"You are not pressed for time?" General Shotover asked, when the Priest got up to say good-night.

"Not at all pressed, if the horses may stand."

"They can be put up again for half-an-hour. Chattie, Geoffrey, you will excuse me. I have a little matter of business with Father Consett." The old man, rising painfully, led his guest towards the folding-doors that separated the drawingroom from the morning-room.

"You have seen this?" He held out the American's note, received that morning, towards the Priest.

"I know its import."

"The—the young woman"—the old man had hesitated as he sought a word—"is here?"

"In Stockton? Yes."

"I mean her residence has been in Stockton?"

The Priest shook his head. "Only within the last few months. Chance, if I may say it, brought her sister and herself to this part of the world."

"Her sister?" General Shotover looked at the note given back into his hand.

"The sister died a short time ago."

"They were comfortable?" The old man turned his face towards the fireplace.

"People were kind to them," the Priest said after momentary hesitation.

"Let me hear the truth."

"They were in poverty, great poverty."

The flush on the old man's face deepened. "You will say to Mr. Lycett that I prefer to deal with principals."

"That is, you would like to see himself?"

"I wish to see himself. You may tell him I am prepared to do my duty, though! I am not prepared to pretend to feelings that are only expressed in melodrama. Even Mr. Lycett cannot expect me to take the cares of a family upon my shoulders at my age, but I shall do my *duty*. The girl has been acquainted with the connection?" Again the speaker turned his face from the Priest.

"She does not yet know of any connection with yourself or the Lycetts."

"That is wise. I congratulate Mr. Lycett on having a head on his shoulders."

"I think I am at liberty to say that Mr. Lycett's plan

is to persuade the girl to go to New York with him and put herself under his mother's care."

"A suitable arrangement, A very suitable arrangement. I again congratulate Mr. Lycett. And the girl is at present?" Again the head was turned aside.

"With Mrs. Birchall at the County Hotel."

"As?" The head was still turned away.

"As seamstress. General Shotover, listen to me, and thank God while I speak." The Priest got up from his chair and laid his hand on the old man's shoulder. "The girl is a quiet girl and a good girl, as innocent as your grandnieces in the next room." He pointed towards the folding-doors. "And—*there is no mistaking the likeness*. She has been carefully brought up, brought up as few of her class are brought up, and, if she has eaten the bread of charity, it has, fortunately for her, been also the bread of love. God has shown His loving-kindness to these poor children, I repeat."

"Well," the Priest went on in another tone, after waiting in vain for an answer, "Mr. Lycett will give you details when you meet, though I confess it has passed through my head that it is a case where a woman with advantage might step in. Lady Shotover, now?"

"Chattie?" There was no mistaking the tone of relief. "Lady Shotover. You think——?"

"That Lady Shotover, if she would take the matter in hand, would be of more use than a couple of men. Yes."

"I shall speak to her. I shall speak to her." The old man repeated the words. "Yes, yes; Lady Shotover will know what to do. We may trust Lady Shotover. Yes, yes, we may trust Lady Shotover."

"I may then refer Mr. Lycett?"

"Yes, yes; tell Mr. Lycett that Lady Shotover will communicate with him. That Mrs. Shotover's grandchildren should have been reduced—yes—reduced to such straights will be as painful to Lady Shotover as to myself."

Father Matthew repressed the answer that was on his lips; but he had faith in her Ladyship, and he gave, too, a sigh of relief.

"Mrs. Shotover was to blame; yes, Mrs. Shotover was to blame. I blame Mrs. Shotover." In divers fashions General Shotover repeated the words. "Good God, sir, you cannot doubt

that I would not have complied with any request of Mrs. Shotover's. But a family, a family at my age! Lady Shotover will see to it. Lady Shotover will do what is right."

For the first time Father Matthew saw the old man agitated, and his heart softened.

"Yes, yes," he said, "Lady Shotover will do what is right. I shall tell Mr. Lycett the matter is in her hands. She knows nothing?" Father Matthew glanced at the portrait hanging over General Shotover's chair.

"No, no, Chattie knows nothing. But to-morrow—yes, to-morrow. We must ask Mr. Lycett for a day of grace." The old man tried to resume his former manner.

"I can answer for Mr. Lycett that he will take no further steps till he hears from Lady Shotover." The Priest held out his hand in adieu.

"And assure him that as regards his young protégée—hem cousin—everything will be arranged to his satisfaction."

"I shall tell him that Lady Shotover, acting in your place, will do what is *right*," the Priest returned gravely.

General Shotover was himself again!

CHAPTER LV

GENERAL SHOTOVER DISAPPOINTED

"We all sow our wild oats." General Shotover smiled benignly on his niece, as he addressed her.

Chattie lifted her eyebrows, and looked across the drawing-room, towards her husband.

"Ah, Shotover!" Again the General smiled. "Well, I grant you Shotover is the exception."

"Uncle Geoff, I am glad I am a woman. A woman is not expected to—sow her wild oats!"

"My dear, my dear!" The General, scandalised even at the proposition, looked with reproach at his niece.

"And I don't see why a man should." Lady Shotover finished her sentence with courage.

"Hem." General Shotover cleared his throat. "My dear, the worst of it is that most of us do. I—myself——" Again the cough came, and a discreet hand went up to the mouth.

"Dear Uncle Geoff, I know men have temptations." Lady Shotover put her hand on the old man's arm. "But now, tell me what has put 'wild oats' at this moment into your head?"

The General looked round the room. His nephew had buried himself again in a book; his grandnieces had found some music, and were amusing themselves trying over the different airs.

"The most of us have made fools of ourselves in our time." General Shotover paused before he went on. "Chattie, you are a woman of the world."

"I wish I was something better." Again Lady Shotover shook her head. "You are raising my curiosity. There is nothing wrong? The boys?" Chattie's face flushed as she asked the question. Surely, neither of her boys had got into a scrape? "Uncle Geoff, you have not heard anything? Dick has not been racing again? He promised his father, and I have never known him to break a promise."

"No, no. Dick is all right. I heard from the young scoundrel yesterday." The old man fidgetted in his chair. "But young men will be young men, eh, Chattie? and some of us would be glad to live our young days over again. To tell you the truth, I — made a confounded fool of myself." The latter part of this confidence was given in a whisper.

"Don't think about it, Uncle Geoff." Chattie laid her hand on his arm.

"Think about it? By Gad, I have got to think about it! A pretty thing at my age to find myself a grandfather. A grandfather, by Gad!" General Shotover's astonishment as the repetition emphasized the fact was almost as great as his niece's as this confidence fell on her ears.

"I do not understand."

"A grandfather, by Gad, a *grandfather*!" The old man held up his long thin hands. "And sprung upon me in a minute. By Gad, Chattie, I am not sure I understand it any better than yourself. Make a fool of oneself, and who can answer for the consequences? Not that I was not fond of Elizabeth. Upon my word, I was fond of Elizabeth; but a marriage like that! No, no. Take my word for it, a marriage like that never pays."

Marriage. Lady Shotover's face brightened. She had shrunk from a possible tale. "You must explain, Uncle Geoff. You must tell me the whole story; that is if you want me to know it."

The General's shoulders went up in deprecating shrug. "She is like them, I hear." He nodded towards his grandnieces.

"You must begin at the beginning, Uncle Geoff, if you want to make things clear. Shotover, perhaps——." Lady Shotover, still shrinking from the old man's confidences, made a motion as if to call her husband.

"No, no! not Shotover. It is *your* advice I want. Send them home," the old man said petulantly, "and let the carriage come back for you. Do as I ask you. I want your woman's wit."

Lord Shotover was an obedient husband; he nodded his assent to his wife's request, roused himself sufficiently to order the carriage, and finally carried off book and daughters.

Alone with Chattie, relying on her sympathy, General Shotover's story was told, and finished with the assurance that it was a "devil of a mess;" but Chattie's comments, when she found she was expected to speak, were scarcely what the old man expected.

"Oh, Uncle Geoff, to think of all these years when you might have been so happy!" Lady Shotover stood up as Father Matthew had done to look at poor Elizabeth's portrait, and her exclamation was akin to his. "What a good face, and what a beautiful woman!"

"That was the mischief." General Shotover acquiesced; he did not understand Chattie's face. Was it possible that Chattie's sympathy was with Elizabeth? There was no understanding women. What if she should expect him to bring the girl home? Home to River House? Surely Chattie was able to sympathise in the fix he found himself in? His eyes fixed themselves anxiously on his niece's face.

"The poor child, the poor child!" (Surely there were not *tears* in Chattie's eyes.) "We shall have to make it up to her, I shall go to her to-morrow. Poor child! poor, poor child!"

The General looked at his favourite, disapprobation written in his face. Chattie was then as other women, the creature of impulse, devoid of sense; his staff was falling from his hand.

"Thank God, she is a good girl, a nice girl. Dear Uncle Geoff, what reason we have for gratitude!" Again Lady Shotover's hand sought her uncle's arm.

"A 'good girl,' a 'nice girl;' so, I suppose, is my housemaid! Chattie, I had at least expected your sympathy."

"Dear Uncle Geoff, it is not always easy to advise, but you would like me to see her? Then I might be able to judge and help you better."

The old man grunted. "You don't see the situation. You are not yourself, Chattie. A *grand-daughter* engaged, perhaps, to one of my own labourers—to half-a-dozen of them perhaps. These young women seem to enjoy their swains by the dozen. I relied on your help, your tact. I am disappointed, Chattie."

"But, dear Uncle, what can I do? I understand, yes, I understand your difficulty; but, if I am to help you, you must tell me what you would like me to do, and you know I shall do my best."

"I expected your *help*." The old man emphasized the word.

"And you shall have it, Uncle Geoff." Lady Shotover's face cleared. "There is Mademoiselle. Will you let me send her to Mademoiselle? Mademoiselle can be trusted. And, if there are complications, Mademoiselle could face them with her experience, as we never could. I am sure it is a good plan. Let me send her to Mademoiselle. I should see her myself; explain everything. You would have no trouble, and the poor child would be in good hands. Shall we arrange it so?"

The General's grunt was not of unmixed satisfaction, though he knew the merits of the "Mademoiselle" who had brought up not only Chattie, but her three daughters. "That American meddler's plan is a better one. Let him take her to America."

"But, then, Uncle Geoff, you would never see her."

"See her!" Nothing but the General's gout prevented him springing up from his chair. "You—do—not—expect—me—to—have—the—girl—here!"

"Not yet, not yet. Uncle Geoff, you say you loved her grandmother?" There was appeal in Lady Shotover's voice.

Who could have imagined Chattie so full of sentiment? The older man moved impatiently.

"You know what Mademoiselle is. In a year or two, Uncle Geoff, in a year or two—she is young—she might be all you wished. You remember that poor Morton child, and how she was neglected? Let run about with the maids and spend half her time in the stable-yard. You would not have known her after she had been in Mademoiselle's hands for a year. Think it over. Send her to Mademoiselle."

"Make adequate provision for her and send her to New York. That would be sense."

Lady Shotover hesitated. "Sense, perhaps, Uncle Geoff, but not —."

"Sentiment. You women think of nothing else."

"But, Uncle Geoff, if you had already arranged everything, why ask my advice?"

"Because I thought you were a reasonable woman. You are not yourself to-night, Chattie."

"Shall I ring and ask if the carriage has come back?" Lady Shotover spoke gently, but the old man understood.

"I beg your pardon, Chattie; perhaps it is I who am not myself to-night. Remember, it will make no difference to you and your children; no calculable difference."

Lady Shotover had been fiery in her youth, and her blood ran hot still. "I do not understand you, Uncle Geoff, and you do not understand me. If you think —." She pulled herself up, and her face flushed; she understood the gift of the jewellery now. Her hand went up to the comb in her hair. "Uncle Geoff, shall I come again to-morrow, when I have had time to think it all over? Men and women don't always see things alike, and—when I think of my own girls. Let me come."

No glimmer of what was passing through his niece's mind lightened that of the old man.

For the first time he felt something akin to contempt for Chattie. Let anything appeal to a woman's feelings, and where was her judgment? *Gone*. A moderate competence and New York—that was common sense. A fortune, handed over to a girl, brought up as this girl had been, would only make her the prey of those who would seek not herself but her wealth. To think that Chattie was ready to be carried away by sentiment, and ready, too, to sacrifice her own and her children's future welfare into the bargain. Father Matthew had known what he was about when he counselled Chattie as an intermediary. He would see the meddling American for himself, and make him understand that a handsome annuity should be settled on the girl, and congratulate him at the same time on the spirit of kinship that had prompted him to offer her a home in the New World. (That his own was a nearer kinship, did not enter into his calculations.)

"You will let me come back to-morrow morning?" Lady Shotover repeated her question.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly." The old man had recovered his temper. An annuity and New York would settle all his difficulties. He was disappointed in Chattie—very disappointed, but his disappointment only proved what he might have known, that women were all alike.

"Certainly, my dear, certainly, 'Night brings good counsel.' Yes; ring for the carriage. I am keeping you out of bed. 'Sleep on it;' that is what my poor father would have said. Yes, come back to-morrow, Chattie."

Uncle Geoff had had an entanglement in his youth. Lady Shotover had, at her first meeting with her future husband's family been told that, and yet another version of the story had reached her ears. Uncle Geoff had only once been in love, and that with a girl not of his own class. The girl's friends had been wise, and taken her out of his way, and Uncle Geoff had submitted to his fate but had eschewed matrimony. Chattie recalled these different stories as she drove home, and—Uncle Geoff had been married, had had a daughter, grand-children! To the woman so happy in her own domestic life the tale was a pitiful one, and all the more pitiful that her uncle did not see its pitifulness.

"Uncle Geoff has never cared for anyone but himself," her husband had warned her sometimes, and she had stuck up for the old man, and had even boasted a little of his liking for herself; but Shotover was right. Uncle Geoff could never have cared for anyone but himself. And what had he not missed—love, happiness, home? And this poor child, his flesh and blood, he was ready to push aside as he might any trivial annoyance that came in his way, as a something that might put him about and interfere with the routine of his life. God forgive her for thinking of him so harshly. Lady Shotover drew up her cloak; the night was sultry, but she felt chill. How she would like to talk the matter over with Shotover. With all her longing to take the girl to her heart, she knew General Shotover was right in fearing complications. The girl might be a nice girl and a good girl, as Father Matthew had said, but it might be the beginning of misery to bring her to the River House. One thing she could do, and she would do it; she would drive into Stockton next morning in time for the seven o'clock Mass and see Father Matthew before he had

started on his day's round. From him she would hear much of the story that was still, to her understanding, vague, and learn, too, every particular about the "poor child." Mademoiselle seemed to her the wise plan. The child must be got away from Stockton, and put in skilled hands, and, who had a better head, a more tender heart, than dear Mademoiselle? If anything could be made of the poor child, Mademoiselle was the person to civilise her, and, if she went later to America, Mademoiselle's training would fit her to take up her position there. One could but trust that complications such as her uncle had hinted at might not exist. An inn was not the best of training schools; but Father Matthew would scarcely have spoken so highly of her, had she not been worthy of his approbation.

Chattie did not sleep much. She was an active woman who got through much of her correspondence before the breakfast hour, and she was ready next morning a long time before the brougham came to the door. It was like old times, before Shotover had been made, as it were, into a separate Mission, to be going to Father Matthew again. How often she had shared his coffee, and eaten Mrs. Green's thick toast sitting by his side . . . If only she had not had this errand! Poor Uncle Geoff! *Poor, poor child!*

Father Matthew always managed to make his visitors do most, of the talking, and he was a good judge of character. Lady Shotover had come to the front as he had expected. He nodded his approval between his mouthfuls of ham and egg, when she came to her suggestion of the ex-governess.

"To tell you the truth," he said, as the conversation drew near its close, "I have sometime wondered whether it is necessary the child should know of her connection with your family at all. But that is my own idea, not Lycett's. Let her go to this Mamzelle of yours till her cousin is ready to take her to America, but why anything more? Her grandfather has no wish to have her. She would be a difficulty at Shotover. No, let her go to the people that want her, unless—some one here wants her more.

"You mean that she has a lover?"

"We priests see a good deal sometimes. I may be right, and I may be wrong. The man is above her in station, or should I say above the station she has occupied? It is possible that—once known she is respectably connected—to the Lycetts—and that

she has a competency settled on her by a relative (*that* without much mystery could be managed), he would come to the point. He has his faults, but faults that will mend; and, given the means to buy a practice, I don't see anything to interfere with their happiness."

"Practice? He is then——?"

"I don't see why I should not tell you. A doctor in the town. I believe he is genuinely fond of her though he has played fast and loose with some one else. If she was with this Mamzelle of yours and her fortune arranged, I could manage a hint and all might end well. But my way of thinking is not Lycett's. General Shotover, in his plan, is to drink the cup that he has brewed, acknowledge the girl, and all the rest of it; not that it would do any good. I have told Lycett what I think, but he has a right to manage his own business in his own way."

"And she knows nothing as yet?"

"Nothing. Her cousin seems shy about breaking the news. As I told the General yesterday, we want a woman somewhere."

"Poor child! You know I would do what I could."

The Priest nodded. "We shall see how matters go. If I can bring Lycett to my way of thinking, I shall let you know. He wished to avoid a personal interview, but the General has told you all this."

"It is a strange story."

"I fancy we priests learn that there is nothing strange."

"You see the likeness to my children?"

"Likeness? They are as like as peas. You Shotovers keep up the type."

"Poor child!" The words came from Lady Shotover's heart, and the Priest looked at her with approbation.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued.)

MY CHUM

I've a darling little chum,
 Sweet as any sugar-plum ;
 Ever true and kind is she,
 Day by day and hour by hour,
 And her loving loyalty
 Blossoms in a perfect flower—
 Perfect flower she is herself,
 Joyous, winsome little elf !

If she smiles, the world is gay
 Like an olden roundelay ;
 If she frowned—well, no one knows
 What would happen if she should—
 Not a wind that ever blows
 Brings her anything but good,
 And a frown would ill become
 Such a child as happy Chum.

When she nestles on my knee,
 Any king might envy me ;
 While she anuggles in my arms,
 I forget the stings of Time ;
 Fears and doubts and cold alarms
 Melt away to hope sublime,
 And the world from East to West
 Looks an Eden manifest.

Darling, would that I could put
 Chains on childhood's wingèd foot,
 Hold you back and keep you still
 Always, always nine years old,
 Where the slope of life's long hill
 Glistens in the sunlight's gold—
 Keep you, till God's Angel come,
 Just my faithful little Chum !

J. W. A.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Publications of B. Herder of Freiburg.*

Mr. Herder, like Bensiger Brothers, (or shall we say Colossus-like?), bestrides the Atlantic, carrying on his noble business of publishing good books on both sides of the ocean. His American establishment is at St. Louis, in Missouri, and it is this that issues his English publications. Of these the one to which we can give most praise is the least dignified of the three—*Wanted a Situation, and other Stories*, by Mrs. Isabel Nixon Whiteley, who dedicates her book to her sister, Mrs. Mary F. Nixon Roulet. There are a good many pairs of sisters in the literary world at present. Mrs. Whiteley has a very pleasant style, and every one of this dozen of stories has an interesting little plot well worked out. The people all move naturally in good society. The price of this bright and clever book is half-a-crown.

We cannot give the same unqualified praise to the English style of *The Three Holy Kings*, an historical drama in five acts, by Frederic Ebersweiler, of the Society of Jesus, translated from the German by a Member of the same Society [price, 3s. 2d.]. The translator has no doubt an excellent knowledge of English, but not enough for this literary task which he "permits to the kind indulgence of the Catholic public." Un-English expressions of that sort are frequent. Very probably it would be impossible to translate effectively all this dramatic blank verse, and especially the lyrics interspersed; but the present translator was not well qualified for the attempt. Translation is a supremely difficult thing, especially of such works as this.

Father Florence Sullivan, S.J., had a longer but less difficult task in translating from the Italian of Father Roger Freddi, S.J., *Jesus Christ the Word Incarnate: Considerations gathered from the works of the Angelic Doctor St. Thomas Aquinas* [price, 5s.]. It is a solid theological treatise rather than a devotional treatise, and will, we trust, furnish the substance of many an effective sermon. But Father Freddi has not aimed at popularising the Angelic Doctor for the simple reader, and Father Sullivan has

very properly contented himself with giving a faithful translation in good English.

A fourth work issued by the same firm comes, not from St. Louis in Missouri, but from the European headquarters at Freiburg. It is the second volume of a complete edition of the *Opera Omnia* of Thomas à Kempis, by Michael Joseph Pohl. This beautiful volume has been preceded by the fifth of the eight tomes, which will complete the undertaking. The text is critically edited from autographs and early editions, and each volume is furnished with more than one index and all other critical apparatus. The present volume contains the famous treatise *De Imitatione Christi* (in which Dr. Pohl, like Sir Francis Cruise, places the fourth book before the third). The volume, which is exquisitely printed, includes nine other little spiritual treatises. Great labour and erudition are expended on this critical edition, of which the dedication runs thus: "Memoriæ Matris Optimæ Carissimæ D.D.D. Filius Pientissimus."

2. *The Burden of the Time. Essays in Suggestion.* By the Rev. Cornelius Clifford. New York: Cathedral Library Association, 534 Amsterdam-street. [Price, 6s.]

Father Oliford, a priest of the diocese of Newark, U.S.A., has before published *Introibo*, a collection of spiritual reflections suggested by the introit of the Masses through the year. His present collection of miniature homilies is "based upon certain of the Breviary Scriptures of the liturgical year." Many of these very short notes and homilies are fresh and vigorous; but very often, in the effort to be original, Father Clifford uses affected phrases and unusual words. The fourth item is called "Authady and Torpor." What is *authady*? The word is not found even in the 1904 Appendix to the *Standard Dictionary of the English Language*, published by Funk and Wagnalls. "The Contrariousness of Palm Sunday" is not so puzzling. There seems to be a tendency among clever American writers to wander very far from the classic simplicity of our Oliver Goldsmith and their own Nathaniel Hawthorne. We are inclined to throw some of the blame on American journalism and that eternal reading of newspapers. Perhaps we are protesting too emphatically against what seems to us to be a serious fault in what we are glad to welcome as a fresh, original, thoughtful, and stimulating book, learned and holy withal.

3. *The Sons o' Cormac and Tales of Other Men's Sons.* By Aluis Dunbar. London: Longmans, Green & Co. [Price, 6s.]

We are not certain that "Aldis Dunbar" is the real name of this new writer who contributes his or her quota to the stock of so-called Irish peasant tales. The stories are supposed to be told to a set of children who, with this object, pester an old gardener day after day for more of them. He is supposed to tell them in Irish brogue which is not offensively exaggerated, though some impossible idioms are used, and on the first page *sweet* is spelled phonetically *swate*, though those who know our people are aware that in some mysterious way they distinguish the diphthongs *ee* and *ie* from *ea*. They will say *pracher* but never *praste*. There is a great deal of fancy and inventiveness in the incidents making up the first three or four of these stories, which we have read conscientiously. This is a good book of its kind, but we cannot pretend to be enthusiastic admirers of that kind. Fortunately there is an immense variety of tastes to be consulted for; and there are many readers for whom Miss Myra Luxmoore's pictures will be a great additional attraction.

4. Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne, Paternoster Row, London, have published a third series of *Retreat Conferences for Convents*, by the Rev. Charles Cox, O.M.I. [Price, 5s.] It is a very well printed volume of 350 pages. In this and the two preceding series Father Cox has supplied religious communities with seventy conferences, solid and plain and practical, on the subjects usually meditated upon during a Retreat.

Another book issued by the same Publishers is *Fanasto the Christian*, by Uncle Henry. [Price, 1s.] It is stated on the title-page to be a sequel to *Ouina the Heathen*. Though part of the story lies in London, it is chiefly concerned with the darker parts of the Dark Continent, and the narrative often passes abruptly from Fanasto to Mr. Charles Clifford. It will interest and edify youthful readers, though, as literature, it does not rank with the best of the tales published by this Catholic firm, of which a select list fills the last two pages.

5. *The Parish Priest on Duty.* By H. J. Heuser, Professor of Theology at Overbrook Seminary. Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. [Price, 2s. 6d.]

Amidst his arduous labours as a professor of the Ecclesiastical Seminary of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, and editor both of

the *Dolphin* and of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, Father Heuser has found time to compose this excellent "practical manual for pastors, curates, and theological students preparing for the Mission." It describes very briefly and clearly the proper manner, prescribed by the Church, of administering all the Sacraments and performing the service of the Dead, and other pastoral functions according to the provisions of the Roman Ritual. The type is almost too large and readable, but this will make the use of the book more agreeable to many.

6. We are glad to see our very favourable opinion of Mr. Henry A. Hinkson's book on Copyright Law [London: A. H. Bullen, 47, Great Russell-street] confirmed by the *Standard*, *Bookman*, and *Westminster Gazette*, which last describes the work as "an altogether admirable one." Still more authoritative is the judgment of the *Law Times* and of Dr. David Oliver, Law Lecturer in Cambridge University.

7. The newest batch of pennyworths issued by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland (27, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin) include *St. Patrick in the Far West*, by Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam (who is the President of the Society); *St. Mary Magdalen and St. Agnes*, by the Rev. Robert Kane, S.J., who treats his contrasted themes with great fulness and freshness; three stories from *The Diary of a Missionary Priest*—the name of the author, the Rev. Edward Price, deserves to be remembered—and two very devout booklets, *Handbook of the Forty Hours' Adoration*, and a beautiful collection of *Indulged Prayers to Mary Immaculate*.

8. Benziger Brothers, whose address is familiar to our readers, have published the sixth edition of the *Compendium Sacrae Liturgiae* of Father Wapelhorst, O.F.M., with an appendix giving the ecclesiastical usages of the United States. These six hundred large and compact pages contain a vast amount of the most accurate information concerning all sacred rites and functions, Mass, the Sacraments, the Divine Office, etc., all brought down to the latest Roman decrees.

9. Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, 50, Upper O'Connell-street, Dublin, have published for fourpence an excellent selection of the poems of James Clarence Mangan. They are also the publishers of *Girle Guairle*, an Irish folk-tale dramatised by the Rev. Patrick S. Dinneen, who had before written two other plays in Irish,

which have been acted very successfully. These little dramas are only sixpence each.

10. We are glad to see that *Scenes and Sketches in an Irish Parish*, by a Country Curate (Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son), has reached a third edition. A man who writes simply and earnestly about things that he knows is sure to be listened to. The critics also continue their favourable judgments of *The Tragedy of Chris*, by Rosa Mulholland (London: Sands & Co.) For instance, the *Lady's Field* says:—"There is a nobility of feeling and a tenderness in Lady Gilbert's writing which make the book noteworthy. The novel is written throughout in sound literary English." The *Saturday Review* praises the tale with unusual warmth, and the *Month* says that "Lady Gilbert's new story shows that 'Rosa Mulholland' has lost none of her sympathy for the Irish poor of her own sex, nor of her power to depict their good qualities with artistic delicacy and truth." On the other side of the Atlantic *Dona-hoe's Magazine* says:—"This pathetic story shows that Lady Gilbert's deep mind has lost none of its keenness, her imagination none of its force, and her magic pen none of its softness. *Chris* is a tragedy which will interest the young, instruct the old, charm the literary circles, and edify the pious."

11. *The Young Priest: Conferences on the Apostolic Life*. By Herbert Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster. London: Burns and Oates, Limited. [Price, 5s. 4d., post free.]

This beautiful and holy book will long continue Cardinal Vaughan's apostolic work. He was a priestly, saintly man, as this book alone proves abundantly. The last months of his life were given to the final preparation of this volume, which manifestly embodies the substance of his exhortations to priests in Retreats and elsewhere. It is very practical and earnest, and cannot fail to impress anyone who reads it seriously, and it is sure to suggest to many readers, especially priests in the early years of their career, many habits and customs that will be of priceless value in helping them to fulfil the obligations of their state. We should wish to be able to distribute it by the thousand among our brethren in the priesthood. *Fac hoc, et vives*.

12. The second number of the *Ignatian* has reached us. It describes itself as "A Sessional College Journal, written by the Boys of St. Ignatius College, S.J., Galway." What is manifestly written by the boys is excellent, but there are some things that

could not be written by boys, such as that charming "Fresh Breath of the Sea," and that really learned and lucid essay on the "Irish Language in the Aryan Family." The many photographed groups and other personalities will interest many; and then, what a wondrous array of advertisements! This youngest of college journals might well put many of its elders to the blush. *Prosit!*

13. *The Philosophy of Eloquence.* By Don Antonio de Campany. Translated from the Spanish by the Rev. W. M'Laughlin. Dublin: James Duffy & Co., Limited. [Price, 3s. 6d.]

This is a marvellously small price for so large a volume, well printed and well bound. Father M'Laughlin has executed his work well, making his Spanish author speak very clear, good English. But we fear that there is not at present any great demand for treatises of rhetoric and grammars of eloquence, especially when the examples (generally mere sentences) are from unnamed authors in a foreign country. The translator has crushed into the small print of his notes (which, indeed, are notes to his own preface) a great deal of interesting matter on many subjects now discussed in Ireland, which he might easily have developed into an original work, more interesting than this treatise of a member of the Royal Academy of Spain who wrote some thirty years before the Peninsular War.

14. As it has come so far, we must not delay our warm welcome for *St. Joseph's Prayer-Book for the Young*, compiled by a Religious, and published by Mr. W. P. Linehan, of Melbourne. It is a charming little book, with an excellent selection of prayers and devotions, a copious supply of hymns, and several good pictures. The Australian youths and little Australian maidens are thus very well provided with a prayer-book of their own.

15. It is more than probable that those who are interested in three holy books that have just reached us on May Eve from Messrs. Burns and Oates, meant them to be in circulation during Our Lady's Month. To help towards that object they ought to have been in the hands of reviewers two months ago. *The Land of the Rosary* [price, 3s. 6d.], by Mrs. Archibald Dunn, is a handsome volume describing the Holy Places in Palestine, as seen many years ago on a pilgrimage with Bishop Chadwick, to whose memory the book is dedicated, "with reverent and abiding affection." There are pictures of Nazareth, Bethlehem, Mount

Olivet, and the Holy Sepulchre. *Petals of the Mystical Rose* [price, 1s. 6d.] is translated by Miss Agnes Wollaston from the French of Father Augustine, O.P., who is said to have been the first Director of the Perpetual Rosary. Why not give his surname? This very neat little book describes and develops the various "mysteries" of the Rosary according to two different plans, in two series of short and pious meditations. *A Lytel Boke for ye Maryemonth* [price, 1s.] was published nearly thirty years ago by a very pious layman, Edmund Waterton. It is written in ordinary English in spite of its quaint title. Father Edward Purbrick, S.J., who gave it a page of recommendation, is still described on the title-page as "Rector of Stonyhurst." He has since gained the reverence and affection of many in a higher office on both sides of the Atlantic.

16. The Catholic Truth Society (London, 69, Southwark-bridge Road) has added to its enormous catalogue of cheap publications (very many of them, admirable in their kind) a penny *Life of the gifted and saintly Lady Georgiana Fullerton*, and at the same price *A Little Book about Saint Joseph* and Abbot Gasquet's account of *The Religious Troubles in France: their Origin and Development*; *Spiritual Counsels from the Letters of Fénelon*, selected by Lady Amabel Kerr, price threepence; and *Simple Meditations on the Passion*, by the Abbot of Ampleforth. This last neat and holy little book costs sixpence. Will Lady Georgiana Fullerton be canonised? She is of a saintly type of character, as is shown by the first of the new C.T.S. pennyworths.

17. *Fethard, its Abbey, etc.* By the Rev. J. A. Knowles, O.S.A. Dublin: James Duffy & Co., Limited. [Price, 2s.]

This pleasant volume gives a most interesting account of all that concerns the ancient Tipperary town of Fethard, which lies seven miles from Clonmel and fourteen miles from Thurles. The old Augustinian Abbey, which is still doing its holy work through Fathers of the same Order, is the most important item in this book, but all the places and persons of note connected with Fethard are commemorated—ten illustrations place the venerable buildings, etc., under our eyes, and even the inscriptions on the old tombstones are deciphered for us. We cannot have too many of these local chronicles. Each contributes its mite towards that great History of Ireland which has still to be written—

As filled by many a rivulet,
The lordly Shannon flows.

A florin is an extremely moderate charge for so well printed a volume; yet copies for school prizes are given for sixpence less.

18. A word of admiration must be added for the energy and skill with which the *Catholic Review of Reviews* (637, South Harding-avenue, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.) is conducted by the editors, the Rev. Thomas E. Judge, and Mr. William Stetson Merrill. The original matter is excellent, and there is an admirable selection of matter in every department of periodical literature. We know of no magazine more likely to be interesting and useful to priests and educated laymen. It deserves wide support. Twelve monthly numbers, each consisting of a hundred of these ample double-columned pages, are cheap for a yearly subscription of two dollars and a half (ten shillings).

HYMN OF THE THREE HEBREW YOUTHS IN THE FIERY FURNACE

(DANIEL III.)

Bless ye the Lord, your God with praise proclaim,
All ye His works! o'er all exalt His name.
Bless Him, ye angels! Him, ye heavens, bless;
Your varying splendours His design confess.
Bless Him, ye waters stored above the skies.
O all ye powers of the Lord, uprise
And call Him blest. Through all the firmament
Praise Him, O Sun! His praise, at thy descent,
Let moon and stars renew. Praise, every shower,
His providence; praise, every breeze, His power.
Let burning heat, and fires that fervent glow,
Praise on His kindling breath alone bestow.
Let dew and frost, chill cold, reviving heat,
With ceaseless praise, alternately repeat
The endless theme, in proper season each.
Let night and day, let light and darkness preach

The Lord. The Lord let lightning-glare and cloud
Announce. Let universal earth aloud
With praise resound, the Lord exalting still.
Let every mountain bless Him, every hill.
Let all things bless Him from the earth that spring ;
Let murmuring brook and deep-voiced ocean sing
Him, in Whose hand's confining hollow lie
Their restless depths. Huge whale, ye tiniest fry,
Move not, when through those depths secure ye stray,
Of Him oblivious Who directs your way.
Who feeds you ? Who preserves ? Ye birds, reply—
Ye beasts and lowing herds ;—" The Lord on high."
Children of men, bless ye the Lord. Attend,
O Israel, in His presence to the end
Of utmost time, with sacrifice of praise.
Priests of the Lord, reveal to us His ways,
Else past our finding. Servants of the Lord,
His bounty bless, who reap its rich reward.
Bless Him, ye souls and spirits of the Just ;
Ye saints, and all who humbly in Him trust.
Let Ananias, Azarias praise
The Lord. Misael, bless His wondrous ways.

Let us bless God for ever, Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit—three in essence one.
Blessèd art Thou, O Lord, the firmament
Proclaims Thy glory. Supereminent
Be Thou for ever and by all confessed,
For ever over all exalted, praised, and blessed.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM, C.C.

WINGED WORDS

Who has not felt that the sharpness of extreme grief cuts and grides away many of those strongest bonds of infirmity and doubt which bind down the souls of men to the cabined darkness of the hour, and that from the cloud and [the thunder-storm often swoops the Olympian eagle that can ravish us aloft?—*Bulwer Lytton*.

One great excellence of religion, above all the Religion of the Cross, is that it raises patience first into a virtue and next into a hope. Forget the doctrine of another life, of requital hereafter, of the smile of a Father upon our sufferings and trials in our ordeal here, and what becomes of patience? But without patience, what is man?—*The same*.

Resolve is the first success.—*The same*.

Faith builds up in the dungeon and the lazar house its sublimest shrines; and up, through roofs of stone that shut out the eye of Heaven, ascends the ladder where angels glide to and fro—*Prayer*. He heard her voice, though it scarcely left her lips, the low voice that the heart speaks—loud enough for God to hear!—*The same*.

There are "mild answers" which in "turning away wrath" only send it to the other end of the room; and to have a discussion coolly waived when you feel that justice is all on your side is even more exasperating in social intercourse than in philosophy.—*George Eliot*.

Selfish people always think their own discomfort of more importance than anything else in the world.—*The same*.

Bad men are, almost without exception, conceited; but they are commonly conceited of their defects.—*G. K. Chesterton*.

I do not know the author of the line

Qui ne sait se borner ne sut jamais écrire.

Schiller said something to the same purpose: "By what he omits show me the master of style."

God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame.—*Mrs. Browning*.

Happiness is a great power of holiness. Thus kind words, by

their power of producing happiness, have also a power of producing holiness, and so of winning men to God.—*F. W. Faber.**

Grief can take care of itself; but to get the full value of joy, you must have somebody to divide it with.—*Mark Twain.*

Things looked at patiently, from one side after another, generally end by showing a side that is beautiful.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

The human race is divided into two classes: those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit and enquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

The diminutive chains of habit are generally too small to be t till they are too strong to be broken.—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

Education is needed not only to help us to do our work; it is also needed to help us to enjoy our leisure.—*W. E. H. Lecky.*

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.—*George Eliot.*

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—*Froude.*

The saints were men who did less than other people, but who did what they had to do a thousand times better.—*F. W. Faber.*

Every life should have a background of solitude.—*Anon.*

Life is a great bundle of little things.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

NECESSITY

THE time of great necessity
Brings forth the soul's true strength,
That fears nor time nor space nor sea
To test its breadth and length.

The time of great necessity
Brings forth the friend in need,
The brave true one who dares to be
Steadfast in word and deed.

J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

* Some of the following sayings are the mottoes prefixed to chapters in *the Paths of Peace*, by Lily E. F. Barry, which we praised warmly some months ago.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

JULY, 1904

THE LITERATURE OF KING'S COUNTY

IN the Christmastide of 1903 appeared for the first time *Ard na h-Eireann: An Irish Ireland Magazine*, under the auspices of the St. Columbkille Branch of the Gaelic League at Tullamore. As the term "magazine" seems to be applied chiefly to monthly publications, and as the new venture was intended to come, like Christmas itself, once a year only, a more accurate title, though less patriotic and less picturesque, would have been "The Tullamore Annual." However, whatever may be said about the name, there is no doubt about the excellence of the Annual itself. Its patrons would have been very unreasonable if they had not been fully satisfied with the fare provided for their first banquet of local literature.

Local literature, indeed, is the special subject of the three or four pages that we are going now to detach from the *Ard na h-Eireann*. In doing so we shall not scruple to interpolate some additional matter here and there, having the same rights over the paper in question as a cow has to her calf—*tanquam quid notum propriumque*, according to Celsus, as Thomas Moore quotes him in one of his witty notes.

* * * * *

There is such a thing, and it is very desirable that there should be such a thing, as local patriotism. Tennyson, in the least poetical of his songs, "Hands All Round," says that

That man's the best Cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.

And in the same way they love their native country best who love

their native county, their native town, their native parish, their native village, their native homestead. Our small hearts are not capable of unlimited love and sympathy and interest; and we are allowed to feel special interest in the persons and things that we are closely connected with. And so our patriotism may lawfully be localised, prompting us to feel a keen interest in what concerns the town or the rural district with which we are linked by birth or residence.

In a volume, therefore, issuing from the capital of King's County, it is not out of place to ask what that county has done for English literature; for, alas! the present writer is not competent to inquire what King's County men have written in Irish. It would be ungrateful, and, indeed, dishonest, not to acknowledge from the first that many of the dates that will be given in the following enumeration of King's County *littérateurs* are taken from Mr. David J. O'Donoghue's *Poets of Ireland*, a work of extraordinary research of a very minute and painstaking kind.

One of the greatest King's County literary names will come as a surprise on some of our readers. Kenelm Henry Digby, author of *Mores Catholici*; or, *Ages of Faith*, was born at Geashill in the year 1800. He is not claimed or recognised as an Irishman as proudly and emphatically as he ought to be. He is not included in Mr. Alfred Webb's *Compendium of Irish Biography*—that admirable work which we can lose no opportunity of commanding as one of the most valuable and most interesting Irish books that the nineteenth century has bequeathed to the twentieth. No doubt Kenelm Digby's education and literary work lay outside of Ireland; but he was born in King's County, and his family had been planted long enough in Ireland to have given a Bishop of Elphin and a Bishop of Dromore to the English ecclesiastical garrison. His father was an officer in that same garrison: this great Catholic writer was the youngest son of the Very Rev. William Digby, Dean of Clonfert, who, in naming him after a famous knight of the time of Charles I. and Cromwell, had little notion that *his* Kenelm too, like Sir Kenelm Digby, would become a fervent convert to the Catholic faith. He was sent at a very early age to Trinity College, Cambridge, and took his B.A. degree in 1823. Already, the year before, he had published *The Broadstone of Honour*, a work of immense research and enthusiasm on the origin, spirit, and institutions of Christian Chivalry. Words-

worth dedicated a poem to him "as an acknowledgment, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the olden time." About this time Digby became a Catholic, and as early as the year 1831, long before the Oxford movement toward Rome, appeared the first volume of his greatest work, *Mores Catholici*; or, *Ages of Faith*. He published fourteen other works, full of multifarious learning and quotations drawn from various literatures. His wife was Miss Dillon, aunt of Sir Christopher Dillon Bellew, Bart., who gave up his position and entered the Society of Jesus, as did also the second brother, Father Michael Bellew, S.J. Kenelm Digby died on the 22nd of March, 1880.

"Sterling Coyne" is very like a punning pseudonym, but it is the real name of a very clever man. Joseph Sterling Coyne was born at Birr, in King's County, in the year 1803—the same year as Gerald Griffin, John Henry Newman, James Clarence Mangan, and (on the other side of the Atlantic) Orestes Augustus Brownson and Ralph Waldo Emerson. Coyne was the son of an officer in the Irish Commissariat. He was intended for the Bar but preferred a literary life. He was the author of half a dozen successful comedies which are still to be had in Lacy's acting edition of plays. Mr. O'Donoghue says he was responsible for several hundred dramatic pieces, some of them adapted from French or German. He also wrote in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and was one of the original writers of *Punch*. He died in London, July 18th, 1868.

Another King's County man was John Boyle, who was born in 1822, went to the United States in 1842, and died in New York, January 27th, 1885. He published, in 1876, *The Battlefields of Ireland*, and he contributed many poems to *The Nation* and the *Boston Pilot*.

Another of *The Nation* poets, born in King's County in 1809—the *annus mirabilis*, which was the birth-year of Gladstone, Tennyson, and other remarkable men—was John Frazer, who generally signed his verses "J. de Jean." He was a cabinet-maker, and some of his poems are very beautiful. Indeed, Mr. Martin MacDermott, who has himself given us many exquisite poems, says in his *Songs and Ballads of Young Ireland* that, "except one or two, there was no poet of finer or more distinctive qualities who wrote for *The Nation*." He adds: "Originally an

Orangeman and a Presbyterian, he became passionately imbued with an enthusiasm for Ireland's nationality, and eventually embraced the religion as well as the cause of the people," like a patriot of more prosaic type in later times, Joseph Gillis Biggar.

Henry Grattan Curran may be claimed for King's County, on the score of his having been Resident Magistrate at Birr. He wrote the *Fate of the Forties*, and many good translations from the Irish.

A much stronger claim may be put forward for the Rev. Joseph Fitzgerald. He was born at Tullamore in the year 1793, and received his first education in that town at a school conducted there by his father. His ecclesiastical studies he went through at Navan and Maynooth. He was ordained in 1820. He was transferred from the parish of Delvin to that of Rahan in November, 1847, where Father John Colgan had just been carried off by the fever, that then raged in the country. Father Fitzgerald was probably the first priest to become a member of the Royal Irish Academy. He was a graceful writer of prose and verse. Beside many poems in *The Nation* and in the excellent but short-lived *Irish Catholic Magazine*, which James Duffy published, Father Fitzgerald was the author of *Sacred Melodies* and of a long poem on the *Pleasures of Piety*, probably modelled on Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* and Rogers' *Pleasures of Memory*, which were very popular at that time. We are not sure that the *Pleasures of Piety* ever found a publisher. A poem with the same title was published in 1824 by Eleanor Dickenson, an Irish Quaker. Father Joseph Fitzgerald died on the 18th of February, 1856, in the sixty-third year of his age and the thirty-sixth of his priesthood.

Since we have included H. G. Curran as a King's County R.M., and Father Fitzgerald as the pastor of a King's County parish, may we claim Mr. T. D. Sullivan as the occupant of a King's County jail? * He has himself linked his imprisonment with our local literature by his *Prison Poems and Lays of Tullamore*, published in the year 1888. Much more decisive is the right of Mr. Edward Egan to be mentioned in the present context, for not

* Each cell in the Tullamore Jail has a card attached to it, describing the occupant thereof. On Mr. Sullivan's he was described as "R.C. 60 7/12. R. & W." That is, a Roman Catholic, sixty years and seven months old, and able to read and write.

only was he born in the King's County, August 9th, 1858, but he expressly calls his collection of verses *King's County Couplets*, and they were published at Birr in 1892. Another local publication was John Murdock's *Joy Hours*; or, *Essays, Poems, and Lyrics*, published at Portarlinton, where the poet was at the time a telegraph clerk, according to the omniscient writer whose authority we have so frequently invoked.

James Lynam Molloy, one of the most popular song writers and composers of the day (or of yesterday), is the son of Dr. J. K. Molloy, of Cornalure, King's County, and was born there in 1837. The songs that Mr. O'Donoghue mentions are "The Kerry Dance," "Darby and Joan," "Just a Song at Twilight," and "Bantry Bay." He was called to the English Bar in 1872, but does not practise. Perhaps his songs scared away the briefs. "My lady Common Law loveth to lie alone."

Mary C. F. Monck was the eldest daughter of Richard Monck, of Banagher, King's County, and was born there in 1835. She married Mr. Alfred Munster, Danish Consul for Ireland, in 1858, and lived at Holywood, near Belfast, till her death, January 19th, 1892. Her poems were published in magazines of such standing as the *Dublin University Magazine* (1855-1858), *Chambers's Journal*, *All the Year Round*, and *Bentley's Miscellany*.

John Tarpey Kelly was born at Clonmacnoise, King's County, February 24, 1864, and lived near Birr for many years. As an official of the Post Office he resided for many years in London after 1882, where he took an active part in establishing the Southwark Irish Literary Club. He was a vigorous and frequent contributor of poetry to *The Nation*, and other Dublin journals; and he showed great earnestness and perseverance in publishing a collection of poems of John Francis O'Donnell, after the death of that gifted Limerick man. Mr. Kelly died prematurely in Dublin three years ago, to the great regret of his many friends.

When this *catalogue raisonné* of King's County literary worthies was published at Tullamore, it strangely omitted a local magnate, the County Court Judge William O'Connor Morris, of Gurtnamona, Tullamore. Though officially a man of peace, war is his chief element in literature. He is the author of many volumes—*Great Commanders of Modern Times*, *Moltke*, *Hannibal*, *The Campaign of 1815*, etc. He is an indefatigable contributor to the magazines and reviews; and, indeed, our own pages have been dignified by

one of his learned papers—*The O'Conors [of Connaught]*, vol. 19, p. 480. He is by no means the only literary member of his family. His brother, Mr. Matthew O'Connor Morris, has published a volume of hunting reminiscences; and his daughter, Miss O'Connor Morris, has published at least one novel, called, we think, *Killeen*. In this department she was forestalled by her aunt, who contributed to our earlier volumes as Miss M. C. O'Connor Morris, but who had been transformed into Mrs. Bishop by the last of the sacraments when her name appeared as the biographer of Mrs. Craven, author of the *Recit d'une Soeur*. This book and, indeed, all her writings, such as her *Prisoners of the Temple* in Father Coleridge's quarterly series, show that Mrs. Bishop is a Catholic—her mother's faith, not her father's.

Charles Lever was connected with King's County through his brother, the Rev. John Lever, Rector of Tullamore, who some pretended had a hand in his brother's work, just as people had said of Sir Walter Scott's brother.

Another brilliant novelist, J. Sheridan Lefanu, was associated with King's County. His family still own Silverbrook, near Clara. Mrs. B. M. Croker, the author of *Diana Barrington*, *Pretty Miss Neville*, and other successful novels, dealing principally with Indian military life, is connected with the county whose literary distinctions we are enumerating: for she is the daughter of the Rev. William Sheppard, Rector of Kilgiffin, and her uncle, Captain Sheppard, lives near Shinrone. Her aunt, daughter of Leonard Watson, of Warrenpoint, Co. Down, is a convert to the Catholic Church.

Our catalogue of King's County *litterati* may close with the names of two distinguished men—T. W. Rolleston and Professor R. Y. Tyrrell, though, indeed, we perceive that Robert Yelverton Tyrrell is said only to be the son of a King's County Rector.* He has a high reputation for his classical attainments; but he has recently had the misfortune to publish a sonnet which he must now himself condemn as very badly constructed, and much more deplorably conceived.

Finally, Thomas William Hayden Rolleston was born in 1857, near Shinrone, King's County, the youngest son of Charles Rolleston Spinner, Q.C., County Court Judge of Tipperary. He

* Mrs. Tynan Hinkson, in her new edition of *The Cabinet of Irish Literature*, says he was born in Ballingarry, Co. Tipperary, January 21st, 1844, the youngest son of the Rev. Henry Tyrrell.

has lived much abroad, has helped to translate Walt Whitman into German, has done a variety of good literary work, and has taken part in the Irish Literary Movement of recent years in London and Dublin.

It would be interesting to pit the literary claims of King's County and Queen's County against one another. On behalf of the latter we can, without any searching, remember at once "M. E. Francis," that is, Mrs. Francis Blundell,* the author of a long series (happily not nearly finished) of delightful novels, which, though they run through *The Times*, or the *Cornhill Magazine*, and charm the novel-reading public, are yet innocent enough for a convent library. She and her sisters—Mrs. Egerton Castle, author of many brilliantly successful novels, also, and Miss Elinor Sweetman, who has published two exquisite volumes of verse—were born at Lamberton Park, near Maryborough. The sister county can hardly match that triad of sisters; and certainly the Rev. Joseph Fitzgerald, whom we have included in our list, is left far behind by another Joseph—Father Joseph Farrell, who was born at Maryborough, July 31, 1841, and died at Monasterevan, March 24, 1885. His *Lectures of a Certain Professor* is the most eloquent collection of essays ever produced by an Irish priest, at least until the recent appearance of Canon Sheehan's brilliant book, *Under the Cedars and the Stars*. Two other boasts of the Queen's County are John Keegan, a true poet, and James Jeffrey Roche, another true poet—the present editor of the *Boston Pilot*, in which he succeeded a still finer poet, John Boyle O'Reilly.

At any rate, there are few countries in which a rural district like the King's County would be found to have produced such a crop of literary talent as is represented by the names that have here been strung together.

MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

* Our readers will remember her gratefully as a generous contributor to our own Magazine. In the present context we were amused to see in the *Boston Pilot* that the Blundells were Barons of Edendown, in King's County. Mrs. Francis Blundell derives her present name, however, from a purely English source.

THE UNCHANGING GOD

"I am the Lord and I change not."—Malachy iii. 6.

O CHANGELESS GOD, Who knowest all our weakness,
These frail and fickle, changing hearts of ours,
That, all through summer's heats and winter's bleakness,
Pass with our varying moods from suns to showers ;—

We who can love awhile, then, hate and sever :
We who dare boast our iron wills, that fail ;
What can we hope from Thee, Who changest never,
Before Whose steadfast light the suns grow pale ?

Yet, art Thou changeless ? Thou art Life unfailing :—
What, then, is this divine and death-drooped head ?
Closed are those eyes, that looked in love availing.
Our God, our only changeless Friend, is dead !

Changeless in patience, patient with our sinning,
Firm in Thy dauntless love that bore our shame,
Art Thou changed now, Who never hadst beginning ;
Yesterday—and for evermore—the Same ?

Oh, Thou art changeless still ; yet Thou hast taken
Man's nature on Thee—mystery, deep and strange !
God has cried out : "*My God, I am forsaken !*"
He, alone changeless, stoops to seem to change.

Take Thou my iron will, change and subdue it !
Thy will be done, not mine ! Thou hast sufficed.
O meek and humble Changeless God, renew it ;
Let it be dead, and rise, in Thee, O Christ !

Low at Thy cross in shamed contrition lying,
I call on Thee, the Unchanging, throned above.
No will but Thine, O Love, unchanged, undying !
Even in death, Thy changeless name is Love.

S. L. EMERY.

SAM SENEX

MANY years since the postman handed me one evening a letter which I opened with pleasant anticipations. The writer I had met often at one period of my life, and I had reason to believe that he regarded me as a friend ; but I had lost sight of him, and the arrival of his letter affected me in the same way as would his sudden striking against me in a crowd. A man of wealth, with simple tastes and no relatives, he was unable to spend all his money upon himself, and he was sometimes ludicrously puzzled what to do with the surplus. Though occasionally eccentric in the plans which he adopted, he was saved from serious mistakes by a good heart and an unselfish disposition, and, in the main, he succeeded in turning his opportunities to noble uses. The letter was quite in keeping with his character :—

DEAR FRIEND,—It is a long time since I had the pleasure of meeting you or receiving one of your interesting letters ; but I have not, I hope, lost altogether a place in your memory. In former days you were kind enough to give me the benefit of your advice in matters of importance, and your good nature will consent, I am sure, to help me in an undertaking in which I am now engaged. I have purchased a large and handsome villa close to the sea, which can be reached in a few hours from the city by the summer excursion steamers. The house, with some terraces and a well-fenced fruit garden, will be reserved for the use of myself and my friends, among whom, I trust, you will allow me to reckon yourself ; but the grounds cover twenty acres, and these shall be thrown open to the public, as I should like to provide people from the city with a pleasant spot where they could enjoy an outing or a picnic. The place is ornamented with stairways cut in the rocks, with winding paths, shady trees, rustic garden seats, small rotundas on vantage points, and with statues, shrubs and flowers. But the gem of the locality is a welling spring at the foot of an oak. This spring I have enclosed in an alcove of polished granite. The water runs from it along a marble channel, and is received in a circular basin, also of marble, whence it escapes and falls in a miniature cascade down the rocks into the sea. The space surrounding this fountain forms a natural lawn, with scattered clumps of laurels, acacias and elms. Goblets have been placed at the spring to enable visitors to drink the deliciously cold water. A small Celtic cross surmounts the front of the alcove, and immediately under the cross lies a scroll of white marble. This scroll is connected with the request which I now make, and which you will, I hope, grant. I want an appropriate inscription for the spring, and I shall have it engraved in gold letters upon the scroll. Do not tell me, pray, to look up Horace's Ode to the Fountain at Bandusia, or to get a few lines from the Greek Anthology. I want an inscription in good plain English, and I have no liking for *foegan gods*,

goddesses, nymphs, and so forth. Kindly write a few verses yourself, or call upon your literary friends for help. I am in no hurry, but if you send what I want, I shall be extremely grateful.

Will you be able to take a run to this place next week? There are certain details connected with the grounds, about which I should much like to ask your advice.—Very truly yours,

SAM SEWEX.

To tell the truth, I was flattered, as well as amused, by this letter, and I resolved to do what I could to secure an inscription for the fountain. With no hope of writing a good one myself, I had recourse to some acquaintances, who, I thought, would undertake the task. In this expectation I was not altogether disappointed. The first inscription that reached me came from a clergyman. Here it is :—

Of crystal brightness, Fount, thou hast no dearth :
 Unstained thou springest forth from soil of earth.
 A type thou art of bright souls, chaste alway,
 Though closely wed to flesh, our mortal clay.
 Fair Fount, e'en greater praise will I accord,
 If thou wilt join with me and bless the Lord.

The comparison worked out in the first lines of this inscription is not, I think, quite original, but the idea is developed clearly and is neatly expressed. The author writes that the concluding couplet is justified by the verse in the Hymn of the Three Children (Dan. iv.) : "O ye fountains, bless the Lord : praise Him and exalt Him above all for ever."

The next verses sent to me were these :—

Drink, weary traveller, freely drink :
 And of that other water think,
 Which whoso quaffs shall ne'er again
 Feel parching thirst or heat. Amen.

Smooth couplets with a quaint ending. The writer, who is a cleric, evidently alludes to the *fons aquæ salientis in vitam æternam* ; but a profane person might say that salt water, or *aqua fortis*, taken in sufficient quantity, would insure his never feeling thirst or heat again. Such a remark, however, would be hypercriticism.

Now for the third inscription :—

Softly I murmur, the sun is falling low ;
 Brightly I sparkle in the evening glow ;
 Gently I am flowing, see the shadows fall ;
 List to my lullaby, night covers all.

Bright, sparkling lines, that, like the waters of the fountain, are somewhat irregular in their flow.

The two next were sent by a busy man. (Query : How is it that busy men can find time to do so much, while others who have comparatively little to do meet your request by saying that they have no time ?) :—

Unbosom'd from cool, rocky deeps,
These limpid waters spring ;
As tears from sin-steeped hearts o'erwell,
And God's own gladness bring.

A capital set of verses. The second inscription by the same hand runs thus :—

Long pent within earth's rocky breast,
Forth leap this water's limpid streams,
To cheer thee and to bless !
Let not thy love for ever rest
On self, but seek, with kindness' beams,
To soothe thy friend's distress.

I made an attempt myself of which I am ashamed ; but I suppose, in honesty, I ought to set it down ; so this is it :—

TO THE PASSER-BY.

Here quench thy thirst and lave thy brow ;
Then say with grateful heart :
" Clear spring, for ever bright flow thou,
And pure as now thou art ! "

On obtaining those inscriptions I determined to take them to my friend, that he might choose one, or reject all. But before I was able to pay him a visit a sad event occurred, which has become historic in the commercial annals of the city. In one week about a dozen banks closed their doors, and Sam Senex, like many others, rich as well as poor, lost heavily. When he had discharged honourably all his debts, he found that what remained would yield him a small annuity, just enough to give him food, clothes and lodging. He has now no superfluous cash, and his poverty he counts one of the great blessings of life. The loss of fortune and position has impaired, in no wise, his cheerfulness and good nature. Free from family cares, and from the anxieties that spring from money, and desiring but a few simple pleasures easily procurable,

he enjoys a pleasant life that millionaires might well envy. I paid him a visit the other day and found him engaged with a book.

"What are you reading, may I ask, my dear Philosopher?"

"The best of all books," was his reply. "I am reading the Bible. You are aware, of course, that the Pope has granted Indulgences to all who read the Sacred Text for a quarter of an hour daily."

I was glad to find him so well employed, and hoping to hear a little of his genial philosophy, I asked:—

"Has anything made an impression on you during your reading to-day?"

"Well, my friend, I have been struck with these words in St. Luke (chapter xxi): 'Watch ye, therefore, praying at all times.' This advice is given in other places, and usually takes the form, 'Watch and pray.' There are many good Christians who pray, and who still continue subject to touchiness, anger, and faults of the tongue. They receive the Sacraments regularly, they give alms, and perform quite a number of external good works, and yet they do not improve. I have often wondered at such a phenomenon—not, mark you, that I fancy myself better than they. I am quite aware of my own shortcomings, and I should be very glad to be able to do as they do. But I allude to the apparent resultlessness of many external acts of piety in the case of some whom all regard as religious men and women."

"What do you think is the cause?"

"The cause it seems to me is this: while they obey one part of the injunction, 'Watch and pray,' they neglect the other—they pray, but they do not watch. They appear to think that, if they need a certain virtue, they do their whole duty with respect to it when they pray to God to bestow it upon them. They do not realise that prayer, all important and indeed necessary as it is, is not enough: they must also watch, that is, they must exert themselves to practise the virtue; they must foresee the temptations that shall attack them, and provide suitable remedies; and they must employ against the evil inclinations of the flesh the violence that bears Heaven away. When God gives grace, He does not destroy our freedom of choice and action—we do not become mere machines under its influence. By grace He infuses strength, and fits us to do supernatural acts, meritorious of eternal life; but that grace may do its work and bear fruit, He wills that we shall co-operate with it. If we do not accept

grace and employ it as He wishes, it is plain that it fails, through our own fault, to make us lead Christ-like lives. A giant possesses extraordinary strength, but to what purpose if he chooses never to exert it?

"The evil which I speak of is the result, if I am not mistaken, of the indolence which prevents people from maintaining constant watch over vicious inclinations and of the cowardice that shuns the exercise of self-denial. People find external practices, even painful ones, easier than vigilance and self-restraint. Yet such practices are useful only when they stimulate us to greater exertion in the struggle against sin, and to greater watchfulness in the observance of the precepts that make us like our Model, the Man-God."

"Can you give me," I said, "a practical example to illustrate what you say?"

"Well, here is an example. No one can observe Christian chastity and keep himself blameless in thought and desire, as well as in word and deed, unless he asks that virtue from God. Prayer is indeed essential, but prayer is not enough. He must himself labour to acquire the virtue, and he must so labour as if he expected the victory to be the result of his own efforts alone, though he knows quite well that success cannot be attained except through the help afforded by Divine grace. Therefore, he shall act with circumspection; he shall guard his eyes and other senses; he shall be temperate in the use of meat and drink; he shall be vigilant against the assaults of temptation, and careful to avoid dangerous company. Uniting thus his own active co-operation with the grace which he receives from Heaven, he obtains and preserves the virtue of Christian chastity. If he will not do what lies in his power to practise the virtue, prayer will be of no avail. While he prays by word of mouth, he remains in heart impure.

"The end of the Christian religion is to fill the soul with the spirit of Christ, and to enable man to lead a life conformed to the precepts and example of the Incarnate Son of God, The appointed means by which grace is obtained for the fulfilment of this end, are prayer and the Sacraments. Surely, we must not mistake the means for the end to which they lead. They who have recourse to prayer and the Sacraments are not therefore truly religious, unless, in addition, they use grace to acquire by earnest and

persevering effort that Christ-like *holiness without which no man shall see God* (Heb. xii. 14)."

So spoke my friend, much to my edification and pleasure.

OLIVER OAKLEAF.

DE PROFUNDIS

Out of the deeps my soul hath cried to Thee :

Lord, hearken to my voice, for none but Thou

Can give me one least crumb of comfort now.

All other lovers are put far from me,—

Yea, I have shut them out, who tenderly

My self-accusing plaints would disallow,—

The while I worship Thee with humbled brow,

Nailed by my cruel sins upon the tree.

The long years fall away, the estranging years,

And here I kneel on Calvary where Thou art :

O Sacred Eyes, bedimmed with blood and tears,

Melt with a look of love my frozen heart :

Rid it of haunting doubts, of craven fears,

Of every longing where God has no part.

J. W. A.

THE CONDUCT OF ARTHUR

I

IT must have been a week after the boys' luncheon party, it may have been a little more, when one morning Colonel Ruggerson appeared at the Hall greatly perturbed and excited. They had just finished breakfast, and the Squire and Mrs. Ridingdale immediately carried off the distressed visitor to the study.

"Most awful catastrophe!" he exclaimed. "To a man of my habits nothing more dreadful could have happened. That boy's mother has married again and bolted! Think of it! Writes as cool as you please, saying she knows that I will look after dear Arthur. Gracious heavens! fancy my being saddled with a boy! And such a boy!"

It was his wont in all his troubles to run to the Hall; generally the Colonel's troubles were of the crumpled-rose-leaf order.

"It's the very middle of the holidays," he panted. "Couldn't get him into any school now for love or money. And I was just asking myself if I could possibly stand him for another day when this confounded letter came."

Mr. and Mrs. Ridingdale looked at one another. They quite understood what the Colonel wanted them to do.

"Of course, he'll go to school directly the holidays are over; but it isn't nearly the end of August yet, and schools don't open for another month, do they? Or more, eh? Long before that time I shall be in a padded cell," the Colonel moaned.

It was hard for the Squire and his wife not to smile, but they managed to go on looking sympathetic. They did more. They both said that if the Colonel cared to send the boy to them they would try to make him happy.

Apparently the Colonel did care to send Arthur to them; at any rate, long before noon, Master Leighson was delivered, bag and baggage (including dressing-case and hat-box) at Ridingdale Hall.

He could not complain of his welcome, but before the day was over he managed to complain of everything else. In her kindness Mrs. Ridingdale thought he was grieving for his mother; he

quickly undeceived her. Later, in the presence of two of the boys, Arthur used language about his own mother that sent away Harry and Lance with scared faces and wondering eyes. His first little altercation was with Hilary.

"I'll show you your room," Hilary said cheerily when the clock struck nine, and though, the rest had all retired, Arthur kept the easy-chair he had appropriated.

"Thanks. I don't go to bed at nine o'clock. I always sit up."

"You can sit up all night," laughed Hilary, "but it will have to be in bed."

Good-naturedly, but with a firm grip, Hilary lifted him up and threw him over his shoulder. Going up-stairs, Arthur kicked a good deal, and used language that Hilary may, or may not, have heard in the street; but when the visitor called him a "putrid bully," the Squire's eldest son was not pleased.

"You may not know that your uncle has asked us to give him a report of your conduct," said Hilary, standing the boy on his feet, "and particularly of your language. What you've just said to me, and what I overheard you say to my brothers, I'll pass over this time. You are a bit upset, and no wonder. We're all awfully sorry, and we're all anxious to be nice with you in every way; but, though we can stand as much decent slang as most boys, we draw the line at gutter-language. I'm sure you understand."

Arthur looked a little ashamed, and perhaps a little frightened, but he said nothing.

The next morning, when the boys were polishing their clogs, Hilary and Harry held a whispered consultation regarding Arthur.

"He's not down yet, I'm pretty sure," said the former; "but, of course, it's not a holiday of obligation. Anyhow, I won't bother him this morning. Father will settle all these things, no doubt. He said that for the present we were to look upon Arthur as a guest."

"And some guests like to be left alone, don't they?" asked Harry.

"'Course they do. 'Tisn't hard to leave some people alone. He'll turn down for breakfast, no doubt."

It was an unwritten rule of the house not to talk freely and unnecessarily before Mass, so no more was said until the boys were returning from Church. Even then, though they were all

thinking of Arthur, they did not venture to discuss him at any great length. When people lead active and useful, and therefore happy lives, you generally find that they talk less of persons than of things. And the number of delightful *things* the Ridingdale boys had to talk about was considerable. Moreover, it was holiday time, and they were as careful of their six weeks' as was Pippa of her twelve hours' treasure.

When the big merry party sat down to breakfast no Arthur had put in an appearance; but again there was so much to discuss, such a wealth of work and play to arrange for, that Arthur might have been forgotten if Mrs. Ridingdale had not mentioned his name.

"I think, Hilary," she said, "you may run upstairs and see if Arthur is getting up. Perhaps we forgot to tell him that breakfast is always at a quarter-past eight."

Hilary found the guest fully dressed, sitting in an easy chair and reading a copy of some evening paper. He had been given a bedroom usually reserved for visitors, and Hilary at once detected the smell of tobacco—a little stale, and suggesting an overnight consumption of cigarettes. The big boy also noticed that the bath he himself had prepared for Arthur had not been used. Hilary made no comment, but remarked that breakfast was half over.

"This is a country house, ain't it?" Arthur enquired.

"Very much so," smiled Hilary.

"Well, I've heard Ma say that in country houses people always have breakfast in their bedrooms: in bed, if they like."

"They don't do it at Ridingdale Hall," said Hilary.

Arthur got up and yawned—rather rudely thought the other boy.

"Want me to come down, I s'pose?"

"I think you'd better," Hilary answered.

The peal of laughter heard by the late-comer as he entered the dining-room had of course no reference to him; it had been raised by one of Harry's original conundrums. But it so entirely coincided with Arthur's entry that perhaps he may be forgiven for thinking that it was intended as a greeting. Both the Squire and his wife re-assured him, and spoke to him with affectionate kindness. However, his first remark caused one of those momentary silences which are described as uncomfortable.

"You can take this poultice stuff away," he said to Sarah,

who had just set before him some fresh porridge and hot milk, "I'll have ham and eggs."

Sarah looked appealingly at her mistress.

"Will you kindly ask Jane to cook some rashers and eggs," said Mrs. Ridingdale quietly. "I am afraid we have no ham just now," she added turning to Arthur.

"Oh, it'll be all right if the bacon's hammy," said the boy coolly, while five other boys hurt themselves a good deal in suppressing their laughter. Harry made a silent appeal to his mother for leave to retire, and as he and George and Lance and Alfie had finished she gave all of them permission to rise.

Mr. Ridingdale was looking at his letters and passing them one by one to his wife. There was a note from the Colonel, and its contents amused them not a little. That good man was going to London, he said, but would be back in three days' time, or less. Meanwhile, he hoped the Squire would treat Arthur—"not as a guest, but as a boy among boys."

Hilary, Gareth, Maggie, and Connie now left the table, soon followed by their father, who went out to smoke a pipe on the lawn. Arthur seemed disposed to linger over his bacon and eggs, and in her happy way Mrs. Ridingdale tried to chat with him; but she who could always put both great and small people at their ease had little success with the Colonel's nephew.

Quietly pacing the lawn in great enjoyment of his pipe and a volume of Milton, the Squire was fully conscious that a more than usually enthusiastic meeting was being held in Sniggery. True to his invariable practice, he kept well out of hearing of anything but an indistinct echo of boys' voices. He knew his sons and could trust them. He knew also that if they wanted his help they would come to him.

As a matter of fact, Hilary was watching his father closely, and waiting for the moment when the book would be pocketed, and the ashes knocked from the pipe: for though the Squire had never forbidden the lads to interrupt that after-breakfast quarter-of-an-hour, they all instinctively respected it. Indeed, on Sundays and holidays when father did not at once retire to his study, the end of his morning literary snack, as he called it, was the signal for his immediate capture and detention—either in Sniggery or Snaggery.

"It's about Arthur, father," said Hilary running up as Mr.

Ridingdale closed his book. "Would you like us to take him anywhere, or do anything special for him? You see, father, we'd made our programme for the day, but of course we'll change it if you think we ought."

The Squire took the proffered programme and glanced at it smilingly.

"It seems very full, Hillie, but quite satisfactory. It includes lawn-mowing, rolling, rehearsal of play, cricket, tennis, rowing and swimming: and plenty of each. Perhaps as this is Arthur's first full day with you you might leave out the lawn-mowing and the rolling of the cricket-pitch: unless they are quite necessary."

"Well, that's just it, father; I'm afraid they are. What with the Colonel's party and the two matches, we've lost a working day or two lately. The pitch wants rolling awfully badly, and as for the lawn—well," said Hilary, rubbing his clogged feet over the grass, "you can see for yourself, father."

"All right, my dear: stick to your programme by all means. Probably Arthur will like to help you in something. If he doesn't, he'll be able to look after himself. Don't work too long or too hard, Hillie."

Hilary went back to Sniggery with a queer sort of smile on his ruddy face. He thought it clear that his father did not yet know much of Arthur. Ought he, Hilary, to have spoken of the bedroom smoking? He fancied not. For him and his brothers smoking was a penal offence; but then Arthur was a guest. As for the neglect of the bath, well that couldn't be spoken of—to anybody. Hilary had a hazy recollection of somebody in the nursery having once objected to his bath, but he was quite sure that the somebody had not then reached the age of reason.

It may be doubted if Hilary could have told his father any one thing concerning Arthur that Mr. Ridingdale did not already know. Even as he passed through the house into his study the Squire was wondering if it would not be better at once to relieve the young guest of his stock of cigarettes. A long chat to-day with the Colonel had been counted upon by Arthur's host; he was sorry that the great-uncle was not available. A settled policy in regard to the treatment of the stranger was most necessary. It was all very well for the Colonel to write, "treat him as a boy among boys:" but what did that imply? The Squire knew by

experience that his old friend did not always mean what he said.

"Better let the boy be regarded as a privileged guest during these three days," the Squire said to himself as he sat down to his writing-table. "A spoilt child may sometimes be worth more consideration than his spoiler."

Lawn-mowing is no trifle when you have to deal with a great area of grass like that which lies between the Hall and its kitchen-gardens. Two machines, however, were in motion before the clock struck nine, [and an hour later, when Arthur made his appearance on the terrace, he stood watching two couples of very hot-looking boys, trying, and succeeding, in getting some fun out of what was in reality rather hard work. Disgust and discretion kept the visitor at a safe distance from Harry and George and Lance and Alfie, and after looking about him idly for a few minutes, Arthur went back into the house and sought his bedroom. Looking through his window into the park, he saw Hilary driving the pony that was pulling the big roller. Arthur's remark need not be set down here.

Work made a big hole in the boys' morning, for when they had finished the lawn, they were surprised to find that it was half-past eleven, and that Sarah was carrying to Sniggery a huge jug of milk and some slices of currant loaf. Hilary was already sitting there. Laughing and cheering, the rosy and voluble lads crowded about the good housemaid, and toasted her in glasses of new and creamy milk.

"What has Master Arthur done with himself, Sarah?" they demanded.

Sarah sniffed. It was her one bad habit. Also, its exercise was a bad sign. When Sarah sniffed, she always followed it up by speaking in the style condemned by Hamlet:

Pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, "Well, we know"; or, "We could, an if we would";

Or, "If we list to speak"; or, "There be, and if there might":

Or such ambiguous giving out.

This morning Sarah sniffed twice, and then her immediate reply did not seem to be quite to the point. It was to the effect that "if some people was so high and mighty that they treated you like the dirt under their feet, they should take a valet about

with 'em. That's all *she'd* got to say." And with another sniff, she went back to the house.

"Well," said Lance, "if he's offended Sarah, he's just been and gone and done it; that's all *I* can say."

"I hope he hasn't been really rude to her," George remarked.

"If he has, he'll hear about it," Hilary put in—rather sharply.

"How long is he going to stop?" asked Alfie, counting the remaining pieces of cake.

"Hush!" whispered Lance, "He's coming."

"Smelt the cake and milk, the beggar!" Harry suggested.

Alfie re-counted the remaining slices of currant bread, and sighed. He was the youngest of the five—now increased to six.

"Hello, you chaps!" began Arthur, as he swaggered into Sniggery. "Finished that navvy business, eh?"

"If you mean the lawn-mowing," Hilary answered quietly, "why, yes. Have some cake and milk? We'll soon get another glass. Alfie, run to the kitchen for a tumbler."

"No, thanks; no stodge of that sort. That just is a shouting-cake; my eye! I could hear it right across the lawn."

It was too bad of Harry; but, unluckily, the Sniggery Shakespeare was lying open at *Midsummer Night's Dream*, some scenes from which the boys intended to represent in a few days' time. In his exaggeratedly comic way, Harry recited, as though reading to himself, the lines:

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do slap,
And stick some thistles in thy sleek smooth head
And *box* thy fair large ears, ungentle chap

Even Hilary jumped up hastily, and pretended to refer to the written programme of the day's doings fastened on the wall behind him. Lance made a sudden rush for the open, and retired into the shrubbery, in order to laugh unseen. George was the only one of the five who managed to control his features and his voice, as he remarked—with a deep blush—"I'm glad Harry reminded us of the rehearsal; it's nearly time for it; isn't it, Hillie?"

Harry was still bending over the well-worn copy of Shakespeare, as though seeking for another passage that might lend itself

to adaptation. No one had dared to look at Arthur—now half-way across the lawn. To say that he was deeply offended, expresses the fact very feebly.

"Too bad, Harry," declared Hilary.

"Too bad of him, you mean?"

"No, of you. We ought to draw the line at personalities. He's probably sensitive on the point of ears," Hilary said.

"Anything matter with his ears?" asked Harry.

"Don't humbug. And when you apologise to him don't, for goodness sake, say you hadn't noticed that he had such big ears."

"Hillie! Hillie!" shrieked Harry, holding his sides, "don't be as funny as you can. Remember the chap in Holmes' verses. But, I say"—Harry became suddenly sober—"I really hadn't noticed his ears: honour bright! I was only thinking of his long *hearing*. You know he said he could hear this cake shouting when he was at the other end of the lawn."

"His ears wouldn't be nearly so prominent if his hair wasn't out so short, and in such a fantastic style," Hilary said; "but I should say that if he has a sore point——"

"After Lannie's boxing 'em the other day," Harry interrupted.

"Didn't mean that. We mustn't hurt his feelings, you know."

"Of course I'll apologise. But he's no right to abuse our mother's cake."

"'Course he hasn't," chimed in Alfie, who was finishing the last slice. "He called it stodge."

"Time for the rehearsal, isn't it?" asked Lance, putting his head into Sniggery. "Don't think I can go through my songs for laughing. I say, Harry! How can you?"

For the incorrigible one, having made sure that Arthur had disappeared, was singing to himself:—

"I know it's not a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him *theer*.
For the bumptious little brat
In the chimney-potter hat,
Is so queer."

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

TO THE
VERY REV. MICHAEL CANON WALSH, P.P.

Late President of Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, Dublin.

I

FATHER revered, friend ever true and dear !
Permit that at thy feet to-day we place
This wreath of hopes, praying that, far or near,
Thou mayest be crowned with sanctity and grace,
With health, with peace, and happiness sincere.
In days to come full oft we shall retrace
The hours so precious when thy home was here,
And brief, ah ! all too brief, each golden year.

II

And we shall question, when our pathways part,
"In which rare gift did he the most excel,
In breadth of mind, or tenderness of heart,
Or that fine intellect men knew so well ?"
Ah ! of thy thoughtful care, and gentle art
Of sympathy, thy students best may tell.
Then over all we'll praise the generous heart
That loved us, watched us, led us from the start.

III

"Love one another." Wisest guide and best !
No sermon, nor the glowing page may show,
As showed thy life, this beautiful behest
Which Jesus, dying, left to man below.
The first to labour, and the last to rest,
Unselfish, gentle, kind—ah ! none may know
The patient charity within thy breast,
Save those who saw thee near, who knew thee best.

IV

Thou hast been rich in friends, since morning's hour
Young hearts have leaned on thee with trust and pride
And life's best gift, affection's crown and dower,
Were meet for the great work, noble and wide.
Through God's white fields in seed time and in flower,
Thy sacred work shall flourish and abide :
Thy treasures wait, where rust nor moth devour,
And God keeps record of each day and hour.

V

When at His Altar we hereafter pray,
And youth's fond hope bears fruit for manhood's prime,
The memory of the life that, day by day,
Here edified, here trained us, many a time
Shall be a spur along life's toilsome way,
Until we hear the last, low vesper chime.
All things of earth press onward to decay ;
First lessons and first love remain for aye.

VI

There's not a stone around these sacred walls,
But still is dear and precious in our sight ;
There's not a spot within these noble halls,
But shrines associations fair and bright,
And friendship and the studious hour recalls,
With the kind words that made all labour light.
Our heart's first love, whatever yet befalls,
Faithful shall rest inside these hallowed walls.

VII

Humility, God's surest test, was thine ;
Yet for the grandeur of the hidden soul,
He placed thee on His watch-tower, here to shine
With grace, with learning, and with self-control,
With modesty, of truest worth the sign,
And prudence that serenely guides the whole,
To train His priests at Wisdom's holy shrine—
The doctrine His, the daily practice thine.

VIII

Thus virtue, character, the potent spell
Of sacred lore, grew 'neath thy fostering care,
With strict observances of rule and bell,
And earnest study, sanctified by prayer.
Henceforth the voice so dear, and known so well
Shall not be ours—thy duty lies elsewhere.
With hearts too full for colder words to tell
We wish long years, God speed, and fare thee well.

CLONLIFFENSIS.

ON THE PINCIAN HILL

THE question now is, "Where we go this afternoon." "Where are we to go?" says, almost indignantly, the Roman addressed. "Why, to the Pincio, of course—isn't it Sunday?" We forestieri submit humbly that it is, but do not dare to excuse ourselves for not being as wise as a true-born Roman. "I suppose you will want a trap," our informant continues, "the forestieri always do—we can walk home." Again we agree with meekness. The good-humoured contempt with which some of these Romans regard mere Englishmen or Americans is refreshing to the soul, if not to the vanity, of the victim.

In due time we get a trap, our Roman friend firmly enlightening the driver beforehand as to what his fare will be. The man gives in with a sigh, looking at us as much as to say, "Wouldn't I like to get hold of you without that interfering Roman?"

From the Via Ludovisi (where we stay) to the Pincio is not far. Down the Via Porta Pinciana, up Via Sistina (street of streets for the English), and past the Trinità dei Monti. Here we meet a picturesque procession of students in blue with orange girdles. I always think that the students of the various colleges make one of the pleasantest street sights of Rome. Now we are on the Pincio. It is a lovely afternoon; the sun shines down strongly, and the sky is of a real Italian blue. What crowds there are, swarming round the fountains, covering the stone benches, and leaning over the parapet looking down on the

narrow streets, flat roofs, and domes of the mighty city! Gorgeous nurses in pink and blue head-dresses, coral and filigree, and lace aprons, with their swathed and mummified burthens, carried as if tied to a board. Dark-eyed and curly-haired children, dodging about and shouting, like children all the world over. A party of peasants in their best bibs and tuckers, awe-struck at the display of fashion. Magnificent mounted guards scattered about, and last but not least, more forestieri like ourselves, to whose cocchieri ours makes mysterious signs. Now we are nearing the band, and the crowds almost prevent our proceeding, for an Italian is never disposed to trouble about getting out of the way unless it is absolutely necessary. Now we get a good view of Monte Mario, with a few solitary olive trees on its summit. Round the drive we go, noticing at each side the numerous pedestaled busts. There is Dante, here Michael Angelo, and Victoria Colonna is not far off. Now we pass the famous water clock, and our driver pauses to point out the equestrian statue of Garibaldi amidst the trees.

Here we are round again (the drive not taking more than five minutes). The same thing is repeated, with ever varying crowds, until after an hour the sun begins to go down, the 'Ave Maria' rings, and the crowd thins. Then at the fountain the carozza is dismissed, and we pause to see the sun set behind St. Peter's. This is a famous view, and many pictures we have seen of it come back to our minds. But the original is more magnificent than any. The city spread out before us, here and there a dome showing in superior height, and that greatest Dome keeping guard over all. It looks dark against the yellow sky, with a few black floating storm-clouds showing a golden lining. Now there is a suspicion of pink, and the colour dies gradually away, the grand looming outline showing less clear, until it almost fades into night. And as we turn away, the thought that comes into our minds is not that we have seen one of the sights of Rome, but something higher and nobler, suggested we know not how, fills our minds and keeps us in silence until we arrive home once more.

It would perhaps not be inappropriate to give here a short description of the Trinità dei Monti, that famous old convent, which crowns the "Spanish steps" and guards the entrance, so to speak, of the Pincio. Although the beautiful church is much frequented at the time of *Ave Maria*, yet I think the Convent itself

is comparatively little known. It was founded by Charles V., King of France, and afterwards abandoned; then restored by Louis XVIII., after the designs of Mazois. When the monks were obliged to leave, it became a Sacred Heart Convent, which it remains to the present day. The Convent, therefore, can boast of great historical interest, as well as that which its age excites. The cloisters are very large and decorated with portraits in fresco of the various French Kings, and scenes from French history illustrating the loyalty of the French to the Holy See. It strikes one at first as peculiar to see French history portrayed in the midst of Rome, but it reminds one of Rome's cosmopolitanism in other ways. All tribes and nations claim a place within her walls.

The various rooms are not less interesting. The present Study-room, an immense vaulted hall, is decorated round the walls with frescoes of court scenes—the king, surrounded by ministers, ladies waving fans, courtiers on bended knees. On the ceiling are portraits of St. Louis and some of his successors of the same name. One of the upper corridors is quaintly decorated with the signs of the Zodiac, paths of the stars, etc., while higher up again (and now used as a dormitory) is the magnificent library, charmingly frescoed with Franciscan saints in glory.

The church is too well known to need a description except to mention the beautiful view to be seen from the tower, which is reached through the house,—but I must not forget the miraculous fresco of Our Lady painted by one of the novices in 1844, in a corridor, and known as “*Mater Admirabilis*.” Our Lady is portrayed as a girl of about thirteen, sitting in the Temple. Her distaff is in her hand, but she is deep in thought. A work-basket and book are at her feet, and a lily flowers at her side. When one is looking at the picture, there is no thought of criticising the drawing or technique, but the beautiful spiritual expression of the face fills our minds. The corridor is now a chapel, the walls of which are covered with ex-votos, and on the feast day, the 20th of October, Cardinals and other dignitaries of the Church come from all parts of the world to say Mass here. This is certainly one of the principal objects that lovers of Our Lady should see in Rome, and, having seen it, they will carry away with them the memory of one of the most spiritual pictures in the Holy City.

PHILOMENA PLUNKETT.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

I

A GOTHIC cave, that seemed a haggard eye
 Beneath a mountain's brow, hushed as the dead,
 Once roofed a mystic man. His like is read
 In legendry ; strange converse with night's sky,
 Lone vigils made his worship. Leaping high
 The hearth-fire's lightning—strong with oak-boles fed—
 Shot weirdly shadows fitting o'er his head.
 The while his eyes were deep in flower or fly.
 The daytime vales, austere with tome and knife,
 He traversed, lost in labyrinthine might
 Of thought, and meanings sought of cliff and sod
 Where ambush million forms of varied life ;
 But sense's will-o-wisp that lent him light
 Ne'er led his heart to his and nature's God.

II

A valley child, with questing care and eyes
 In faith anoint, found voices in the flowers,
 Deep-meaning songs, that trilled in bird-built bowers,
 And cheerful music blown from star-lit skies.
 To her the buds and greening spears arise
 Piercing the springtime sod, and windswept showers
 Of leaf and hopeful seed in autumn hours
 Sent thoughtful sounds and made her knowledge wise.
 These ways of life that sense calls mystery
 To her were broad and plain : she walked therein
 With God and His fair glory for the key ;
 As from a tower some watcher sees at night
 The low horizon glimmer, white and thin,
 And knows beneath there glows a city's light.

M. E.

WHY SO MANY WOMEN CANNOT FIND WORK

IN nothing has the widening evolution of the world been more strikingly displayed during the past fifty years than in the facilities towards the gaining of an honourable independence granted to that half of it, which, both with regard to strength of body and power of brain, used to be compassionately styled "the weaker sex." Professions once thought impossible for a woman to follow are now thrown open to women, and social changes have created new forms of industry in which they can and do excel. No longer is it as in times past when teaching was the only form of work in which a woman could engage without losing caste. There is work suitable for the woman with domestic, literary, or artistic predilections. Why, then, this continual outcry that women cannot find occupation? Why this perpetual bombardment of editorial office-doors for advice, by women who want work but cannot find it? Why the statement so constantly, and truthfully, made, that this or that profession is overcrowded? The answer can be given in three words: Want of Thoroughness.

A doctor does not enter upon the practice of his profession without first passing through the stage of studenthood; a musician must first be a pupil; a carpenter must serve an apprenticeship to his trade; but a very considerable proportion of the women who find it necessary to seek enrolment in the great army of workers are content to offer their services in the particular branch of industry which they wish to follow, without troubling themselves to go through more than the very slightest (if any) preparatory training. Who does not know the amateur dressmaker who boldly slashes away where the experienced workwoman would withhold her scissors, and makes an unwearable garment, and charges for so doing an unwarrantable price? Who has not seen the "cobble" which shamelessly called itself "Ecclesiastical Embroidery"? How many of us have sat in dismay before a pile of creased and crumpled typescript, full of errors and omissions, representing the "copy" for which a politely irascible editor was impatiently waiting, and have mourned over the feeble good-nature which led us to entrust our manuscript to the lady who "had a machine of

her own, and had taught herself"? Mistaken kindness it was undoubtedly, fostering what is after all but a species of imposture; for the encouragement of the wilfully incompetent is an act of injustice towards the community at large.

In no branch of women's employment is disappointment spelt in larger capitals than in that of secretarial, and kindred work. Numbers of women present themselves as applicants for secretaryships with no other fitness for the post than the ability to conduct their own correspondence. When they find that an unreasonably exacting prospective employer requires in exchange for a good salary more than this accomplishment, they still continue their fruitless search, until, utterly discouraged, they declare themselves unable to find work because the profession is overcrowded. It is overcrowded, but the crowd is composed of such women as these; let a well-educated woman, with rapid and correct shorthand, accurate copying, and one perfectly-known foreign language to offer, enter the lists, and her search for work is a brief one.

It does not follow that the would-be secretary always knows how to apply the grammatical rules which govern her mother-tongue, but in nothing is the want of thoroughness more apparent than in the way in which foreign languages are "known" (?) by the majority of English-speaking women. For this reason many of the best posts as corresponding clerks in great commercial houses are held by foreigners, who have taken the trouble, first of all, to learn English thoroughly. These ladies earn good salaries, are treated with consideration, and have, as a rule, very comfortable positions; and it is the English-speaking woman's own fault if she is not equally well-placed.

The imbecile habit of speaking a jargon supposed to be "French" which prevails in many schools is responsible for much of the ignorance with regard to that language which prevails among apparently well-educated people. Such sentences as:—"Puis-je pulley down the blind, parceque la soleil is dans my eyes?" or "Mettez votre chapeau sur that ongle," are every-day examples of the gibberish for whose acquisition English parents complacently pay. If only two hours daily were set apart for translation *into*, as well as out of, at least one foreign tongue, the knowledge of the student would not only be widely extended as the literature of another country came within her reach, but her chances of future independence would become much greater. Sending a girl to a

foreign school probably, results in her being able to speak the language with more or less accuracy, but the majority of such girls return from France or Germany as ignorant of the literature of those countries as they were before they quitted their native shores.

Too much time is wasted in our schools in acquiring a smattering of a multiplicity of subjects. Let the girl who will probably have to make her own way in the world apply herself to gain a thorough knowledge of what she studies; three subjects known thoroughly are of more value than a mass of scrappy knowledge of a miscellaneous kind. No girl who loves reading can help gaining a considerable amount of general knowledge; add to this the special subjects which she has elected to make her own, and that girl will not be numbered among the women who seek for work, and seek in vain.

There are women—and these are many—who find themselves obliged for the first time to face the question of earning their own livelihood when middle age is close upon them. They need not be regarded as martyrs; there is no reason why they should not be able to find suitable work. Any woman with average health and brains can learn any art, trade, or profession for which she feels she has a vocation, if only she will devote the requisite amount of energetic determination to fitting herself for her work. Some of the most successful workers of to-day are women who found themselves suddenly thrown upon their own resources; but they did not expect to find complaisant employers who would thankfully accept their untutored services, and pay good salaries for the privilege of suffering from the effects of their ignorance. On the contrary, they set to work with a will to fit themselves for the posts they wished to take, and, when fit, they had no difficulty in finding them.

Therefore, my sisters, be thorough, *be thorough*, **BE THOROUGH!**

FELICIA NOEL.

IN THE OLD COUNTRY

A Story

CHAPTER LVI

THE BELL OF ST. NICHOLAS RINGS

"THERE is a large fortune," Lady Shotover said, as the priest bade her a second good-bye at the carriage door.

Father Matthew nodded in reply.

"His mother's and his uncle's fortunes—and he has not lived expensively."

Again the priest nodded to show he took in the statement. "His will is doubtless made? He is not a man to leave matters to chance."

"We must act justly," Lady Shotover returned. "But, good-bye, Father, I must not keep you. Pray for us all."

"Do I ever forget you?" Father Matthew's smile was a benediction.

A few yards from the gates of the River House the carriage pulled up, and the lodge-keeper hurried to the window. "His Lordship gave directions we were to stop the carriage and say would your Ladyship be pleased to drive up to the house."

"I was on my way. But *his Lordship*—there is nothing wrong, Bates?"

The woman hesitated. "We did hear as master was not quite so well, my Lady."

"Tell Rice to drive on." General Shotover must be seriously ill if her husband had been sent for at such an early hour. She bent forward as the carriage took the sweep that brought it to the front of the house, and her face grew white as she saw the blinds, white as herself, that the house-keeper's first thought had been to pull down.

At the door she was met by Lord Shotover. The hush of death had settled on the house, and he spoke with lowered voice.

"An apoplectic seizure. Bucknill was sent for at once, but he was gone."

"Father Matthew?"

"They seemingly all lost their heads." Lord Shotover motioned towards the men-servants standing at discreet distance.

"They ought to have sent for Father Matthew."

Lord Shotover drew his wife's arm through his own. "He looks very peaceful. Come and see him."

"There is nothing to prevent your Ladyship seeing him." Little Dr. Bucknill came bustling forward from the hall.

"In a minute or two. Do the children know?" Lady Shotover turned to her husband.

Lord Shotover shook his head. "The message was so uncertain. They will know soon enough."

"Poor Uncle Geoff! He was good to us all. But, Shotover, I must see you alone, and—send for Father Matthew."

"Yes; Father Matthew ought to know, of course. Don't take it so hard. He never denied his faith; that is something to be thankful for."

"But he never practised it! We might have done more. He respected *you*; he might have listened to you. He was proud of you just because you were good, just because you were consistent. Even last night ——" Lady Shotover paused. "And there are complications. Shotover, I *must* see you alone."

Lord Shotover led the way into the little business room that opened off the Hall. Even here the house-keeper's hand had been at work and the narrow blind was pulled down tight.

"He told me not to tell you, but you must know now. There is a grand-daughter—a poor child in service in the town. It is all right, Shotover. It is all right," she went on hurriedly, and told her tale to a silent listener.

"Even as lads we knew Uncle Geoff had had some entanglement—but a *wife* ——! I wonder how much Amphlett knows. He should be here by this time. I sent off one of the grooms as soon as I found how it was," Lord Shotover said when she had finished her tale.

"Even if there is a will," Lady Shotover said, "we must remember that Uncle Geoff did not know till yesterday of the girl's existence."

"There is a will," Lord Shotover returned. "He once told me I should find everything in order."

"Amphlett will need to see this American of course. But let us leave it now. Take me to see him, Shotover."

"He is in the morning-room."

"The morning-room?"

"Tristram thinks he went back in his dressing-gown. He left him ready for bed, and when, about six this morning, he went to see if all was right, he found the bed empty."

"And Tristram found him in a fit."

"Not exactly. He was sitting at the writing table, and tried to say something as he came in, and then tried to get up and fell. Tristram gave the alarm at once, and they managed to get him on the couch; but all was over, or just over, by the time Bucknill came."

"It is curious," Lady Shotover said, "how last night, when he was speaking to me, he seemed to brighten up. His mind was never confused of course, but it seemed preternaturally clear, and I thought, after such a shock—for it must have been a shock—how well and young he looked."

"The flash in the pan, perhaps. I know nothing of these seizures, but I fancy, as a rule, they would be more likely to be prefaced by confusion of mind than the reverse. But Bucknill certifies apoplexy."

"If they had only sent for Father Matthew!"

"He is in God's hands, my dear, and we must give him all we can—prayers. Come Chattie." Drawing his wife's arm through his own, Lord Shotover led the way to the morning room, and husband and wife knelt down together beside the broad old-fashioned sofa.

"He looks peaceful," Lord Shotover said, as he folded down the sheet. "Poor Uncle Geoff!"

"From the day that I married, he was good to me." Lady Shotover stooped and kissed the white face. "And now I *must* go home to the children. It is the first time they have been brought face to face with death."

"No, no; wait for Amphlett. We may need your head."

"Not when you have Father Matthew's and Mr. Amphlett's."

"A woman is worth a couple of men many a time. This unfortunate girl ——"

"Well, I will stay. Shotover, I need not say it to you. We must do what is just."

"We must do what is right, which means the same thing. But don't let us speculate till Amphlett comes. He" (Lord Shotover looked towards the figure on the sofa) "may have made some provision for possibilities. And now I must telegraph to the boys. Dick ought to feel it."

"Dick will feel it," the mother said. "Uncle Geoff has been a bit of his life—of all our lives." She knelt again for a second.

Three generations of Amphletts had served the Shotovers, and the present representative of the firm was not, perhaps, surprised to hear of General Shotover's descendant. He, too, had heard the tale of an entanglement in Geoffrey Shotover's youth, and could have laid his hand, without delay, on the paper that told of the sum that was paid over to the credit of Elizabeth Lycett, or *Shotover*, at a Plymouth Bank. The story was plausible enough, he confessed, but—*caution*. The matter must be gone into thoroughly, and, in the meantime, there must be no acknowledgement of the—ahem (Mr. Amphlett cleared his throat)—young woman. He had nearly said "young lady," but "young woman" would do in the meantime. Of the American, too, the lawyer was sufficiently suspicious, whispering to himself that the whole affair might be a "plant": and as to Father Matthew's acquaintance with the young man, that was nothing at all. Priests were proverbially easily taken in, and as to the sums said to have been spent in search of his missing relatives, there was only the young man's word for that. Caution, caution. Mr. Amphlett reiterated the word, though, so far as his listeners were concerned, their interests, he was happy to tell them, would not be injured.

"With the exception of a special legacy to his godson, Mr. Richard, everything had been settled on her Ladyship" (Mr. Amphlett bowed to Lady Shotover), "and the young ladies, a very handsome fortune too," he went on to assure his listeners, his late client having been careful in his investments. And then he went with Lord Shotover to bid a farewell to all that was left of General Shotover, and, alone with his Lordship, he once more impressed caution, consenting, at the same time, to the justice of making provision for the young woman should she turn out to be, as claimed by the American, General Shotover's grand-daughter. He looked at the crayon portrait with interest, glancing from it more than once to the figure on the sofa, and he was even able to tell Lord Shotover how many generations of Lycetts had lived as

tenants at Woodash, and how the story ran that, in persecuting days, the farmer of the time had hidden Father Geoffrey Shotover in a rick of hay, and that there had been a tie between the families in consequence that had never been broken till Geoffrey Shotover took it into his head to fall in love with Elizabeth; and little wonder that he did, Mr. Amphlett ventured to add, as he looked again at the portrait.

News travels fast, and Stockton was, even with her fast increasing mills, still small enough to take an interest in the fate of a Shotover. When Mr. Amphlett got back to town, it was to find its pavements crowded as on a market day, and groups discussing the event at every tradesman's door, and his dog-cart was pulled up more than once that he might give some curious enquirer particulars as to the cause of the old man's death, the date of the funeral, and who was likely to be heir.

Mary Priddock, busy covering one of the Hotel easy chairs, had been one of the first to hear the news when Mr. Amphlett had sent his errand-boy flying to command a dog-cart to take him to the River-House.

There would be a power of money for some one, Mrs. Birchall told her, idling for a moment, after she had imparted her news. *By rights* it ought to go to his Lordship, but Mr. James (that was the General's butler) had told Birchall he knew as a *fact* that everything was to go to Mr. Dick. Mr. Dick was the only one of his Lordship's sons who had given any trouble, and Mr. James did say that the reason his master took to him was because he had a spirit. Anyhow he had put him straight more than once, and, if Mr. James was right, he would have plenty to amuse himself with for the future. This was Mr. James's story, but other people did say that when the General paid up for Mr. Dick he had let him know he had got all he would ever get, and that everything was to go to the young ladies, and he had thought a deal of the young ladies—there was no mistake about that—and with her Ladyship there every day of her life and one or other of them with her, it was (as likely as not) true, and none would grudge it to the young ladies, they were so pleasant in their ways, and, if anyone asked her who was to get it, she would say she *hoped* the young ladies.

There it was again. Mary Priddock told herself everything was upside down in this world. Those in need were left in need, those who had wealth got added wealth. Why should people like the

Shotovers have more, while she and others like her had to slave for their bread? It was an unfair world. It was all very well for the priests, like Father Matthew, to preach—it was an unfair world and no justice in it. She had promised Father Matthew not to let these thoughts take hold of her again, and, if she were tempted to give way to them to go to him at once; but she knew, she told herself, the exact words he would say; he would put all straight for the moment, and then—well the world was an unfair world whatever he might say—it was true, it was true!

"A penny for your thoughts," the landlady cried. "You haven't heard a word that I have been saying. Dress you up, and you would look as well as anyone of the Shotover young ladies. Feature for feature, you might be Miss Philomena's sister. I only wish you had her chance of coming into a fortune. Well, some people have luck and others haven't."

"That's what I am always saying," the girl flamed out. "It's an unfair world, with no justice in it."

"Well, I wouldn't say that exactly. There's a many of us that gets our deserves," the landlady returned after consideration. "But to think of the General being gone! He'll be a loss to Bucknill, unless he's left him a hundred, and Bucknill and he have been pretty thick all these years. Hush! there's the bells beginning for him. They say it was a Shotover built St. Nicholas, and that's why the rector is bound to have them rung when one of the family goes, but I don't know if it's true."

"There's Amphlett off," the landlady, who had now stationed herself at the window, went on. "And here's Dr. Tracy coming up the street, and coming in, I declare! He'll be after a horse, too (I saw the mare out three times yesterday), and I wouldn't say but it was to take him to the River House. When death comes sudden there's often the *post-mortem* (I know the word, for we've had them here). But I'll go to him myself, and, maybe, hear something." Mrs. Birchall bustled out of the room.

"We've four horses out this morning." Mary, trying to piece a bit of chintz, heard the landlady's voice in the passage. "And Dandy Dick's bespoke; but if you'll come in and wait a minute, sir, I'll see what we can do. You won't mind the parlour? The other rooms are full." She motioned to the girl to gather up her work.

Here was unexpected luck! "Do not move," Jem cried, "a

needle won't disturb me. I've sworn before now at a sewing-machine. *Click click*; it's bound to get on your nerves. I've doctored my mother's before now to make it keep its tongue quiet."

"If you'd come a minute or two later, you would have to have 'doctored' ours," the landlady said with a laugh, "but some of these turnings are safer tacked first. It's not so easy to make the flowers join, but Mary's first-rate at the business."

"Let me see." Jem went forward to the table, and as he did so he remembered the first time he had seen poor Annie Priddock standing as her sister was standing now, scissors in hand, behind the table in a miserable Baronscourt room. "What are you doing? Come, let me see." He took the scissors from her hand. "That's not the way. See, turn it so, and you get the roses joined."

"Yes, and one piece on the cross and the other straight," laughed the landlady.

"Ah, well, I see I know nothing about it." Jem threw down the scissors. "Cross or straight, what does it matter? Women like to make themselves work—it's a trait of their sex. Now, Mrs. Birchall, about that horse. I must have one sent round in an hour."

"All right, sir. You shall have it. If we don't have one in, Birchall, I'll send round to the Rose and borrow. I'll see to it at once," and once more the landlady bustled off, this time to give her orders.

Mary Priddock's hands were trembling as she tried to fit together her pieces of chintz. Why did not Dr. Tracy go? or, if he did not go, why did he not speak? She felt rather than heard that he had circled the table, and was standing by her side. The silence overcame her, and she dropped her work, and bending over its folds, covered her face with her hands.

"Come, you are not afraid of me?" Jem's tone was almost rough. He put out his hand, and pulled one of her's away from her face.

"You know what I want to say?" he asked, after a pause. He could feel the girl was trembling from head to foot. "You know that from the first we have cared for each other. Quick! tell me, before Mrs. Birchall comes back. Quick! now. You *must* tell me." Jem's grip tightened on her hand. "Say,

'I love you,' and I will go content. Quick now; quick! You don't want me to make you say it before Mrs. Birchall? Say 'I love you and will be your wife.' Quick now—she is coming. Come, you know you love me, and it is not difficult to say—'Jem, I love you.' Whisper it as low as you like. No; you *shall* say it. I am not going to let you go. Only four words. That's right—*my darling!*" The last words were added in as low a whisper as Mary's own words had been, and Jem released her hand as the landlady came into the room. He was not a young man to lose his wits, and he took care to stand between the woman and the girl.

"That's all right. Thank you, Mrs. Birchall; and now, if you are so kind—I've forgotten my case—find me a cigar. Good morning." He half turned his head towards the table. "Fit your flowers, and don't trouble your head about the 'cross' or the 'straight.' All will come straight; no fear of that." And, keeping the landlady before him, he manœuvred her out of the room.

Mary Priddock was kneeling by the table, her face again covered with her hands, when she heard Jem's step again. "When you are my wife, you will have to do as you are bid," he whispered, and was gone.

His wife! Dr. Tracy's wife! The girl was still trembling like a leaf. He could not mean it, she told herself, knowing all the time that he did, and he had made her say—the blood rushed to her face—that she loved him, and had told her that she had loved him from the first, and it was true. He had never been out of her head from the first day she had spoken with him; and if she had told herself (and others) that she hated him it was to disguise that love to herself. But what had Molly told her? that she had heard his people were grand folk. What would they say to him marrying a girl who worked for her bread, and, not only that, but who had accepted charity and had lived in Baronscourt? What would Annie have said? Oh, if she had only Annie here! If she had only Annie to put her arms round and tell what had happened! "When you are my wife." The whispered words seemed to ring in her ears. Jem Tracy's *wife*. What would everyone say? She ought to be happy, happy, and she could do nothing but tremble and shake. Why was she not a rich lady who could go to him as one of his own? Why was the world so unfair? (Even at this

moment the bitterness that had grown into part and parcel of the girl asserted itself.) Through the window came the slow boom of the parish church bell. She wished it would stop; and here was Mrs. Birchall coming back. She would tell her she felt ill, and beg for a holiday, and go back to her room, and try and get her thoughts straight. *Boom, boom, boom.* Why did the old General choose this day to die? She must get back to her room as fast as she could. "*Jem Tracy's wife.*" Had he said the words, or was she in a dream?

CHAPTER LVII

IN ST. LAURENCE'S CHAPEL.

It was mid-day when the news of General Shotover's death reached the Glebe Farm.

"Laugh before you quit your bed,
You'll weep before the day is sped—"

Mrs. Harnett quoted to her daughter. "And a good laugh I had to myself this morning thinking of your grandmother, and that long-faced youngster Dyer." "Don't you take up with him, Anne," says she. "Bless you," says I, "he's more sense than to look at an old woman like me." "Money's money," says she as sly as sly. What she'll be taking into her head next, the Lord only knows; but a whipper-snapper like Dyer!" Mrs. Harnett's shoulders went up in 'protest. "Well, what she'll say when she hears the General's gone, I don't like to think, but many's the time she's said she'd see him out, and she'll, maybe, ring the change on that. And there'll be the funeral—she'll be taken up with *that*. When the old Lord was taken, people said they'd never seen the like. I mind your Grannie and I watched it from the orchard stile. You'd have said it was a great snake crawling up the hill, the hearse foremost and forty carriages behind, and the farmers' gigs I couldn't say how many, and the poor folk a-foot. Bread and meat *they* got at The Arms, and beer as they liked; a feast it was to some of them, no mistake about that. It was a turn-out such as they had never seen before. 'Bid all or bid none'—that's how the old saying goes, and folks you'd never nod your head to 'll think themselves slighted if they're not bid to your

funeral. That's what I said when your father lay a corpse, and ne'er a one was forgotten but old Thomas Head down by the cross-roads, and a fine way he was in, and not over it to this day. Well, be off with you to your Grannie, or we'll be having her out of bed and not a scrap of peace for the rest of the day, but I wouldn't tell her about the General till she's had her sleep."

Later in the day James Lycett turned up at the Farm to be put through a cross-questioning as to what the town was saying of the General's death.

"Lord-a-mercy, to think he was gone before Father Matthew came." Even Mrs. Harnett was sobered for a moment by this reflection. The first Shotover she had ever heard of who had *gone* without his Priest, she went on to assure her guest, who was in a silent mood.

"There's few of us but have our warning," she presently continued. "Teresa's father now, he'd say that he never heard the bell toll without thinking it might be for him it'd toll next, and, if ever man was prepared to go, he was; and Father Matthew'll tell you the same. He'd have his Purgatory, like the rest of us; but many a time I think of Teresa's saying on the funeral day. She couldn't a-bear the look of her black frock, and they told her she must wear it because her father was dead. 'My daddy's not dead; he's gone to Heaven,' said she. 'So please put me on my white frock.' She was old-fashioned looking, I can tell you that, for they'd made her skirts about down to the ground, and none of us with a moment to run a tuck in. But it isn't everything you're ready to worry at that turns out ill. The *wear* she got out of that frock after the tucks were in! Many's the time, as I ripped one out, when she'd taken to shoot up like a bean, I near about blessed the dressmaker for the mistake she made; but, all the same, she was as old-fashioned looking a bit of goods the day of the funeral as you could have seen. Well, I'll give her a call. She'll scarcely quit her grannie these days, though Dyer's for it that she musn't sit too close."

"You do not think Miss Harnett ill?" the young man asked with inquietude.

"Ill? Not a bit of it. Pecky, maybe, and that's why Dyer's for her in the air."

"Dyer is quite right," the lover said with decision.

"Well, her grannie frets after her when she is away, and that's

the long and the short of the story. Dyer's all there, but he doesn't know everything."

"But Miss Harnett must do as the Doctor advises. Mrs. Harnett, let me take her out. I want her to see the stones in the churchyard, now they are done up. Lycetts and Shotovers lie very close together," he went on, as if speaking to himself.

"Aye, and they might have lain closer," Mrs. Harnett said, with emphasis.

"You will ask Miss Harnett if she will go with me?"

"I'll tell her she's to go, and that's the same thing. They'll be opening the vault before we're a day older for the General. Tastes differ, but put me in the *earth* when my day's done! Well I'll be off and call Teresa."

Five minutes later the girl came down in her hat, her leather gardening gloves in her hand. "I have a plant or two to take to father's grave," she said after greeting the young man, "if you did not mind waiting till I run down to the garden."

"Let me come with you," the young man replied. "I can carry the basket."

"You have not had bad news?" the girl asked, struck by something in the young man's face.

James Lycett shook his head. "Not bad news; a bad conscience giving its pricks and sharp ones."

The girl looked at him. "One's guardian angel never forgets one. When my conscience gives me a prick, I say, 'Thank you, guardian angel.'"

The young man lifted his hat. "Thank you, guardian angel," he said with gravity. "And thank you, too, Miss Harnett, for putting such a pretty idea into my head. Some day I shall tell you why my conscience pricked. This news of General Shotover has not upset Mrs. Makepeace, I hope?"

"We have not told her yet. He was a little older than grannie, you know, and they took an interest in each other's health, and when Dr. Bucknill came to us, grannie always asked about him. She will be sorry, for there were few summers he did not come in his pony-chair to pay her a visit. The Shotovers have always been friendly with their tenants, and, in that, the General was like them all. He was good to the poor, and Father Matthew will miss the money he used to give."

"I am glad he had one merit." The young man spoke shortly.

"A great many merits."

"You could forgive a wrong, Miss Harnett?"

"You have asked me that before. Mr. Lycett, you are not——"

Teresa hesitated. "Not still thinking of the Farm?"

"Of my people having been turned out of Wood-ash? No, my conscience is clear there. Some day I will tell you, not now. We are to go by the fields or by the road?"

"By the fields, please. The path cuts off a quarter of a mile, and I like the grass, and we need not go into the village at all but get into the churchyard by the belfry stile."

"There is one thing we lack in America," the young man said. "These old churches, your churches and cathedrals, would almost tempt me to desert America."

"Poor old churches!" Teresa said, "but I don't think their saints forget them."

"You think St. Laurence is still looking after his own?" James Lycett nodded towards the church.

"I am sure of it, and you know his bell is still there. Father saw it once when it was taken down when the tower was repaired, and he copied out the invocation. The Shotovers have all Laurences as a last name; he is their patron saint."

James Lycett was interested. "Why, two of my ancestors have Laurence too, but you shall see. You will not know the old stones." The young man spoke with pride.

"Well?" he asked when Teresa had stood in silence for a few moments before the rejuvenated tombs. "What is wrong? I believe you regret the lichens."

"Yes, I do," Teresa returned boldly. "Moss is like charity, and covers a multitude of sins. The stones were beautiful——"

"And now are hideous." The American finished her sentence. "Well, I can't say much for their *form*, but it is well to be able to read the names, and I will show you something that will, perhaps, make up for the loss of the lichen."

The young man went down on his knees. "See the *R.I.P.* in this corner almost hidden by the grass. Some one did that for the last Laurence, a brother—a father, perhaps. The lettering is cut by an unpractised hand, and is quite different from that of the name above."

Teresa interested bent over the stone. "I suppose they did

not dare put it where it would be seen. Yet it is on all the Shotover tombs, but their chapel belongs to them, and is railed off from the church and no one can interfere. If the church is open, shall we go in? Mother could tell us how many of the Barons lie in the vault in lead."

"I had rather lie in planks in the open," the young man returned. "Yes, let us go in." And Teresa led the way towards a side-door that was left unlocked.

On the threshold she paused, and put her finger to her lips. "There is some one in the church. Perhaps there is a service?"

"Scarcely at this hour," returned the American, and pushed open the swing-door.

"It is his Lordship. His Lordship and Mr. Amphlett," Teresa whispered, drawing back; but Lord Shotover had seen her and came forward.

"Your grandmother would be sorry to hear our bad news?" he said when he had greeted the girl. "My uncle and she were old friends."

"The General was always good to my grandmother," responded the girl.

Lord Shotover nodded. "The chapel and vault are open, if you and your companion," he looked at the American "would like to go in. Mr. Amphlett and I are going down to the village to get hold of the workmen."

"Mr. Lycett would be glad to see the chapel," the girl replied shyly, and, at the name, Lord Shotover looked sharply at the young man as he lifted his hat as if in answer to an introduction. Mr. Amphlett, too, gave the stranger a glance that took him in from head to foot, but neither of them spoke, and the American, returning the greeting, stood aside to let them pass.

"And so that is Lord Shotover," the young man said, as Teresa and he walked up the aisle. "A different kind from his uncle I should say."

"Oh, everyone likes Lord Shotover, but we don't often see him. He is a great one for his books, and her Ladyship and Mr. Amphlett look after the estate; but as my mother says the Shotovers are Shotovers—they are all alike. The housekeeper once took me through the gallery, and if it had not been for the dress, this Lord Shotover might have been the Lord Shotover who fought at Worcester for King Charles. There is the portrait, too, of the

Father Shotover your ancestors hid in the hayrick. You ought to see that. They hollowed out the rick and sprinkled hay on the top and kept him there till he could be got away in safety."

"The last generation showed their gratitude."

Teresa put out a protesting hand. "Not now, Mr. Lycett, not here." They were now standing in the chapel.

The young man's face flushed. "What did I tell you about a bad conscience?" he asked.

The girl looked distressed. "I don't understand," she said. "It was so long ago."

"Ah, you are thinking of the farm, but that is not all, Miss Harnett." The young man paused and then went on with heat. "I did not mean to tell you, but—my cousin is General Shotover's grand-daughter. My cousin who *starved* in the Court was that old — General Shotover's grandchild."

The girl amazed at the outburst could find no reply.

"See here, Teresa! Not two hours ago I said to myself, let bygones be bygones, and already—but I am shocking you, you do not understand."

This was James Lycett in a new light, and the girl looked at him with wondering eyes.

"Did General Shotover know she was his grand-daughter?" she asked timidly at last.

"Till last night he did not know he had a grand-daughter," the young man answered with bitterness.

"Last night!"

"You are thinking what I have thought, that the shock—but no, he was a man to take matters too phlegmatically for that, and—it was at his own request. But you must hear the whole story. You see your grandmother's tales of his admiration, for my grand-aunt were not without foundation. A wife for six months, and dropped for the convenience of her husband and his family. There you have it in short."

Again the bitterness of his tone impressed the girl.

"I am sure he was sorry," she said at last, and touched him gently on the arm.

"Sorry? Who knows whether he was sorry or not? His *pride* could not have enjoyed a grand-daughter in the Court."

"Hush!" the girl whispered under her breath.

The pain the American read in her face brought him to himself.

"You know me now, Teresa," he said. "If I know my own depths, it is well you should know them too. My God, to think of what we are capable, and in the presence of *that*." He pointed towards the opening of the vault.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us," the girl said slowly in the same low voice; and looking at her, James Lycett remembered what she had had to forgive. Had one hard thought, he wondered, entered her head regarding Jem Tracy, and, unconsciously, he repeated Jem's own words.

"Teresa, you are an angel. Teach me how to forgive."

Teresa shook her head.

"You can, Teresa. You could make anything of me." The words he had so long repressed were on his lips, and Teresa awoke to the danger.

"Only God can do that. Please, Mr. Lycett." The voice was so beseeching that the American, who had taken her hand, let it drop.

"Teresa, I did not mean to speak yet, but no one on earth will ever be to me what you are. Do not give me an answer now, but some day I will come to you and ask you for it."

Teresa turned her head away, her fingers gripped the iron rails that separated the chapel from the church, and it was a moment or two before she spoke. "Mr. Lycett, you ought to know. It is only right—" she paused—"that I should tell you. I—I shall never marry anyone."

"You think so now," James Lycett interrupted. "But later, Teresa; I shall not lose hope."

"Oh, stop, please," the girl cried, and then made a supreme effort. "Mr. Lycett, I *must* tell you what I have not even yet told Father Matthew," again came a pause. "If I am ever free, I—I shall go to the convent," as she finished the words, she went down on her knees and the young man could see she was praying, her face covered with her hands.

Death would have been easier to bear, the young man told himself as he stood upright by the girl's side. It did not enter his head to doubt her words. "Teresa was Teresa." Simple, steadfast, faithful. Her Lord had spoken, and her answer had been ready: "Behold Thy handmaid. Do unto me according to Thy will."

How long Teresa knelt she did not know. She was recalled to herself by her companion's voice. "Miss Harnett, I hear voices; the workmen must be coming." He held out a hand to help her to get up from her knees.

The voice was gentle, and Teresa looked up with gratitude.

"You understand?"

"I understand. Do not think I shall trouble you. Come now. The men are in the church."

"One moment." Again Teresa's hand sought the rails, and her voice betrayed the effort she was making. "'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them who trespass against us.' You will say it, Mr. Lycett."

For a moment James Lycett stood silent and then slowly he repeated the words, "What did I say?—that you could make me say anything? But—before God—I forgive the General."

At the church-door Teresa held out her hand, her companion understood. "It is not good-bye," he said, "I shall see you again."

Teresa nodded. "If I have given you pain, you forgive me?"

"Forgive you? Miss Hartnett, who am I to rob God?" He turned away, and Teresa, lingering by the stile, saw him disappear down the road.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued.)

THE TRUE INCENTIVE TO WORK

THIS is a business age. "The age of chivalry is gone." Money-making, push, energy, business-tact—these are the things that are valued, and the highest enterprises must be managed on what are called business principles. Now the wonder is how many of our Lord's words, spoken in what was *not* a business age, chime in with this spirit of the time, this *zeit-geist*. To us all He addresses that admonition of the parable, *Negotiamini dum venio* *—"Trade until I come, do business until I come."

Heresy was hardly ever more unreasonable, and its influence was hardly ever more blighting, than when it dared to contradict the Catholic doctrine of merit, when it dared to mutter its shibboleth of faith without works, which for very shame's sake it must explain away, and practically abandon. There are mysteries in God's dealings with His poor creature, man; but, whatever else is dark, it is clear that God deigns to accept and more than accept our co-operation in the life-long work of applying individually to our own souls the infinite merits of the redemption. *Dei enim sumus adjutores*; † we are God's helpers, co-operators, co-workers, *συνεργοί*.

How are we doing our little part in this partnership? Are we toiling, trading, doing business? Are we doing a thriving trade? Are we managing our business well? I really think it is impossible for us not to be greatly struck by the contrast that Shakespeare makes the dying Cardinal dwell upon at the last:—"If I had served my God with half the zeal with which I served my king, he would not have left me in mine old age naked to mine enemies." It is our own part I am thinking of now, not God's part; and the contrast that strikes me is the very different way in which those whom we call worldlings and those who are supposed to be devoted to God's special service go through their work respectively. A good many in the world do their work badly enough, and they generally suffer for it; and, on the other hand, there is plenty of self-denial and perseverance and unromantic heroism among those who are devoting their lives to the service of God. But, when every excuse is made, and when everything has

* Luke xix. 13.

† 1 Cor. iii. 9.

been taken into consideration, I fear that we, at least, shall often be forced to take to ourselves our Redeemer's mild rebuke: "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." The statesmen, politicians, barristers, journalists, literary men, physicians, engineers, merchants, grocers, haberdashers, and all the rest from the highest to the lowest—what steady application, what perseverance, what quiet energy, what self-denial and self-sacrifice, are exemplified in the various careers that these words remind us of! Is there a sufficiently close counterpart in a sufficient number of those whose vocation is higher and more holy?

General questions of this sort will not come to much; but each of us can easily bring the matter home to himself, if he likes. Hardly any of the incentives to earnestness in human enterprise, hardly any of the motives to human ambition, but may have their equivalent in the heart of the man who wishes to work for God alone; and, on the other hand, the homliest sayings of worldly wisdom have their meaning when applied to the spiritual life. What, for instance, if we applied to our spiritual duties, and to all the other duties of the day, this excellent Chinese proverb: "One day is as good as three, if you do the right thing at the right time"? What a contrast there must be between the use made of the same opportunities by two individuals of the same vocation, one of whom puts this Chinese proverb into practice, and the other does not!

But, perhaps, in no point ought the example of those who are supposed to be serving the world, and struggling to advance themselves, and to get money and a name—in no part of their example ought a sterner lesson be contained for us, who are supposed to be serving God directly and exclusively, than in what we have often read about the long and toilsome noviceship gone through by those who were determined to excel in the various arts and professions, determined to realise Alexander's favourite line of Homer:—

"Αεὶ ἀριστέειν καὶ ὑπείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων.

We can probably recall appalling stories that we have read about the "practice that made perfect" certain actors, artists, singers, consummate performers, on the violin, or wonderful experts in higher and more intellectual pursuits.

There was a controversy in the newspapers, I remember, more than thirty years ago, as to the person who had first given the

famous definition of a genius—"A transcendent capacity for taking pains." It seems that several said something like that, while thinking they were saying what had never been said before. A speech of Lord Derby's started this question at that time; but, several years earlier, Sir William Hamilton had written this paragraph:—

To one who complimented Sir Isaac Newton on his genius he replied that, if he had made any discoveries, it was owing more to patient attention than to any other talent. There is but little analogy between mathematics and play-acting; but I heard the great Mrs. Siddons, in nearly the same language, attribute the whole superiority of her unrivalled talent to the more intense study which she bestowed on her parts. "Genius," says Helvetius, "is nothing but a continued attention." "Genius," says Buffon, "is only protracted patience." "In the exact sciences, at least," says Cuvier, "it is the invincible patience of a sound intellect which truly constitutes genius." And Chesterfield has also observed that "the power of applying attention, steady and undissipated, to a single object, is the sure mark of a superior genius."

My excuse for accumulating, or letting Sir William Hamilton accumulate for me, these different ways of saying the same thing is that almost the same definition can be given of sanctity. Not only genius, but sanctity, is a transcendent capacity for taking pains. Think of the pains that St. John Berchmans took, and many another more famous saint. We, too, must take pains. I hardly know a better ejaculation than the one that Judge O'Hagan made for himself, and repeated constantly: "Lord, raise our hearts to Thee, and fix them upon Thee; teach us to take pains for the kingdom of heaven."

We must take pains. A significant phrase, even more so than the corresponding phrase in French, which puts it in the singular:—

Travailles, prends de la peine :
C'est le fond qui manque le moins.

Take pains. Every real effort costs us at some time or other pain and much pain and many pains; and we must take them. It is not like catching cold, which in reality catches us. No helps, no precautions, no special methods, can dispense with pain of some sort in the acquisition of anything really good. "No royal road to Euclid," as a very small grocer said to a very small boy fifty or sixty years ago. And there is no royal road to perfection or sanctity—no road that dispenses with toil, trouble, and pains. Heaven is for heroes—or, at least, for brave souls, for hard workers; not for sluggards or cowards. At any rate, if poltroons should manage to sneak in somehow, they cannot expect good

places in heaven—reserved seats, which might, perhaps, be the translation of *locum nominatum in regno calorum*, which occurs somewhere in Scripture. Father Neumayr speaks with great contempt of people of this sort—so mean-spirited that in their aspirations after heaven they are content with the corner behind the door—*angulo post januam contenti*—and this not through humility or self-distrust, but through cowardice and sloth and self-indulgence and want of faith, hope, and charity. And then the terrible risk that they may just fall short of even their low ambition!

Amongst the many mysteries of heaven does it not seem to be one of the strangest mysteries that heaven will still be heaven even for those who have failed to win their proper place there; who have frustrated some of the designs of God's mercy, and have in many ways disappointed the Heart of Jesus; who have abused many graces and lost many opportunities, and who, during many precious days and months and years of their earthly probation, have paid scanty heed to that warning of our Judge, *Negotiamini dum venio*—"Trade until I come"?

M. R.

TO W. P. C.

(A POET IN EXILE.)

"I CANNOT sing!" the grieving heart-harp sighed;

"The breeze that touched me lives beyond the foam."

A rough wind struck it, and its voice replied

In sweeter music than it made at home.

O Sorrow, Sister Sorrow, thou dost give

A richer tone to poets when they cross,

To seek Eurydice, from where joys live,

And make them godlike through thy gift of loss.*

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

Catholic University, Washington, U.S.A.

* These verses were written when William Coyne—very home-sick for his own country—was my guest at The Lilacs, Notre Dame, Indiana.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Under Croagh Patrick.* By Mrs. William O'Brien. London: John Long, 14 Norris-street. [Price, 6s.]

We have read every sentence of this beautiful book, out in the breezy sunshine of a delightful day in May, when the sun seems bent on proving that it has not quite forgotten the art of shining with a pleasant warmth, and when one is less disposed to quarrel with Thomas Davis's amiable exaggeration in claiming for Ireland a climate soft as a mother's smile and a soil fruitful as God's love. Perhaps the genial weather has helped to make us enjoy more keenly these idyllic sketches of the places and people in which and amongst whom Mrs. O'Brien has spent most of the last twelve years; but, in themselves, the sketches are surely very pleasing, full of the kindest feeling and written with great charm of style, very winning in its delicate simplicity. There is the germ of many a pathetic story in some of the chapters which, by the way, ought to have been named at the top of the right-hand pages. We do not know who "Nell" is in page 49; and elsewhere many readers will not understand that "the Reek" is the local name for Croagh Patrick. Is St. Eustace the patron saint of "the only English-woman who ever conquered Ireland"? (page 215). Mrs. O'Brien has *lived* her book before writing it, and she has more than one claim to the gratitude of Irish hearts.

2. *Life of Pius X.* With Preface, by Cardinal Gibbons. Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

We have abridged unfairly the title-page of this very interesting volume, in order to emphasize our welcome to the first full life of the Sovereign Pontiff now happily reigning; but in reality the short preface of the American Cardinal, the introduction, and the account of Leo XIII., reach to the 116th page, and we have six chapters devoted to a minute account of all that happened from the death of Leo to the election of his successor, and then, the biography of Pius X. begins at page 179 and fill two hundred pages (just half of the entire book), which has, besides, 200 illustrations. This extremely interesting and valuable work is intended by the publisher to be sold in connection with the popular Catholic

magazine to which they have given their own name. The price of this book by itself would be eight shillings, and a year's subscription to *Benzigers' Magazine* is ten shillings, but the two, in combination, are reduced to twelve shillings.

3. *The O'Growney Memorial Volume*. By Miss Agnes O'Farrelly. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

A large and stately volume it is, containing a great many memorials and reliques of Father Eugene O'Growney, the patriotic priest who, himself alone, did more than the combined efforts of a dozen societies have done for the revival and preservation of the Irish language. His career is a fine example of what can be achieved by concentration, devotedness and perseverance. Miss Agnes O'Farrelly—by the way, "Una" is given as the Irish of her Christian name—has performed her pious task admirably. The book is most interesting, even for those for whom a great part of it is, alas! written in an unknown tongue. The portraits and other illustrations are exceedingly numerous and very well produced, and the expenses cannot be covered by the five shillings for which the work may be procured in the cheapest binding. But a book so valuable and so interesting deserves, at least, the better binding in which it costs 7s. 6d. The account of Father O'Growney's personal character, and of his early death, is very edifying. His remains were brought back to Ireland after lying for four years in a grave that is a thousand miles further away than San Francisco, and they now lie in the beautiful little cemetery of Maynooth College.

4. *Life and Life-Work of Mother Theodore Guérin, Foundress of the Sisters of Providence at St. Mary's-of-the-Woods, Vigo County, Indiana*. By a Member of the Congregation. Benziger Brothers: New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

This is a religious biography of far more than ordinary interest and importance. A career marked by many trials and vicissitudes and by eminently useful and successful labours is here traced with loving minuteness in a fine volume of five hundred pages. To those who know what St. Mary-of-the-Woods is now it will be an astounding revelation to go back to the wretched beginnings of that noble work; and the retrospect ought especially to excite the gratitude of American Catholics to the memory of the heroic priests and nuns, chiefly French, who laid the foundations of the great Catholic communities that now flourish along the banks of the Mississippi and the districts that were wildernesses, at least

spiritually, sixty or seventy years ago. Anne Teresa Guérin was born in Brittany in a year of melancholy interest both in French and Irish history, 1798. In 1823 she joined the Sisters of Providence recently established at Buillé-sur-Loir. In 1840 she was the leader of a band of six who made a long and perilous journey to Indiana at the call of the bishop of the diocese which is now called Indianapolis, but which then bore the rather ominous French name, Vincennes. Strange to say, they were planted in the middle of a trackless forest with no statelier conventual buildings than a small wooden farm-house. The story of their labours and trials is a beautiful romance. It is hard to believe that Mother Theodore had only fifteen years to do all the work she accomplished in spite of bad health, several serious illnesses, and some very cruel trials. In less than fifty years after her death the Congregation has grown from six to eight hundred members, with sixty-three schools in Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Nebraska, and in the East also in Maryland and Massachusetts, with twenty thousand children under their care. Mother Theodore's letters and spiritual notes are turned into better English often than the connecting narrative. They are almost worthy of Eugénie de Guérin who was at the same time writing in the South of France those unstudied letters that have since become classics.

5. *The Inner Life of the Soul*, by S. L. Emery, continues to receive praises warmer even than those we bestowed upon it last February at page 108 of our present volume. Even the *Guardian*, the highest weekly organ of the Anglican Church, says: "The book is written from the Roman stand-point, but no one who names the name of Christ could fail to find much in it to teach and to humble him." That curious word "stand-point," which is about forty years old in English, is yielding its place to "view-point" which the American *Rosary Magazine* uses in criticising the same book: "The style, the mode of presentation, the view-point, the development—these are unusual enough to give the volume a unique place in the Church's books of devotion." We have already referred to the appreciations of the *Dolphin*, the *Messenger*, the *Month*, the *Ave Maria*, *Donahoe's Magazine*, and the *Catholic World*. A more recent critic is the Rev. Dr. Aiken in the *Catholic University Bulletin*, who says: "There is freshness, vigor, variety, enthusiasm in every page. It is a work of which we Catholics in America may be proud: for in American

Catholic literature we have but few devotional works that combine common-sense piety with literary excellence."

6. There is no date on the title-page of the *Christian Virgin in her Family and in the World* (Burns and Oates, London), but the Imprimatur is dated 1890. Author and translator are anonymous: which does not seem to us a good omen. So extremely well printed and well bound a volume of 368 pages is very cheap for half-a-crown. The French exclamatory emotional style does not disappear in the translation; and we think a judicious abridgment and adaptation would have given us a much more useful book.

7. *Tractatus de Deo Redemptore, quem in usum auditorum suorum concinnavit G. Van Noort, S. Theol. in Seminario Warmundano Professor.* Amstelodami: C. L. Van Langenhuisen. 1904.

Professor Van Noort's treatise on the Incarnate Word has much to commend it. It is at once compendious (confined as it is within the limits of two hundred octavo pages), critical, erudite, thoroughly up to date in its presentation and appreciation of the latest contributions to Theological Science, whether from rationalistic, heterodox, or orthodox sources; and last, not least, at every stage it furnishes the reader with an admirable table of references to those authorities. The Christology portion of the treatise appeals most strongly to us. It were not easy to find a more logical, incisive, and forcible presentation of that fundamental dogma, the Divinity of our Lord. Professor Van Noort's critical handling of the Scriptural texts, presenting our Lord's own testimony to that great truth, leaves nothing to be desired. We cannot, we regret, accord the same measure of praise to the Mariology section of the work. The treatment of the Scripture texts, bearing on the bodily Assumption of Our Lady, is not equally satisfactory.

8. All honour to the earnest men and women who are labouring with such enthusiasm for the preservation and revival of the Irish language; but thanks be to God that Irishmen are able to use the English language so effectively in all the regions over which they are scattered. God forbid that heresy and infidelity should enjoy the monopoly of such an instrument for the diffusion of ideas as the English language. Irish faith supplies the antidote for much poison. In all parts of the world there

are able Irish pens at the service of truth. The latest addition to high Catholic journalism that we welcomed was the *Catholic Review of Reviews*, edited by an Irish priest, at Chicago. Very high in merit stands a much older magazine, the *Australasian Catholic Record*. The issue for April, 1904, contains several admirably solid articles; but its readers will be more grateful for an article that is not original—Sir William Butler's vigorous, original, and thoroughly satisfactory examination of Oliver Cromwell's doings in Ireland. We wish Cape Town printers would rival those of Sydney. The *Catholic Magazine for South Africa* is one of the best written, but not one of the best printed magazines in the world. Finely printed and illustrated, and very varied in pleasant matter, is the *Annals of St. Anthony's Shrine* for June, 1904, issued by the Sisters of Mercy, Worcester, Massachusetts. God bless all who are working in any way anywhere for the good cause. Let us help one another.

9. *Universal History. An Explanatory Narrative.* By the Rev Reuben Parsons, D.D. Pustet & Co., New York and Cincinnati.

Dr. Parsons has already proved his ability as an historical writer by his two extremely interesting works, *Studies in Church History* and *Some Lies and Errors of History*. His very frequent contributions to the American magazines and reviews invariably deal with historical questions. His present enterprise is by far the most important that he has yet undertaken, and he has made considerable progress—his first two volumes being stately royal octavos of 630 and 720 ample pages. His first volume, which has already reached a second edition, treats of ancient history from the creation of man until the fall of the Roman Empire. A minute table of contents, covering ten pages, directs the reader to the particular passage in the well-arranged narrative, which furnishes the information he may desire regarding any point in history of the Jewish people, the Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Hindoos, Chinese, etc. The second volume gives the early mediæval history from the fall of the Western Empire until the end of the Crusades. Probably two more of these large volumes will complete this very clear and very comprehensive view of the history of all the world, which ably fills the place of a whole library of separate histories. Few will require more information on any historical question than is here contained; and Dr. Parsons' work will be an admirable

summary and combination of historical studies, even for those who are able to examine the annals of individual countries. So far, he has performed well a great and useful task. He deserves the encouragement of all English-reading Catholics outside his own great country.

10. *Lives of the English Martyrs declared Blessed by Pope Leo XIII. in 1886 and 1895.* Edited by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. London: Burns and Oates. [Price, 7s. 6d. net.]

We have abridged the title-page, which tells us besides that this is the first volume of the work, giving an account of the martyrs who suffered under Henry VIII. It also tells us that these biographies were written by Fathers of the Oratory and of the Society of Jesus and by some of the secular clergy; but those last are not represented in the present volume. Father Richard Stanton, of the Oratory, and Father Pollen, S.J., have done, perhaps, most of the work, but the Editor has also contributed very largely. His notes and introduction are very good, and he has discharged his difficult duties very successfully. This volume is the hundredth of the Quarterly Series which Father Coleridge, S.J., began, and for many years maintained with devoted zeal. We hope that Dom Bede Camm will soon be able to give us the completion of this valuable work.

11. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has issued three more of its excellent pennyworths: *Pius the Tenth*, an admirable sketch of our Holy Father by Mr. Charles Dawson; the *Hymn Book of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland*, which gives the most useful hymns and devotions in a handy little volume, with stiff cover; and *Devotions in Honour of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, an excellent collection of prayers, in an excellent stiff cover. It will have its share in the holiest moments of many thousands of Christian lives.

12. R. & T. Washbourne, 4, Paternoster-row, London, have almost made for themselves a specialty of very small and very neat quartos of devotion, such as *Consoling Thoughts from Father Faber*, selected by Miss Winefride Hill; the *May Book of the Breviary*, translated and arranged by Father John Fitzpatrick O.M.I.; and *Jesus our Strength through frequent Reception of the Sacraments*, by Nonna Bright. The last is not composed of quotations, like the two former. They are all good and holy.

13. Burns and Oates, 28, Orchard-street, London, have

published a very satisfactory *Life of Nicholas Garlic, Martyr*, by the Rev. Edward King, S.J., who has gathered all the available materials carefully and arranged them most skilfully. They have also published *The Grounds of Hope*, a solid and useful book of spiritual instruction, by the Rev. W. J. B. Richards, D.D., Oblate of St. Charles.

14. The Carmelite Nuns of St. Joseph's Convent, Ranelagh, Dublin, are supplying convents and others who apply to them for copies of two admirable spiritual books which are not very recent, and are none the worse for that: *Meditations on the Love of God*, by Père Grou, S.J.; and an eight-day retreat—meant especially for Religious—*The Truths of Eternity*, by Father Joseph Pergmayer, S.J. These are quite large books, each containing more than three hundred pages, and very cheap at 1s. 6d. Religious communities will find Father Pergmayer's work particularly useful.

15. Longmans, Green & Co., London, have published for two shillings *Chemistry*, by John Bidgood, the third book of *Elementary Physics and Chemistry for the Use of Schools*. It is copiously illustrated, and the name of the publishers is a guarantee that it is the best of its kind. It is wonderfully cheap.

16. Messrs. M. H. Gill & Son, Limited, of Dublin, have just issued a very tastefully printed and bound edition of the *Catechism for the Instruction of Novices*, translated by an Irish Carmelite Nun, from the French of the third General of the Discalced Carmelites, Father John of Jesus and Mary, whom Bossuet, we are told, called "a great theologian and a great ascetic." His body is said to be still preserved incorrupt at the Convent of St. Sylvester—in Rome, we presume—where he died in the odour of sanctity, May 28, 1615.

17. The *Catholic Weekly*, No. 1 (115, Fleet-street, London, E.C.), is really good literature, and must be welcomed here. What James Clarence Mangan did for *The Nation* and Father Prout for the *Cornhill Magazine*, Sir Francis Burnand, the Editor of *Punch*, has done for the *Catholic Weekly*—he has written for it an inaugural ode. A sermon on the Sacred Heart by the Author of *My New Curate*, and the beginning of a story for boys by Father Bearne, S.J., and of a novel for men and women by Adeline Sargent, are three out of many excellent items. And all this for a halfpenny! Many will not grudge the second halfpenny for

postage, but will send a shilling postage to the address given above, for which twelve numbers during the next three months will be a generous return.

18. In April we gave due praise to a pretty little booklet by Miss Olive K. Parr, about the late Cardinal Vaughan. The title of the book, *The Children's Cardinal*, was by somebody's blunder printed *The Children's Annual*.

19. The wives of two distinguished Irishmen have at the same moment made their *début* in literature with very remarkable success. An earlier paragraph of these notes gives high praise to Mrs. William O'Brien's *Under Croagh Patrick*; and we must now give a warm welcome to *Stories from Irish History*, told for Children by Mrs. Stephen Gwynn: with pictures by George Morrow and Arthur Donnelly (Dublin, Belfast, and Cork: Browne & Nolan, Limited). Mr. Stephen Gwynn is one of the most brilliant and versatile of our younger literary men, accepted as such by English editors and critics, though he never disguises his strong Irish feelings. Mrs. Gwynn's *Stories from Irish History* are told to children in language which they cannot fail to understand, and with a vivid simplicity that is sure to catch and to hold their attention. There is a great deal of merit and originality in the illustrations, to which the mode of printing them hardly does justice. For such a book, so well printed, illustrated, and bound, a florin is a marvellously low price.

20. Another of the little devotional quartos, for which we have just praised R. & T. Washbourne, comes from the same Firm—*Cor Cordium: Thoughts for the Clients of the Sacred Heart*. A very beautiful set of short spiritual readings, written or selected by Madame Cecilia, of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham. Father Bernard Vaughan, in his dainty little preface, calls it "a dainty little manual." Every page has an ornamental border. The price is 1s. 6d. net.

WINGED WORDS

I have lived long enough to know that the things which we most desire are often not the best things for us.—*William T. Stead.*

There's always morning somewhere in the world.—*B. H. Horne.*

Oh ! the pain of pleasure, the ennui of evil, the satiety of sin ! We hear too much about the attractions of vice and too little about the attractions of virtue. The attainment of perfect depravity is infinitely harder than the attainment of perfect righteousness.—*James Douglas.*

God grant you lively gratitude and profound humility. Then, indeed, you will be a child of benediction.—*Mother Macaulay, Foundress of the Sisters of Mercy.*

Reading should be a continued process of import and export.—*Gladstone.*

There is ten times too much fiction read, and a hundred times too much fiction written. [Amendment: for "ten" read "hundred," and for "hundred" read "thousands."]—*Mrs. Flora A. Steel.*

No tabernacle is so beautiful to our Lord as the innocent heart of children.—*Pius X.*

It is hard to say where history ends and where religion and politics begin, for history, religion, and politics grow on one stem in Ireland, an eternal trefoil.—*Lady Gregory.*

If in this world the so-called good people had the energy, the nerve, the back-bone of the so-called bad people, the bad would be trampled out of existence.—*John Oliver Hobbes.*

Much patient obscure progress underlies all achievements of serious purpose ; and the successive steps by which advance is made may each be of greater consequence than the final act which proclaims success attained. Nevertheless there is substantial practical truth in the proverb, *Finis coronat opus*.—*Captain Alfred T. Mahon, U.S.N.*

THE IRISH MONTHLY

AUGUST, 1904

FROM THE SUGAR FIELDS TO THE GOLDEN GATE

ON a sweltering summer day we said *au revoir* to the bright green cane plantations of Louisiana, and, seated in a luxuriously furnished day coach of the train which travels on what is poetically styled the "Sunset Route," began a sort of zig-zag journey from the Mississippi to the Pacific. Our first stop of any consequence was made in the delightful old Texan city of San Antonio.

Those who have travelled even a little in the Southern regions colonised by the adventurous Spaniards must, if at all observant, have noticed the signs of faith scattered about wherever their feet have trod. Without as much as glancing at the apostolic Las Casas, or the "Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses" of missionaries and others, there still exist, among other tokens of the things that were, wonderful mission churches—ruined, decaying, or in fair preservation—which eloquently tell the tale of heroic labours and sacrifices for the good God and for the helpless aborigines, of whom, from first to last, the Church was the truest and the best friend.

The lovely city of St. Antony is especially celebrated for its ancient mission churches, some of which are fully equal to the wonders in stone—natural and artificial—which surprise the Christian wayfarer to-day in picturesque Guatemala. "Mission Conception," founded in 1716, is known as the "First Mission." The corner-stone of the present edifice was laid March 5, 1831, on

the site of the ancient church, about two miles below the city, on the left bank of the River San Antonio. Several skirmishes between the settlers and the Indians took place almost within its shadow, and more important battles were fought in its vicinity, which helped the cause of Texan independence. Though built solely for prayer and praise, old residents say that in epochs of disturbance it was more than once seized for secular uses. Its strength as a fort was prodigious, and it sometimes sustained a siege. Its title as a mission church was "Mission Conception la Purissima de Acuna."

The Mission San Jose de Aguayo, established four miles below the city (1720), is one of the most elegant of the many founded by Catholic piety in the boundless territory which once flourished under the flaming colours of Spain. The renowned artist, Huica, sent thither by the King of Spain for the purpose, spent several years in carving its various ornamentations—statues, pillars, walls. Unfortunately, the hands of Vandals have done more towards its defacement than the ravages of time. It has been the theatre of many memorable conflicts; for these missions, at once massive and beautiful, were fortresses as well as monasteries, and on occasions played their part in war as well as in the promulgation of piety.

Different in aspect and other ways from its brethren is the vast Mission of St. John Capistrano, founded (1716) about six miles below San Antonio. Near this mission the patriots focussed, prior to their capture of San Antonio from the Mexicans, under General Cox, 1835. A battle was fought which aroused the ire of General Santa Ana, and led to the holocaust of the Alamo, and subsequently, if indirectly, to Texan independence. St. John Capistrano is now in ruins.

The Cathedral of the city of San Antonio, dedicated to the royal St. Ferdinand, was never a mission church. Built by subscription in 1732, it was always a parish church. The rear portion is all that now remains of the ancient edifice; the front is comparatively new. From the tower of the old part the Mexican generals displayed their flags. From the same lofty eminence Santa Ana first flung out the red flag of defiance, and then the black flag—no quarter—death—which told the patriots shut up in the Alamo how little mercy they might expect from the fierce invaders.

The word *Alamo* is said to signify cottonwood, and the strong

mission building was so called because it was set in a grove of cottonwood trees, not one of which now remains. On February 23, 1836, General Santa Ana appeared before the Alamo, and unfurling the red flag, demanded its immediate surrender. He had a well disciplined army of 8,000 men; Colonel Travis, commanding the Alamo, had only 183 men, but his cannon answered defiantly. Santa Ana's firing was incessant. From February 26 till March 6 Travis's men continued to fire day and night till the final assault. Every defender died at his post. Not one was left to tell the tale. Sixteen hundred of the invaders lay dead within range of the defenders' artillery, showing how well the garrison had done their awful work. It has always been said that the motive which impelled Travis and his men to defend the Alamo was the loftiest patriotism. They wanted to hold the invaders in check at any cost, or even delay them. The opposing General stopped before the Alamo to brush out of his way the handful of brave men who held it. Naturally, people were reminded of the heroic Greek story of "The Pass of Thermopylae," but with a difference: "Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat—the Alamo had none."

Later, Texas became an independent Republic, recognised as such by the Great Powers. In 1845, the Lone Star State, so called from its banner which bore a single star, was annexed to the United States on an equal footing in all respects with the thirteen original States. San Antonio, the capital, was in early days subject to frequent incursions from warlike Indians, and many are the weird and awful tales told of the bravery and the cruelty of these picturesque savages.

One of the curious sights of this fair city is the Mexican supper. Every night, about nine o'clock (weather permitting), crowds of Mexicans take their evening repast on the Plaza, between the old Cathedral and the Alamo. Usually the air is balmy and delightful. They sit at long narrow tables well lit with graceful, shining lamps. The cooking, done on the spot, consists chiefly of the savoury national dishes of Mexico, of which garlic and chili form the chief condiments. Every dish is very highly seasoned. A charitable lady said to the writer:—"When a poor Mexican gets sick, one scarcely knows what to do for him—what remedy to administer. The Mexican stomach is so burned with Cayenne and pimento that hardly anything can be procured hot enough

to make an impression." In these regions, however, Americans take very readily to Mexican cooking.

In some ways, San Antonio reminds one of the lively Crescent City (New Orleans). The gay inhabitants love processions, brass bands, dancing on the side-walks in the bright long evenings to the music of the hand organ. The street Arabs, too, have their pastimes. Music-creating and noise-creating instruments are the delight of these mercurial creatures; horns and trumpets of various sizes are sometimes blown with almost deafening effect. Many of the religious festivals of Mexico are celebrated here. Indeed countries even remotely connected with Mexico are noted for pleasant out-door recreations and the number and the splendour of their festivities.

When viewing the huge heaps of masonry in various stages of decay, it is not with pale-faced warriors that our fancy surrounds them so much as with the red-skinned children of the forest, marshalled with the swarthy half-breeds in the wonderful processions of Corpus Christi, commemorating with barbaric splendour and old time pageantry, under the leadership of the holy Padres, the tremendous mysteries of religion with which these saintly Religious laboured to civilise them. These humble apostles lived and worked in obscurity, and died unnoted. Their memory seems buried in oblivion; they were "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung." But their life-long labours for the glory of God, in forgetfulness of self, and of all this world prizes, are treasured where the rust and the moth cannot consume, and where thieves cannot break through and steal.

There are several beautiful convents in this charming city for the instruction of the ignorant and the relief of the sick, conducted chiefly by the Ursulines and the Sisters of the Incarnate Word. One of the loveliest estates in the country, a little outside San Antonio, belongs to the Sisters of the Incarnate Word. It is watered by the sparkling San Pedro whose dark source, beneath an ancient tree, is a great curiosity; it is absolutely fearful to look into its black, unfathomable depths.

San Antonio is a very progressive city. Modern improvements, and a cosmopolitan population, have made it look rather unlike the City of Padres. Much is done here for the coloured race. Early in the Eighties, Mrs. Murphy, a wealthy widow, began the good work of evangelizing the negroes in the diocese of San

Antonio, and founded the Congregation of the Holy Ghost to aid in this holy project. This zealous lady is still Superior, and has founded a branch house for the same purpose in the Mexican capital. She has been a generous benefactress to the coloured race in these cities. She built schools and paid teachers for the education of the children, and erected a church solely for their use. Rev. Father Molony, their chaplain in San Antonio, is entirely devoted to their interests.

We came from Lake Charles to San Antonio in the immigrant or tourist coaches, the regular cars being greatly crowded. The tourist vehicles are much cooler. It is a standing complaint against the Sunset Route that its first-class coaches are rendered excessively hot and uncomfortable in summer, by plush cushions and rich heavy hangings. Cane seats would be cheaper as well as cooler. But the sleepers being run by a monopoly, discomfort may be inflicted on patrons without fear of competition, though, doubtless, such is far from being the intention of the proprietors. But were the inconveniences still greater, the thought of the monks of old, always poorly clad, often barefooted, wandering over these arid wastes in search of souls to win for the good God, would make the pilgrims of to-day ashamed to complain, though they journeyed in lumber wagons. O what weary journeys these missionaries made, and what a mild name inconvenience is for their suffering! We were glad to see that the conductors, in many places, wore thin suits of mohair, with caps of black or white straw. In this costume the poor fellows may succeed in keeping comparatively cool when the thermometer is in the nineties, or higher.

The banks of the Rio Grande, with the territory once known as the Great American Desert, are intensely hot, though few ill effects follow the heat. Arizona is a land of sunshine, yet sunstroke, so common in New York, Chicago, and most northern cities, is unknown in its sandy wastes—at least so we heard on the spot, and from our experience of tropical lands, we could believe it, even if we had not better authority than the natives; for we learned also on the spot, that most Arizonians are said to have crossed the Hassayampa River, an act which, according to tradition, deprives Arizonians of the power to tell the truth.

The richly-coloured sunsets are so intensely beautiful, that Arizona has been called the Sunset Land. But, indeed, it might as

well be styled the Sunrise Land, for the sunrises are equally lovely. El Paso, "The Gate of the two Republics"—the United States and Mexico—is, or was, under the spiritual domination of the Vicar Apostolic of Arizona.

At all stopping places and side trips Mexicans were, to use the new English, much in evidence. One became accustomed to their ways, and some of them are well worthy of imitation. Groups of boys meeting even for play, invariably salute each other courteously, always lifting the *sombrero* before they begin their boyish chatter. The aged are treated with extreme reverence; the best of everything is reserved for them. Urbanity is taught in school like arithmetic or geography. In the streets of the most remote Mexican village the people do surely "in honour prevent one another." No one is jostled. The best seats in public conveyances and indeed everywhere are promptly offered to the elders, especially women, rich or poor. And courtesy is always gratefully acknowledged.

Yet one sometimes hears Mexico alluded to as the semi-savage region. A famous President of a Woman's Rights Society told the writer that Mexico should be classified as absolutely uncivilized. To her amazement we ranked it among the most enlightened countries on earth, for three reasons:—

1. The universal good manners of the people, old and young: especially the kind reverence shown to the aged, the feeble, and the unfortunate.

2. The fact that divorce is almost unknown in Mexico.

3. Suicide is scarcely ever committed in Mexico.

The universal good breeding makes the degree of civilization high. Such courtesy is not necessarily superficial or insincere. Kindness and consideration for others must surely prompt those who do pleasant things by nature, as it were. In sickness or trouble, and in the vicissitudes of family life, many who sojourned among them say they are good nature personified. The wealthy are particularly approachable, simple, and unassuming.

Yet even into this country, so favoured by nature, the so-called Liberalism of the age has penetrated. During our visit, three Jesuits were in prison in the Mexican capital for preaching against usury and against civil marriage. For these crimes one Señor Gonzales condemned each to pay a fine of five hundred dollars, to suffer three months' imprisonment, and to perpetual exile when

released. It is also against the law to wear the religious habit in Mexico, though it is worn behind the grates and in the seclusion of the convents, when feasible.

El Paso is now a large handsome town. Spanish is much spoken, but a knowledge of English is universal. The spiritual interests of the place are confided to the Jesuit Fathers. A neat convent and schools adjoin a pretty stone church. At Mass the aisles were filled with Mexicans. The women wore mantillas and squatted or half knelt on the floor. The sermons were in English. El Paso has a flourishing branch of the Catholic Knights. Of the nine names mentioned in their charter, seven are Irish.

Across the Rio Grande which forms part of the boundary between the United States and Mexico, is the frontier town El Paso del Norte—The Pass of the North. It has a very curious church over three hundred years old, served by an ancient Mexican priest who, if still in the same post, will have been its pastor sixty-six years. In the Plaza is a statue of the terrible Indian President, Juarez, after whom the town is often called Juarez. Hundreds of adobe huts dot the Mexican side of the river, and there are substantial buildings of stone and brick. The culture of fruit is universal. The weather had been unusually rainy, and pears, apples, plums, peaches, grapes, looked temptingly bright and fresh. Their shop windows describe their merchandise in Spanish and English.

The ancient church of El Paso del Norte, which has looked down from its lofty eminence for over three centuries, has seen the beginning of most American cities, and may see the end of not a few. It is built in the Spanish style and is as strong as a fortification. No chairs or benches encumber the ground; the people kneel upright and would deem it irreverent to sit. A crowd issuing from this church looks very picturesque—the men in velvet suits fancifully made and spangled with bright buttons: the women in black robes and lace mantillas. They have graceful figures and dark eyes and skin. Among their glories are beautiful white teeth, and long blue black hair, perfectly straight.

Within are a few pictures and statues, not works of art, but intensely realistic—the statue of "Our Lord being scourged" we have not yet forgotten, so deep was the impression it made. It was frightful as well as pathetic, reminding one of the visions related in some lives of the Saints. Our Blessed Mother was

dressed like a bride. Some Mexicans found the statues in the American churches quite bare and poor, for lack of silk and lace drapery. Our Blessed Lord wore ear-rings, and His hands shone with jewels. Such customs are not pleasing to people of different tastes. But they are precious to the dear simple souls who desire to share the best of everything with their heavenly friends, and would feel they defrauded them if they failed to adorn them. It seems that miracles were wrought in this venerable church; and the grateful beneficiaries endeavour to prevent them from being forgotten by hanging rough sketches of them on the walls. Thus, there is a water-colour of a young crippled girl, with a sweet sad face, propped up on her plain white bed; and, a few feet off, another picture of the same little girl bright and smiling, frisking about the ancient graveyard in front of the church, her face radiant with love and gratitude. A short account of the cure, written in Spanish, hangs between the pictures, and explains the whole.

From the Texan El Paso, the run to San Francisco through Los Angeles is not very picturesque. The surroundings of the City of the Angels are very beautiful. There is no Spanish service in its Cathedral now. Most of the Mexicans, who once formed the bulk of its Catholic population, speak English. Among the foreign-born we heard there were more Germans than Irish. "But," said one of the clergy, "they do not take up so much room in our churches." It is said that the present Bishop of Los Angeles is about to revive the old Mission style of architecture in his diocese.

But we must hasten to a close. Of religious edifices in San Francisco, the church and college of the Jesuits struck us as the most magnificent. The old Cathedral is near China Town. The new is on the corner of Van Ness and O'Farrell-streets. The ancient Mission Church is a great curiosity, dating from the time when the City of St. Francis was the poor Indian village, *Yerba Buena*—"The Good Herb." Students of Californian history will remember that a gentleman named James Casey was hanged in San Francisco by the Vigilance Committee, 1856. The saintly Archbishop Alemany prepared him for his awful fate. His last words: "O God, have mercy on my enemies!" were engraved on his tomb in the Mission churchyard. The late venerated Mary Baptist Russell of San Francisco and the writer searched long for the grave of this lover of his enemies, and found it entirely covered by a very strong growth of ivy. This was partially

removed by a woodman with a sharp axe, so as to enable us to decipher all the letters. One who could pray for his avenging enemies in such a cruel crisis has surely long since found rest in the bosom of the Father.

Sacramento, the capital of California, is a city of trees. In every direction one sees scarcely anything else. The tall, rapid-growing poplars are very lovely. The river received its name because it was discovered on Corpus Christi. When a fair city arose on its banks, it naturally took the name of the river. The Catholics here have great devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. The Cathedral of the Blessed Sacrament is a bright, airy building in the composite style, and the largest church edifice in the State. Decorations, frescoes, pictures—all have reference to the sublime mystery it was erected to commemorate. Grapes, wheat, vine leaves, branches, the Last Supper in stained glass, the last Communion of St. Jerome, show at a glance what was in the mind of Bishop Patrick Manogue, the gigantic Kilkenny prelate (B.I.P.), when he designed this glorious temple. A handsome, commodious residence, adjoining the Church of the Most Holy Sacrament, was presented to the Bishop by a millionaire Irish lady of the Pacific Slope. During his administration, the See was transferred from Grass Valley to Sacramento. The learned Dr. Eugene O'Connell, once a Professor in All Hallows College, Dublin, laboured many years in Northern California as Bishop of Grass Valley—called by Pius IX. "the peculiar diocese." He was a man of wonderful sanctity, blessed with the true missionary spirit. We may say, in the words of Schiller, that "he revered in his manhood the dreams of his youth." For, from boyhood, he craved to be the teacher, the slave of the lowliest of God's creatures, and that he might the better become such he resigned the mitre his learning and virtues adorned, and devoted himself to the poorest of the Indians, Spaniards, and Mexicans, whose dialects he learned for their sakes, and whose friend and father he became, while not excluding any, for love of the Good Shepherd who gave His life for His flock. He died at Los Angeles in the odour of sanctity.

M. A. C.

Corpus Christi, 1904.

THE SIZAR'S MUSIC

"When he was a poor Sizar in Trinity College, Dublin, and had no other means of paying a tavern reckoning, he would indite a ballad for the street-singers, and carry it to the Sign of the Reindeer, in Mountrath-street, where he found a ready sale at five shillings each. He used to stroll the streets at night to hear his ballads sung, marking the degrees of applause which each received."—*Prior's Life of Goldsmith.*

WELL I know the streets of Dublin, yet I cannot surely say
Where Mountrath-street once existed, or perchance exists to-day ;
But I know that once a *smith* there, on an anvil all of *gold*,
Wrought immortal things, though thriftless, often coinless, hungry,
cold—

That he, hid by dusky ingle, creeping slily 'neath the shade
Of the alleys dimly lighted, heard the ballads he had made
Sung by some poor vagrant singer, and he listened with delight,
He, the poor neglected Sizar, and forgot the dismal night
And the lack of food and fire and of all that makes home glad ;
All forgotten, for the music with its charms had made him mad.
Few and dull the singer's audience from the nooks and lanes at
first,

But anon, at every crossing, crowds emerge ; for lo ! there burst
On their Irish ears (where singing wed to words of living sound
Never lacked a genial welcome) strains to hold a freeman bound.
Thronging, eager and delighted ; old men stopping by the way,
Gentle faces pleased and happy—this he saw, and who shall say
What the blissful spell that seized him, witnessing with honest
glee

All the joy his tuneful ballads gave to those as poor as he ?
Gone are Garrick, Beauclerk, Johnson, and a host of famous men—
Little reck's our spinning orblet what becomes of one in ten.
But, while grass is green and sunshine gladdens mortals every-
where,

Men and women will be listening to the strains of Oliver.

W. F. P.

IN THE OLD COUNTRY

A Story

CHAPTER LXVIII

MARY PRIDDOCK GOES ON HER TRAVELS

IT seemed to James Lycett, as he walked back to Stockton, that he had lived through this interview with Teresa before, that he had always known what the answer to his suit would be. He had spoken sooner than he had intended, but time would have brought no difference. With an earthly rival he might have disputed her heart, but with *God*——. Perhaps not even Father Matthew himself understood Teresa better than the American understood her. It was not disappointment that was making the girl long to flee the world, if—in one sense—sorrow had helped to wean her from it, it would be a single and loving heart she would bring as her offering into the cloister.

The young fellow had his battle to fight, he was not one to give his affections lightly, and all that was best in him had gone out to Teresa ; but, mingled with his affection, there had been a reverence that was to stand him in good stead now. She had a "nun's face," he had once written home to his mother, meaning to express its purity.

At the entrance of the town he turned his steps towards the Presbytery. But no!—not even to Father Matthew could he speak to-night, his battle must be wrestled out before he could trust his lips to speak. He turned towards the Hotel. The Landlord was lounging on the steps, eager to impart the last gossip that had come to his ears about the General's death. He had it on the best authority, he assured his unwilling listener, that only yesternight the old gentleman had sent to the Bank for his plate, and made it over—before witnesses, that there might be no dispute—to Lady Shotover, and no doubt about it, he had known himself that he was dying. His (the Landlord's) father had had a like premonition. He had kissed his family all round—

a thing he had never done before—and gone off to his bed, never to get up again.

Mr. Lycett might depend on all he was telling him, he had it from the housekeeper, who had been in town regarding the servants' mourning. It was a pity neither son nor daughter was left to inherit the wealth—but there! the General knew what comfort was, and who ever knew how a wife might turn out?—the Landlord giggled facetiously—and it was all the better for his Lordship and her Ladyship.

Mr. Amphlett had drawn up the will. He had hired a dog-cart to drive up to make arrangements for the funeral. It would be a big one, for everyone respected the General. When the old Lord died, though his funeral did not pass through Stockton, there was not a blind in the place that was not pulled down. The mourning for the ladies had, of course, been telegraphed for to town, but that of the servants would put a penny in the Stockton tradespeople's pockets; he, himself, with horse-hire and, perhaps, a gentleman or two for the night, would not find himself a loser.

James Lycett tried in vain to turn aside this flow of tongue, and it was with relief he saw a dog-cart draw up at the door, diverting, for the moment, the host's attention. Mrs. Birchall, too, followed by a slim figure, came bustling forward to the steps. Now was his time to escape. The young man hurried across the hall, only to be followed by the hostess.

"I've been telling her she's in luck's way." She pointed after the receding dog-cart. "His Lordship's housekeeper was down seeking an extra hand for the workroom. 'It's a chance for you, Mary Priddock,' I says; 'you'll pick up a lot there. The head maid's a Frenchwoman, and we know what *they* are when fitting goes. You'll come back fit to set up for yourself in High-street.' There's not many has Mary's luck, if she would believe it."

"She wasn't for going," the landlady went on; "but I wouldn't have her lose her chance. The very making of her it will be. To help in the workroom at The Towers is a character in itself. It's not everyone her Ladyship will take; but, as I told Mrs. Masters, I'll answer for her."

It was a moment before the American pulled himself together.

"Let me understand, Mrs. Birchall. You have sent—Miss Priddock to work at the Towers?"

"To help with the black, sir. The maids wanted another hand. The most is to come from London, but there are always little things. Her Ladyship's careful. I've heard them say she'll have a silk slip turned; but there! some of them would say anything. It's an opening for her, sir, that she won't get again in a lifetime. Once they've heard her Ladyship's had her, all the ladies about will be wanting her next."

James Lycett did not hear this last speech. "Mr. Amphlett is Lord Shotover's man of business, I think?" he asked with abruptness.

The landlady nodded. "And, by the token, he has just come back from The Towers. The horse has just gone round to the yard."

The American did not hesitate. He must see Mr. Amphlett at once. Here was a complication, and one he did not appreciate.

Mr. Amphlett drew in his under lip when the American's card was given him. "The initiative," he said to himself when he had bid the office-boy introduce the stranger.

James Lycett did not hide his hand. He briefly put the facts connected with Mary Priddock before the Agent. Through his lawyer the papers, he added, would be at Lord Shotover's disposal; but, in the meantime, The Tower servants' hall might lead to awkwardness.

Mr. Amphlett understood. "I shall see her Ladyship" ["his Lordship," the Agent amended his sentence for the benefit of his visitor] "without delay. You understand"—he looked at the young man with keenness—"this will, so far as we see at present, make no difference in the disposition of General Shotover's property. Should matters turn out as you expect, I do not doubt of Lord Shotover acting generously; but, so far as any claim goes, the girl has not a leg to stand on. It is best, for fear of disappointment, to mention this at once."

"It is no disappointment," the young man returned with decision. "There are others ready to provide for her."

"Then why press the matter, my dear sir? Why not let it rest as it is? The raking up an old—hem—scandal will not help anyone so far as I see. If her grandfather—if *General Shotover*—"(again the sentence was amended), "had lived, I can understand her claim being put before him, but—now—my dear sir, if, as I

understand, the young woman knows nothing of her connection with the Shotover family, leave her in ignorance. Let bygones be bygones; let me say it, it is the sensible course."

Mr. Amphlett's advice was pretty much the same as Father Matthew's, but the young man was not to be turned from his purpose.

"There are others besides my cousin to be considered. There is my grand-aunt's reputation."

"My dear sir, who knows of your grand-aunt? You tell me yourself that, with the exception of Mrs. Harnett and her mother, no one in these parts remembered the name of Lycett. To Lord and Lady Shotover there is some consideration due; *they*, certainly, are innocent as regards any shortcomings of their uncle. Legally there is no claim to press. General Shotover's dispositions in favour of his nephew and his family were made in full vigour of mind five years ago. You may *dispute*, but you will not *upset* them. And I fail to see how spreading abroad the fact that this girl claims to be his grand-daughter can benefit in any way. You will only (excuse me) be throwing mud at the memory of the relative you wish to protect. You know the world as well as I do, for one who believes the marriage, how many——?" the agent shrugged his shoulders.

"You need not think I am proud of claiming any connection with the Shotovers," the young man returned with heat. "But my cousin has her rights."

"The right of speaking of herself as a grand-daughter of a man who—excuse me again—would have been the first to repudiate her as a grand-daughter—what good will that do her? No, no, let us act with common sense. Let the story die with the last actor in it. Take your cousin, as you wish to do, back with you to the States, and trust to Lord Shotover, when he has examined her claims, if satisfied with them, to make her a provision out of her grandfather's property, a *suitable* provision; no sensible man would counsel him to do more. He and Lady Shotover will make the use of the old gentleman's money he would have wished. They are sensible enough not to act in any foolish or quixotic fashion, but to take what their uncle intended them to have. Take your cousin away, and let the matter, so far as regards Stockton, die; and I answer for his Lordship doing what is right. A month or two's towntalk, a paragraph or two in society papers—what good will these serve?" Mr. Amphlett rubbed his hands.

"She cannot remain at Shotover."

"Your cousin? Certainly not. I have to be at The Towers again in the course of an hour or two, and you may trust me to make some arrangement for removing her as soon as possible."

"Perhaps I have been foolish," James Lycett began with hesitation.

"Not at all, not at all," the agent assured the young man politely. "But consider what I have said, and trust to Lord and Lady Shotover acting with justice. You find a difference in our climate?" he asked as, going towards the door with his visitor, it struck him the young man looked ill.

"I am happy enough never to think of climate," the young man returned; but, as he walked down the street, it struck him that he felt as he might have felt had he gone through some great physical fatigue.

Teresa's path was chosen. Skirting the Hotel, he made his way to his room through a side door, and, turning the key in the lock, sat down by the table, and covered his face with his hands. A moment later, and the tears were trickling through them. For an hour or two at least he must indulge his grief.

CHAPTER LXIX

AT THE TOWERS

Lady Shotover, in her own way, was as notable a housewife as Mrs. Harnett at the Glebe Farm. From attic to basement The Towers was a well ordered house, and the household, acknowledging that the reins were held by capable hands, respected their mistress accordingly. Some of the maids going so far as to say they could not wish for better service. And, indeed, most of the upper servants had been with her from the time of her marriage.

It was no unexpected visit that her Ladyship paid to the work-room on the late afternoon of the day that found Mary Priddock installed at The Towers. The mourning—(the Shotovers were old-fashioned)—must be attended to, and the little everyday evening dresses for her daughters could, at any rate, be turned out at home; she, herself, must get into a black gown with as

little delay as possible, and she must consult Berthon as to whether a black dinner dress she had should have crape added to its jet trimmings.

The young ladies' maid was standing by the ironing table smoothing down a seam; Berthon herself was deftly plaiting up a ruche; another maid was at the sewing-machine, and a girl, almost smothered in the soft black stuff she was sewing, was running its seams together in a corner of the room.

As the women stood up with respect at her entrance, Lady Shotover's eyes went round the room.

"Why Phil —," she began, and then saw her mistake. The slim figure in the corner was not Philomena masquerading out of mischief for the moment, slipping into a worker's seat at her mother's entrance, and pretending to be busy with her needle. But Lady Shotover did not need to be told who the seamstress was that the housekeeper had picked up in the town as "quiet and respectable, and a good worker." With another keen glance at the girl she turned to give her orders to her maid, ending with "Berthon, I want you for a moment. You will find me in my dressing room."

"Berthon," she said, when the maid had followed her and shut the door, "the girl Mrs. Slater has found for you comes from superior people. Put her to work in the red room, either with yourself or alone, and see that her meals are sent up to her, and make the others understand."

"She has been working at the hotel, my lady," the woman ventured hesitatingly.

"That has nothing to do with it. I know something of—her people. See it is done as I have ordered, and tell Slater to give her the room next her own. And, Berthon, Miss Philomena will not wear that gown if you put too many frills upon it. Has she tried it on?"

"Not yet, my lady. I just tried the skirt on the new young woman. She's much of Miss Philomena's build, and Miss Philomena's always glad to escape."

Lady Shotover smiled. "Yes, I am afraid Miss Philomena is troublesome sometimes. But remember the frills, and don't forget to tell Slater about the room and the meals. I am too busy to see her myself."

"Mr. Amphlett, my lady. He is in the morning room."

Lady Shotover, having dismissed the maid, had sat down to write to her sons when this announcement was brought to her.

"He did not ask for his Lordship?" Lady Shotover, tired for once, got up wearily; it had been a long day, and a day that had brought its sorrow—a sorrow that scarcely came home in its fulness yet. Surely, the orders about the funeral had been clear? What could have brought the agent back?

Mr. Amphlett's errand did not take long to explain. "It is a most surprising position. Under this very roof!" he ventured, as he closed his tale. "I could drive her back if your Ladyship wished?"

Lady Shotover shook her head. "Even as that young man Lycett's cousin, her position at the Crown is unsuitable. I have made arrangements for her here, and I am wiring for a friend who will take her off my hands. We cannot all be ordered about by this American."

"I have warned your Ladyship that we must act with discretion."

"Oh, I shall be discreet. You know Father Consett says the evidence is indisputable."

"That, if your Ladyship will pardon me, remains to be seen. Father Consett is a shrewd man, but we cannot take his word for it. The evidence must be gone into before his Lordship acts in any way, and if this young person turns out to be the General's—hem—descendant, I have assured Mr. Lycett he will find he will not act ungenerously."

"If we did what is *right*"—— Lady Shotover began; but the agent with an apologetic bow, interrupted her.

"Pardon me again. We must be prepared to act with common sense. The General must have known that in probable likelihood he was leaving direct descendants, but by special desire, excepting the legacy to Mr. Dick, everything was settled on yourself and the young ladies. The young woman has no legal claim, but if circumstances turn out as they may, I should recommend paying her a lump sum, say five thousand or so, or a settlement of a couple of hundred a year; but the lump sum by preference as less likely to lead to future annoyance. But let us wait till it is *proved* that she is my late client's grand-daughter.

"You have not seen her?"

The agent shook his head.

"A quarter of an hour ago I thought she was my youngest daughter."

"A likeness? But what is a likeness? A likeness is not proof. But I am tiring your Ladyship. I am, then, to say to this American——"

"That his cousin is in the meantime under my protection. Yes, if you please."

"And well cared for," the agent added with a bow, if there was a suspicion of sarcasm in his voice.

"And well cared for. He will understand."

"I only hope your Ladyship is not bringing trouble upon yourself."

"The child herself, at any rate, is no impostor."

"By the way," the agent went on, "from what I gathered, there is a sweetheart in the question who may be willing to relieve both you and Mr. Lycett from all future care."

It was Lady Shotover's turn to nod. "But, in the meantime, she is under my care. I have her, and I mean to keep her. You know I can be obstinate."

"I know your Ladyship has an excellent judgment when—you like to use it." There was a touch of the ambiguous in the latter part of Mr. Amphlett's sentence, but Lady Shotover ignored it.

"The preparations," she asked, "are going on smoothly?"

"For the funeral? Yes; all is going in order. His Lordship seemed to wish that there should be the usual luncheon for the poorer tenants at the Shotover Arms."

"General Shotover would have wished it."

"Ah, the General had an open hand for the poor. Father Consett will miss him at Christmas."

Lady Shotover's face grew grave. In the bustle of the past few hours she had almost forgotten; but the remembrance came back with a stab. If only her uncle had seen Father Matthew! The pain in her face startled the Agent. He had not imagined, he told himself, that her Ladyship had been so attached to the General.

The girl under the same roof as the Shotovers! Why, it was a romance. The Agent had a great deal to think about, as he drove home. Her Ladyship had better be careful, or no saying what hornet's nest she might pull down about her ears. The

American, he reflected, would scarcely be too well pleased to find that his errand had been in vain. But—could the girl be in better hands?

Mary, herself, sitting in her corner, did not find herself so frightened as, going into such a big house, she had expected to be. The housekeeper, if patronising, had been kind, and had promised that the first time the family was out of the way, she would take her over the house. The maids, too, had welcomed her, though Berthon, her Ladyship's own attendant, had warned her that her Ladyship would expect a good day's work. She was still busy running up the seams of the voile, that was too soft and fine for the stitch of the sewing machine, when Berthon came back from her interview with her mistress and, with more politeness than she had previously shown, asked her to gather up her work and follow her.

The long passages seemed endless to the girl, as she walked behind the quick-stepping French woman out of one corridor and into another, till they came to a work-room in connection with Lady Shotover's dressing-room.

"Her Ladyship wishes you to work here," the woman said, as she turned on the light, "and I shall see you have everything you need; and Mrs. Slater will send one of the housemaids later to show you where you are to sleep."

"She showed me my room when I came," Mary said, for the first time beginning to feel shy. "But I am afraid I never could make my way to it alone."

"Oh, that's changed," the woman returned. "You are not going back to the servants' quarters." Then, seeing the girl's surprise, she added, "I dare say her Ladyship thought you would feel less strange if you were near Mrs. Slater. I'll look in when I've done dressing her Ladyship for dinner. But we'll not expect you to work after seven. You brought your scissors? That's right. Don't be scared if her Ladyship looks in. If she does, you can say you are doing the seams of Miss Philomena's frock."

Mary Priddock was conscientious. After one quick glance round the room, with its long mirror to the floor, and in a corner half a dozen dress stands, she settled down to her sewing again.

Mrs. Birchall was right, she would learn a great deal here. She had already noticed that the seams of the bodice were placed in a different fashion from any she had seen before; and how

particular Mademoiselle Berthon was as to the way every seam was finished off, and that in the running no back-stitch should be taken so as to cause a pucker ! She might be French by origin the girl shrewdly thought, but she must have lived all her days in England to speak so well the English tongue.

Would she see the young ladies, she wondered ? and how she would like to see Lady Shotover dressed for dinner ! Did she wear diamonds every night, as ladies did in the picture papers Mrs. Tremenhoe liked so much ? And——how she would like to see the dinner-table !

Just for a moment she sat idle as she thought of the pleasures wealth brought in its train ; and, at that moment, Lady Shotover opened the door. Mary rose to her feet as she had seen the maids do an hour before, and as she got up her thimble rolled from her lap and she grew crimson as Lady Shotover stooped and picked it up.

"What a pretty old thimble," she said, seeing the girl's embarrassment. "And are these your initials ?"

"No ma'am. No, my Lady. I think they were my grandmother's.

" 'E. S.' Is that it ?"

"Yes, my Lady. Elizabeth, I think, was her name."

"You *think* ! And the S., what does that stand for ?"

Mary Priddock shook her head, "I am afraid I have forgotten, my Lady. Annie, perhaps, would have known."

"Annie ? That was your sister ?"

"Yes, my Lady."

"You lost her a little time ago ?" Lady Shotover looked at the girl's black dress. "It was sad for you to be left alone."

"It was better for Annie." The chin went up ; the voice was determined.

"You mean she was well prepared. Yes, that was a great grace, a very great grace. Do you think you could remember to pray for some one who had not that grace." Lady Shotover had seated herself by the work-table and was watching the girl with interest. "You must not let me interrupt your work. You will find Berthon kind, and I have a kind old French lady coming to stay with me you will see sometimes, so you must make up your mind to be happy and contented here."

Was that the way grand ladies spoke to sewing-girls ? Why,

Lady Shotover was not a bit proud. Berthon gave herself greater airs than her mistress did.

"And so you don't remember your grandmother's name. But it would be the same as your mother's?"

Mary's face grew red. "My mother died when we were young, and I am afraid I did not think about it."

"Ah, well, very naturally not." Lady Shotover gave her a kindly smile. "Ask Berthon or Slater for anything you want. You won't be dull?"

"Oh, no, no, my Lady; there is so much to think about."

"To think about." Lady Shotover was interested and sat down again. "Yes, everything is new to you here."

Mary shut her lips close.

"That is not it? Do you mind telling me what you think about?"

The girl's face reddened again, but she had never prevaricated in her life. "I think what I should do if I were rich."

"You would like to be rich?"

"People can't be happy without money."

"And are people always happy with money?"

"They are happier at any rate. Yes, they are *happy*. Annie would not have died, and Mrs. Tremmenheere would not have had to go away.—" The words had come so fast that the girl stopped breathless.

"It is for others, then, you want money?" Again Lady Shotover's smile was gentle.

"And for myself." The words came boldly. "I don't want to live if I can't be rich."

Here was a character to study. Lady Shotover looked keenly at the girl, who, in her eagerness, had forgotten that she was not speaking to one of her friends, Molly or even old Peter.

"What is life without money? Oh, I don't care what Father Matthew may say—I want to be rich, and I want to be happy. God is hard, hard, hard." The girl covered her face with her hands. There was a passion in her voice that startled her listener.

"Suppose there was some one who liked you very much; you would rather choose life with her—or shall we say him?—than wealth."

Mary took her hands away from her face. She suddenly

remembered to whom she was speaking. "I—I—beg your pardon, my Lady. I forgot I was not speaking to myself."

"But what do you think? Answer my last question."

"If I liked any one very much, I should not like him to be poor. I—I don't know. I want just to be rich for once."

The girl's voice had faltered. If all the wealth of the world was spread out before her on the one side, and on the other—Jem Tracy. The mouth tightened again. She knew which she would choose.

"You have had some education?" The transition of subject was abrupt. Lady Shotover was still scanning the girl's face. There was refinement in it and breeding. When it hardened and she drew the lips together, how the likeness to her grandfather came out!

"At the Convent."

"Ah, at a convent. You were brought up by Sisters?"

"No, my Lady, we only went to school to the Sisters. Mrs. Tremeneheere and her sister brought us up."

"And Mrs. Tremeneheere?"

"She had been nurse at Sir John Aytoun's till she married, my Lady."

"Ah, that accounts for it. Mrs. Tremeneheere brought you up nicely."

The girl's face brightened as it had brightened once before when she was talking to Father Matthew. "The neighbours said she brought us up with ladies' ways." Again, the face grew sullen. "Mrs. Tremeneheere said my father said we ought to have been ladies."

"We can all be that," Lady Shotover said with a smile. "It is not wealth makes *ladies*, remember that. But that is too deep a subject to enter into now. I have put you through a catechism have I not? But here is Berthon to carry me off to dress. Good-night." Lady Shotover held out her hand. Mary looked at the maid, as if asking "What she was to do?" And the woman nodded back to her to do as Lady Shotover wished.

"Thank you, my Lady. I hope I shall give satisfaction." The girl stood till Lady Shotover was out of sight, and then again took up her seam. Were all great ladies like Lady Shotover, she again wondered—so free in one way, and yet, in another as if she held you back to prevent you taking any liberty, and what a number

of questions she had asked! And she, herself—she had forgotten to whom she was speaking—and had spoken to Lady Shotover as she would have spoken to Molly. But Lady Shotover did not seem to mind. What would Dr. Treacy think when he found she had been spirited away? Would he write to her? The girl's face grew pink. It was foolish of her to have spoken about money, as she had done to Lady Shotover. But if only he had money! Or, better still, if *she* herself had money, what a difference it would make! There would be no fear of their happiness then, and no one would dare to cast up in her teeth that she had lived in the Court. Again, the girl's face hardened. True, Jem had told her he would carry her away where no one had ever heard of the Court or what had once been her misery; but she *had* lived there, and she would never be able to forget it, and, sometimes he, Jem, too, would remember where he met her first.

How happy a quarter of the sum—she had heard the maids say in the sewing-room—was coming to the young ladies would make Jem and herself! A longing that was fierce came to the girl to know the happiness that the luxuries of life might bring. And then Berthon bustled in, followed by a housemaid with a tray, her supper, and she had to rouse herself and express herself pleased with her fare, and hear ~~more~~ gossip about the General's death and what his will was said to be; and then she was carried off to her bedroom, not by so many soft-carpeted passages this time, but down a well-concealed back staircase and up another flight again to the housekeeper's quarters. The secrets of the electric light were carefully explained, and she was left alone, and had begun to unpack her modest hold-all when a knock came to her door, and Berthon was there again. She had forgotten, the woman apologised, but her Ladyship had told her to be sure to say that there would be prayers in the chapel at half-past ten. Would she like to sit up till then or go to bed? She was, as an outsider, free to do as she pleased.

The girl considered before she answered that, if no one minded, she would rather go to bed.

No one minded, the maid assured her. She was sure she understood the light? And then, with a second good-night, she was left again to herself.

A note sent to the Crown Hotel that night assured James Lycett that "Miss Priddock" was in good hands, and that her

Ladyship did not wish to part with her in the meantime ; and Mr. Amphlett managed to insinuate between the lines that, when Lady Shotover had made up her mind to a certain action, it was not very easy to change her decision. He will not be able to storm the place and carry her off at his pleasure, the Agent told himself, with a chuckle, as he sealed this missive before despatching it.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be continued.)

ON SUNDAY MORNING

OCH, on the Sunday morning when, swinging in the air,
The bells from street and alley call young and old to prayer,
Shut in by brick and mortar, the very heart of me
Goes far away to Ireland, across the wide, wide sea.
And close by heaven a skylark is singing loud and sweet,
I walk upon no pavement, there's grass beneath my feet,
The whins are all in blossom along the paths I know,
And down these paths the neighbours to Mass are pacing slow.
And in the mountain chapel I feel not strange and lone,
Beside the wooden benches I kneel among my own.
I see no pallid features, but faces burnt and brown
And not a gem nor jewel, nor silk nor satin gown.
'Tis good to die in Ireland, the dead in quiet rest,
With kindred praying nigh them and shamrocks on each breast :
And, oh ! to live in Ireland, I'd gladly barefoot go,
And laugh at want and hunger, and fear not sun nor snow.
Here it is true there's riches, and fair and fertile land,
And wages for the toiler, and many a city grand ;
But sure 'tis easy knowing the better part of me
Is far away in Ireland, across the cruel sea.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

"BIDDY HAVE HER TALK, MOTHER!"

HERE, in the "ould counthry," we have some simple primitive ways. For instance, we call a married woman by her maiden name until she goes to her grave, and oftentimes long afterwards. This is not unknown among the genteeler folk; but with us, in the countryside, it is as common as the "ould plaid shawl."

Now, Biddy had been led to the altar more than half a century since. She lived in "the bog," and had a tidy comfortable little cabin there. Biddy was a widow, and had the "rheumatics terrible." She hobbled across her clean earthen floor with the aid of a stick: and her long Rosary-beads, swirling out at full length, and coming roughly against the trunk of the stick, made the pussy cat, winking on the hearth, now and again start in alarm. Poor Biddy, once she got up in the morning, and had her little place tidied, there was nothing to trouble her for the whole length of the day; and so, she sat in the corner and told her beads.

It was a small wee house, mud walls and oaten thatch, and you could easily reach your hand to the roof; but in the summer day, when I was warm and sometimes tired, I loved to drop in to Biddy. The sun came in calmly and softly at the open door. There was a peaceful hush on all things about that brought peace to your mind. Nothing more disagreeable to break in upon the silence than a hen beginning to cackle in "the coob," to tell Biddy that she was richer by an egg; or a neighbour's dog putting in his nose at the door, a liberty which Biddy scornfully rejected by a "pound" of her stick on the earthen floor and a guttural "hurritz," which certainly had no note of invitation in it. She did not love dogs, as some better folk do.

There was a spicy aroma of hand-turf smoke on the cabin-air. Hand-turf is made;—but there is no use in telling you—you should see it done. And, if you looked up to the thatch, you saw it was black as ebony, and as polished-looking. It was the turf-soot had made it so. This in its turn emitted a smell, which was not altogether agreeable, and not altogether disagreeable. To me it was welcome; it had a flavor of days "long, long ago."

It was a *soogan* chair Biddy had for a seat; that is, the seat of her chair, instead of being made of wood, or upholstered and filled with springs, was made very artistically indeed of "soogans" or twisted hay-ropes, which were soft, warm, and very agreeable to a person that was tired. Her left hand generally rested on the end of the table, which stood near her. The table leaned suspiciously against the wall; and I was always of opinion that, like Biddy herself, it had got the "rheumatics terrible." I never saw it venture from its anchorage, so I could not be sure. But seeing that most of the things there; the "clevy" on which the spoons, saucepans, and other tin things hung; the "dresser," on which the delf stood in such a way, as, like charity, to cover a multitude of sins; the "coob," the upper part of which, like Noah's ark, belonged to the fowl, and the lower part to the ducks; even the very walls in one part inclining outwards, in another bulging in,—the general survey, I suppose, it was that made me think all things there, in unison with their mistress, had got the "rheumatics terrible."

There were but two apartments in the whole mansion, the kitchen and the bed-room; all day the open door gave a plentiful supply of light; and in the morning, before the door was opened, a hint was given that it was "day all over the bog long since," by two windows, one in the kitchen and one in the bed-room, and a sheet of note-paper would have made a blind too large for either. But oh! in the calm of the summer noon it was so pleasant and peaceful to sit in Biddy's little cot, and see her resting contentedly in her *soogan* chair, and hear the occasional rattle of her long Rosary-beads against her stout black-thorn stick.

Alack! a day came, and they put Biddy in a bran-new house, and they brought her "few sticks of furniture," the "coob," and the clevy, and the table, and the chair, and the bed, and they put them all in. Ah, well now, somehow nothing seemed to fit; they all seemed lonesome. It wasn't "all as one as the old place," you know. To be sure, the kitchen door might still stand open, and it gave a pretty view of yonder hill with the grove on the top, and the chimney was a fine big one, and there were two bed-rooms as well as the kitchen on the ground floor, with plenty of windows and plenty of light, and there was a stair-case going up, and rooms, and windows, and light overhead. But when the wind began to moan for rain, and to whistle through key-holes and slits, the

whole house got drafty and cold, and the chimney puffed down, and it was coal she had to be burning now instead of the hand-turf, and "bad cess to it for coal," it has a nasty smoke, and a filthy smell as if it brought something up from the regions that they say are deep down in the bowels of the earth : and even down the stair-case, that was such an ornament, and indeed such a type of civilization, came cold blasts—cold blasts, cold blasts, one after another, as if they were a procession of poor shivering ghosts at night, seeking to warm themselves at Biddy's little fire.

And it used not to be so in the little home where the sun used to shine in, and the hen to cackle, and the cat to purr, and Biddy to tell her beads, without a wish to sigh for or a sorrow to regret. There was, however, one blessed gleam. I want you to think for an instant about Bethlehem, where the Divine Lord was born a little babe. I want you to think of the humbleness of the sacred cave. Now, it is the belief of every Catholic that, where the adorable Sacrament of the Altar is, *there* is that same Divine Lord. When, in the next place, He from a child grew to manhood, He walked through the land, and from all sides they brought Him those that were sick, and He cured them all. But it is furthermore told that some of the sick could not be brought to Him, and that He went to them. These two things He does to-day : for those that can come to Him, He stays in the churches, and receives them there, and cures them ; for those that cannot come, and they are very, very many, He has compassion—"I have compassion on the multitude"—and He orders His priests to take Him there, and He cures them. It was said of Him of old—"He went about doing good." The bodily cures of the old days are types of the spiritual cures that He works now, when His kingdom is spread, and there is no longer such need of sensible miracles.

Well, poor Biddy's little home was the place where those of the neighbourhood gathered to meet Him, that could go so far, and no farther. The priest came there, sometimes in the summer mornings, sometimes in the winter, sometimes in the spring, sometimes in the autumn ; and the group of worshippers gathered, ten, fifteen, twenty. One by one they knelt on the earthen floor, by the priest's chair ; told their trespasses (few and trivial, indeed) ; arose, and hobbled to the door to let another in. And, when all were "heard," then the little table that leaned against the wall

was covered with a cloth; sometimes Mass was said, for old customs, coming down from the Penal Days, still lingered there; and the Bread of Angels, having in It all sweetness, was broken to the poor, and the hungry were filled with good things.

The one gleam, then, that lit up poor Biddy's heart was holy; it was that, when the Divine Lord would come to seek His poor at Biddy's home, the little place would be cleaner and happier before Him than "that ould sooty cabin." And Biddy said these last words with a pretended bitterness that would deceive one. She did, indeed, want to deceive; but it was her own heart she wanted to deceive. For, mind you, her heart was in that "ould sooty cabin." And when in the summer days I sat at the door of her new house, and I said to her, what a charming view there was from her door; Biddy would agree with me, and get quite enthusiastic in praise of the change. But it was all "a-purpose" [on purpose]; for on looking round I have seen her giving the coal of fire on the hearth an unnecessary punch of her black-thorn; and if the pussy-cat wanted to climb up on her knee, she put it away brusquely; and sometimes I caught a sigh. And when alone, she evermore sat in front of the little dresser with her face turned towards the door, and her eyes resting on the "sooty little cabin."

Brother! we have all our little weaknesses. I could still in the grey winter days sit and think of long ago, when the fields in the winter were grey, and we boys played "stick in the mud," and I think still of the old "cowel" [shell of a hut], that stood on "the pound-hill," as we went to school. I could sit, and think of those days, and of the playmates that were with me then, long since scattered to the four winds of heaven—sit and think, till well-nigh "the unbidden tear would flow."

Poor Biddy's days, and quite likely her happier and more joyful days, were spent in "that old sooty cabin." Oh! the poor human heart, what a conjuror it is! Never did the golden spires and turrets of Solomon's Temple so gleam in the setting sun, when the pious Israelite, from his window, turned towards it to pray, as the meanest hut, the humblest joy, the simplest country glen under the spell of its magic power. Oh, truly we were made for a better land and a higher life than this, if out of a hut our hearts can make a palace; out of a reed a golden wand; out of an emerald vale that our childhood knew an Eden where Angels rest.

There was a man that had the ownership of all that place where the sooty cabin stood. He was not a bad man in ways; big, bony, determined-looking; not a bad man in ways. But he was the owner of the whole place, and, being the owner of the whole place, he could brook no interference with his will. Autocratic power is a dangerous thing in human hands. He was not a bad man, but autocratic power had made him autocratic in disposition. Not a bad man, but once he took a thing into his head he would see it through; once he caught the bit between his teeth he would hold it. Not a bad man, you know, but he had his ways.

Coming by Biddy's empty little home, he looked at it, surveyed it with supreme contempt, and ordered it "to be torn down out of that." You could hear the strokes, you could see the tottering and waving of the little cabin from Biddy's home, and indeed the tottering and waving of the walls and rafters was not much. It fell!

Some one has said that if the inner life of every human being was written, it would be far more romantic than the written romances we read. It fell! That was written as deeply on poor Biddy's heart, as the fall of Calais on the English Queen Mary's.

Not that day, but the next, Biddy was found in a swoon in her own little home, her two hands resting on the half-live coals. The palms were burnt severely, and the side was hurt. She recovered from these injuries, although it took a good six weeks or two months, and during the time she looked very badly. But there was a burn, there was a scald, there was a hurt from which she did not recover. It was a heart-burn.

Her face, however, was as patient as ever; and, when a neighbour came in, she had just as cheery a welcome as before, and but for the colour of the face, which grew sickly yellow, and the weakness of her limbs, you'd think nothing had happened. And when the poor met there for the Holy Mysteries, and the adorable King of heaven came down in their midst, came to poor Biddy's kitchen, and not alone touched with the hem of His garment the persons of His poor servants assembled there, but entered into their hearts, and comforted those that mourned, poor Biddy's heart was filled with joy; and her eyes and ours beheld with pride the cleanliness of her home.

But she faded, faded away. And the neighbours in an under-

tone would whisper, "Poor Biddy, the craythur, is not looking at all good." And yet the summer passed; and though we feared, our fears took no present shape. But one evening just at night fall there came rushing to the priest's door a messenger all out of breath, and perspiration standing in drops on his forehead: it was Biddy's only companion, her son. Biddy had fallen in a faint and could not speak a word.

The priest went to her. She lay on the bed, her eyes wide open and staring; and all but constantly she kept up a groaning, or muttering of indistinct sounds. Poor Biddy! And the neighbours filled the little kitchen, and stood in the "entry," that is the short passage connecting the kitchen with the bedroom. On the bed was the patient with the new coverlet that she was so proud of laid over her. When the priest had anointed her, they all knelt down and sorrowfully recited the Rosary.

It was sorrowful news all that night to the little neighbourhood around poor Biddy's home. "Ah, wisha, poor Biddy!"

"God help us! poor Biddy *haven't* a word." "God look down on her to-night!" "May the Mother of God take pity on her!"

Next morning the priest was on his way to visit the patient. Sometimes the priest has his beads hidden in his hand; and if you were to meet him you'd never guess that he had anything there; but when you'd pass on, you know, he'd begin to slip them once more through his fingers. And oh! how like holy Mary's journey to her cousin at Hebron is the priest's walk along the roads, or through the fields to a sick call. The divine Mother carried the adorable Lord hidden in her bosom, and not a human soul in all the wide earth knew that day that He was on the earth, and going in haste, within His Mother's bosom, to the country up in the beautiful "mountainous land" of Judea. In some such way the priest carries Him concealed in his bosom. 'Tis a holy thing to be a priest on a sick call.

Some short time before he arrived, two of the neighbouring women were preparing a drink for her: "Oh, if she only got her talk to make her last confession!" said one. "I have a blessed medal of St. Benedict," said the other; and between them they agreed to put the blessed medal into the drink before giving it to the patient. They did so with faith, praying to God that, through the intercession of St. Benedict, He would vouchsafe to give her the use of her speech for her last confession, and if they got this,

their request, they said, in their beautiful innocence, that that is all they would ask. In olden days God sent an angel to stir the Pond Probatica, and "the first to enter in was cured of whatsoever infirmity he laboured under."

To my astonishment, on entering the house, and turning to the little room, Biddy's eyes met mine with the old intelligence, and her face wore the old kindly smile. I stood in amazement. I came near, put out my hand to her, she took it, and tears of joy and gratitude to God streamed down her face. I was able to give her Holy Viaticum. It was, indeed, a Sacrament of gladness.

When I left the house, and as I passed along, it was all one cry of sorrow for "poor Biddy." But their sorrow, like mine, was turned into joy; and to show how delighted they were I will but instance the first house I passed on the way. A girl, slightly crippled, had come out from it, and, seeing me, bade me "good morning."

"Ah! Father, poor Biddy, the craythur, is low?"—meaning, more in the tone than by the words, to get my opinion of Biddy's present state.

"She is greatly recovered," I answered. "She knew me, and spoke to me."

The girl barely waited to hear that Biddy spoke, when forgetting everything but the good tidings she had heard, she unconsciously turned her back upon me, and bending lower her already drooped figure to enter her little cabin, I heard her speeding the good news in a loud voice to her deaf mother:

"Biddy have her talk, mother!" and when the mother failed to understand, I heard her, as I moved farther away, crying in a still louder voice: "Biddy have her talk, mother!"

B. O. K.

TO E. P. D.

ON THE DAY OF HIS VOWS

THERE are silver stars for night,
 Rose and gold at dawn of day,
 Cooling shades for noontime's light,
 Fairy tints in evening's way ;
 Dewdrops for the parching rose,
 Fringing ferns that veil the spring,
 Errant vines that deep enclose
 Ruined walls where birds may sing.

But no star e'er beamed so fair
 As a mother's watching eyes,
 And the glow her worn cheeks wear
 Dims the wondrous pictured skies,
 And no rose e'er caught the dew
 With a love like mother's kiss,
 And her cradle-songs outdo
 Birds that chant leaf-cloistered bliss.

God knew best that tearful day,
 When He closed thy mother's eyes,
 When her lips grew senseless clay,
 And her ears outlooked thy cries ;
 God knew best, and God is love,
 No lone sparrow but He keeps,
 Desert flowers trust help Above,
 And unheard no orphan weeps.

God is love, and love is true,
 True the promise Christ has made,
 Now a Mother smiles anew,
 Orphan patience now is paid.
 Mother, welcome thou thy son,
 Bless the love he brings to thee,
 Bless the life to-day begun
 Strong unto eternity.

MICHAEL EARLS, SJ.

THE CONDUCT OF ARTHUR

II

FOR the *al fresco* entertainment they had chosen a delightful corner of the lawn, a veritable fairy grot, with a mossy bank and no lack of musk-roses. Mignonette did duty for wild thyme, and "flowers of every hue, their queen the bashful rose," took the place of ox-lips and violets. Needless to say, this outdoor stage was the scene of to-day's rehearsal.

In adapting Shakespeare to their own limitations and requirements the boys had made short work of the two couples of mortal lovers, retaining only the pretty fairy scenes and the comicalities of Quince, Snug, Bottom, and their companions. Indeed, they had made havoc of "the book," and with the best possible results. Somebody has boasted that Shakespeare never blotted a line; Ben Jonson said he ought to have blotted a thousand. Ben's estimate was a modest one. Those who read Shakespeare's plays, instead of reading about them, would cheerfully dispense with more than a thousand lines.*

I say this because some of the boys had now and again been greatly disturbed by what they found in an author so highly regarded by their elders, and in plays that they were encouraged to read and study.

"It is always better to face facts than to blink them," their father had said. "In some authors—classical authors, too—there is more bad than good. These we refuse to read. In Shakespeare, though there is much that no Christian can defend, there is very much more that is good and wise and beautiful, and therefore fit for mental food. We reject the bad, just as in this basket of fruit"—he pointed to a quantity of strawberries he had brought into Sniggery—"you will throw away the over-ripe, the grub-

* All lovers of literature, who are at the same time lovers of virtue, will be grateful to Dr. Sheehan for saying, in *Under the Cedars and Stars*, what many have always thought, but have rarely had the courage to put into words, viz., that in reading aloud to a mixed assembly "one cannot take up a page at random of Shakespeare, Byron, Goethe, or Burns, and read twenty lines, without wishing he had bitten off his tongue."

eaten, and the rotten. By far the greater part of the best literature in the world has to be treated in this way. In some ways books are like men. In this life we can't hope to be entirely surrounded by saints; but a thoroughly vicious man or boy, like a completely bad book, we can always keep at arm's length. The average man will have his good qualities. We must make the most of them, even while we silently disapprove of what is bad in him."

Although Tommie Lethers and one or two other "children of the choir" were helping, some of the parts had to be doubled, and, as usual, Lance found himself with plenty to do. Every portion of the play for which they could find music was sung, and Lance had not only to assume the character of Puck and sing all the songs of that engaging sprite, but also to take part in "You Spotted Snakes," with its lullaby chorus, and the famous duet, "I know a Bank whereon the Wild Thyme grows."

There was no mistaking Harry's enjoyment of his part as the weaver, and Hilary made an excellent Quince—though his sense of humour was not equal to that of his brother. George was Oberon, and mingled his mellow contralto voice with Puck's delightful treble in a way that made even the actors applaud the duets.

Experience proved that outdoor rehearsals, however pleasant, did not tend to the saving of time. The spacious sunlit scene and the unwinged, uncurtained stage, backed only with flowers and shrubs, the soft turf under their feet—everything seemed to discount discipline and to increase the difficulty of prompter and call-boy. Even Tommie Lethers, usually so shy in the presence of the Squire's boys, seemed to become infected with the high spirits of Harry and Lance and Alfie, and it was only when Hilary threatened to transfer the rehearsal to Arts-and-Crafts that, in a measure, the general larkiness ceased.

It was fortunate perhaps that they were taking matters more soberly, for just as they were finishing the third act they noticed that they had an audience of two persons—their father and Arthur Leighson.

From his study-window the Squire had seen his young guest moving about in an aimless, discontented sort of way. Leaving his work, Mr. Ridingle had joined the lad and brought him to the scene of the rehearsal. They had walked only from the park

to the lawn, but the Squire was still marvelling at the nature of some of Arthur's remarks.

"An outdoor play!" the boy had exclaimed when told of the rehearsal on the lawn. "That's rather a swagger thing, ain't it?"

"What do you happen to mean by 'a swagger thing,'" the Squire asked pleasantly.

Floundering somewhat in his reply, Arthur seemed to imply that by swagger he meant aristocratic. Mr. Ridingleigh laughed.

"Don't you think, my boy, that a genuine aristocrat would be quite the last person in the world to *swagger*—eh? But I fail to see that there is anything specially aristocratic about an open-air play. By the way, what is your notion of an aristocrat?"

Arthur glanced at the tall, handsome man at his side, the host of whom he was beginning to be just a little afraid, and said desperately, "Well, you're one, ain't you?"

The Squire turned away his head—not to hide a blush but to conceal a very broad smile as he asked—"Is it my *swagger* that makes you think so?"

"Oh, no," answered the boy, looking uncomfortable, "but you're the son of a lord, ain't you?"

"Well, to be correct, the grandson," said Mr. Ridingleigh; "but I'm glad you didn't find it out through my *swagger*. Ah, here we are! Where have they got to, I wonder?"

It was not a dress rehearsal, though a few of the properties were lying about, and Harry in his character of Bottom had already assumed the ass's head—one that he declared he had made for the occasion, entirely out of his own noddle.

"We're just in time for the fourth act," the Squire remarked to his companion.

"Pantomime, ain't it?" Arthur asked.

"Not exactly. If you listen, you'll recognise Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, you know."

"Oh!" ejaculated the boy, and began to wonder if he had not seen it at some one of the many music halls with which he was familiar. He remembered now that his mother had called Shakespeare "heavy."

Suddenly he heard the lines that he thought had been addressed to himself that very morning in Sniggery. After all, he thought, Harry had not intended to refer to any ears but those of the donkey-headed person in the play. That, at any rate, was

satisfactory. It was true that the lines he had just heard did not seem to be *quite* the same as those recited by Harry in Sniggery, but to a boy who could not have quoted a line of Shakespeare if his life had depended upon it, one version of Titania's speech was as good as another.

For the first time that morning Arthur laughed, and the Squire's opinion of him rose immediately. There is always hope for a boy who laughs—honestly. Harry was certainly making the most of his part as the weaver transformed into an ass. The actors were now doing their best. When they came to the little trio which begins

Fairy King, attend and mark :
I do hear the morning lark—

Arthur could not but show that he was impressed by the exquisite harmony the three singers produced.

The afternoon programme consisted of a quiet row on the river, including a little luxurious sitting about either afloat or ashore—always with a favourite book under a shady tree—and a pleasant dip and swim before the boat-house tea. The two boats, *St. Stanislaus* and *St. Nicholas*, were not built for racing purposes ; but though in spring and autumn the boys could not always resist the temptation of trying their rowing skill one against another, in the hot summer weather they reserved their energy for swimming contests.

Arthur was, of course, to be included in the water-party, and though each of his companions was longing to ask him if he could swim, for some reason or other they all hesitated to put the question : perhaps they had an instinctive feeling that it would be answered in the negative. Moreover, since they all realised that not only was Arthur a guest but a somewhat touchy one, and as courtesy was the last thing in the world in which they were deficient, they put the question by indefinitely.

At mother's suggestion they took down to the boats a goodly dessert of plums, and, for Arthur's particular delectation, a small basket of apricots. George had begged to be excused for an hour or so. The next number of the overdue *Bow Wow* was giving him pricks of conscience, and though it was understood that this pen-and-ink treasury of literature and art must not be expected to

appear with absolute regularity, particularly during the months of summer, yet, as George said, there was a time-limit after all, and one that ought not to be exceeded. He would turn up at the boat-house at four o'clock, he promised, bringing with him the milk and buns and other materials for a four o'clocker.

As Hilary, Harry, Lance, and Alfie appeared on the terrace ready to start for the river, Arthur looked at them with amazement. They had removed their stockings and thrust their bare feet into low clogs. In their white flannel shirts and broad-brimmed straw hats they looked delightfully cool and fresh, and prepared for any amount of water-larking. Master Arthur Leighson seemed to be dressed for an evening party.

They greeted him with such effusive good nature that, fortunately for everybody concerned, his opening question as to "Why the deuce they were looking so pleased with themselves?" was completely drowned. What with fruit and books and bathing toggery and towels, they were all pretty well laden, but they did not dream of imposing any small burden upon their guest, and, needless to say, he did not offer to relieve them of anything.

"D'ye go this way to the river?" asked Arthur, as the party began to move across the lawn.

"Oh, yes," laughed Harry, "we always make a bee-line for the water. Can't coax our river to run uphill, somehow. We go through the kitchen garden, and then down the meadows that skirt our park on this side."

"Tisn't far," said Hilary encouragingly. "Down a couple of fields, and there we are."

Hilary forgot the brook, for whichever way you take to the boat-house you must at some point or other cross that brook. And a very delightful thing it is to cross—when your bare feet are shod with clogs instead of drawing-room shoes.

"How the dickens am I get through this?" Arthur enquired, as his companions began to splash across one of the prettiest rivulets in the Dale—one of those rippling, singing, hurrying brooks that seem always to be laughing to themselves and saying "look-sharp-and-let-us-get-to-the-river-as-fast-as-ever-we-can!"

"So sorry," said Hilary apologetically; "I quite forgot. Never mind; come on!" And before Arthur had time to swear, or even to scream, Hilary had landed him safely on the other side of the brook.

"How beastly strong you are!" exclaimed Arthur as Hilary put him down; the dignity of the guest was hurt.

"Can't help it, you know," Hilary replied good-humouredly; "always have been. Born so, I suppose. Strength comes in handy now and then, don't you think?"

But with some anxiety Arthur was examining his thin shoes. He had unwittingly stepped into a puddle. There had been recent rain, and the grass was no drier than it ought to have been. It was all very well for these chaps in wooden shoes, he told himself, but—well, he was beginning to wish himself elsewhere.

Yet the sight of the boat-house interested him. It was, in every sense of the word, a river-side Sniggery, furnished and decorated by the boys, and containing what Harry was pleased to call "a choice gallery of Young Masters"—a description of which belongs to quite another story. Indeed, Arthur showed a strong disposition to remain here while the others went for their row and swim; but when they reminded him that it was only about half-past two, and that tea would not be ready until four, or later, he somewhat unwillingly consented to go on board the *St. Nicholas*.

It had never occurred to them that Arthur would have any difficulty in getting into the boat. Hilary and the rest were so much at home in and on the water that, when they had launched their respective crafts, they just waded through the stream and clamoured over the sides, taking off their clogs and throwing them beforehand into the boats. They were all seated before Hilary realized that Arthur was still standing on the bank looking with horror at the shallow strip of water that lay between himself and the boat.

"I'm so sorry," exclaimed Hilary; "and we have't got a plank in either boat! However, I'll bring her as near the bank as I can. It's too shallow just here to pull her quite close to where you're standing. Do you mind walking a few yards higher up?"

Hilary and Lance had charge of *St. Nicholas*, the bigger and heavier boat: Harry and Alfie were already ahead with *St. Stanislaus*. As soon as Hilary and Lance got their tub into rather deeper water, they began to hug the bank—anything but a high one.

It now became clear that Arthur was not in the habit of getting into boats. Twice he attempted, and failed, to step into

St. Nicholas: the third time he meant to succeed. So he put one foot on the tub, and slowly pushed it away from the bank. Then he stepped into the water!

Hilary had him out long before he could sink, but his screams were heard nearly a quarter of a mile away. To his reiterated remark that he might have been drowned, Hilary said at length that even if Arthur had tried he would hardly have succeeded. Trousers, socks, and shoes were, of course, dripping, but the upper part of his body was quite dry. It was such a hot afternoon that there was little danger of his catching cold; however, he was so certain he would "get his death" if he remained on the river that Hilary rowed back to the boat-house.

"We've lots of dry things in the shanty," said Lance, as he landed with Arthur, leaving Hilary in the boat. "We always keep some clean stockings here and bathing drawers and—togger. I'll give you the things, and while you're changing I'll get some wood for the stove; then I'll light a fire and dry your clothes. Sorry we've no slippers here, but, if you don't mind putting on clogs until your shoes are dry, there are two pairs in the cupboard."

When Lance returned with the sticks, he found Arthur looking with great disgust at the clogs, and evidently hesitating about putting them on.

"I say," he remarked as Lance set to work to make the fire, "I can't put my foot in a thing like this."

"Try the other pair," suggested Lance, "perhaps they are bigger."

Suspecting chaff, Arthur looked keenly at Lance, but the latter was fully occupied in trying to make the fire burn.

"Tisn't that," snapped the guest, "they're a mile too big."

"Oh, then that's all right," remarked Lance, blowing away at the fire, "they won't pinch you."

"How *can* you fellows wear such things as these?" Arthur asked with some scorn, taking up one of the clogs and examining its iron-bound sole.

"What things?" demanded Lance. "Oh, you mean clogs?"

"Yes," said the other, "they're not the things for the sons of a gentleman to wear, you know."

"Aren't they?" asked Lance innocently: "well, you see, my

father evidently thinks they are. We never wear anything else, you know, except in drawing-rooms."

Arthur blushed a little and made some show of putting his foot into one of the clogs.

"Better try a bigger pair," Lance suggested, seeing that Arthur could not get his heel into the clog.

"It's these frightfully thick stockings, I expect," said Master Leighson, fearful of having to admit that his foot was bigger than Lance's.

"Very likely," Lance admitted, seeing now exactly what was in the other's mind. "These are George's: try them."

At length, with a wry face, Arthur put on the clogs—scarcely a bit too big for him—and proceeded to walk gingerly across the boat-house floor.

"They're not quite so heavy as I thought they would be," he admitted.

"They are not nearly so heavy as a shooting boot," said Lance, "or as an ordinary boot—when it is wet. The clog sole is made of ever such light wood, and the iron hardly counts. Hilary goes to Lord Dalesworth's for the shooting, so he's obliged to get a pair of boots; well, he's weighed them against his clogs, and he finds that the boots are ever so much heavier."

"Lord Dalesworth's your uncle, ain't he?"

"My father's uncle, yes," replied Lance, "and so——"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Arthur suddenly, "there's somebody coming! and I'm not fit to be seen."

"It's only George," suggested Lance, going to the boat-house door.

"There's a lady, I'll swear: heard her voice."

"Hurrah!" shouted Lance, "then it's mother—perhaps father. They've come to tea. This is glorious!"

"What on earth am I to do?" asked Arthur piteously.

"You're all right. You've only to lie low. They won't have tea in here. We shall picnic on the river bank: perhaps in one of the boats. Do excuse me for a moment: I must take mother a chair."

A more comical picture of misery than Arthur Leighson could not be imagined. In spite of Lance's assurance to the contrary, the guest was in deadly fear lest Mr. and Mrs. Ridingdale should climb the boat-house stairs and see him in his nondescript costume.

His trousers were already drying at the stove, but to his horror he noticed that his cheap and nasty patent-leathers were reduced to the condition of pulp. He greatly doubted if he would ever be able to wear them again. Even before he found himself in the river, he had stepped into many wet and muddy places, and the card-board horrors he called shoes had been seriously damaged.

III.

Meanwhile the boys had returned from their expedition up the river, and were all engaged in laying out a picnic tea on the grassy bank close to the boat-house stairs. Lance clattered upstairs with a kettle of water which he put on the stove to boil; then, with an apology to Arthur, he dashed down again with a pile of cups and saucers. The busy merriment below was delightful. George had brought not only milk, but tea and cake, bread and butter. Congratulating himself upon the fact that the upper part of his person was fashionably clad, Arthur ventured to peep through the boat-house window. He admitted to himself that the sight was a pretty one.

"They just seem to worship their mother," he said to himself enviously, "and their dad too, for that matter."

His desire to join the family circle became keen. The stove was beginning to make the boat-house uncomfortably hot, for Lance had built a roaring fire. There was comfort in the fact that the wet toggery would soon be dry—all but the shoes. Arthur began to understand the utility of knickerbockers and stockingless feet in clogs.

"I won't let the others see you," said Lance rushing again into the boat-house for more *things*. "I told mother we were drying some clothes, and that you'd rather be alone for a bit. You would—wouldn't you?"

"O yes; for heaven's sake don't let anybody see me!"

"Well, I'll bring you some tea. These apricots are for you: we brought them on purpose. Hope you like 'em?"

"Don't I! You'll see!" And he began to demolish them forthwith.

Below, everybody seemed to be laughing and talking at once. Now and again Arthur heard the tum-tum of some stringed

instrument: the thought came to him that if these people had not met one another for a year they could hardly have shown more delight. Presently, Lance ran upstairs again with tea and cake. Arthur's apricots had vanished.

"What time is dinner?" asked the guest.

"Dinner!" exclaimed the astonished Lance: "Oh, I beg your pardon; I forgot. At your uncle's you dine in the evening, of course. Well, you know we've had it; we always have dinner at one o'clock. Supper is at eight."

Arthur stared, but said nothing. The fruit had given him an appetite for tea. He had not finished when the tum-tum of George's mandolin began again, and Lance's voice was heard in a quaint old English song which to one listener at least was very new indeed:—

O for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in-a-door or out;
With the grene leaves whispering overhede,
Or the streete cryes all about,
Where I may reade all at my ease
Both of the newe and olde;
For a jollie good booke whereon to looke,
Is better to me than golde.

The most thoughtless people do a little thinking now and then, particularly when they find themselves quite alone and with nothing to do. Having finished his tea, Arthur was unoccupied. He was of the number who do not think—if they can help it. Thoughts, many and puzzling thoughts, were trying to press themselves upon his attention. Such as it was, his philosophy was at fault. The two main principles of his life—to be smart, and to know smart people—did not at this moment seem to recommend themselves quite so much as usual. To him, religion was a negligible quantity. His nominally Catholic mother had sent him to many different schools; not one of them had been Catholic. Except that of Baptism, he had received no Sacrament of the Church.

Religion, then, did not enter into his thoughts, but as he glanced down from time to time upon the merry group on the river-bank, it suddenly occurred to him that these people—who ought to have been smart, but were not—were altogether the happiest he had ever met. As he put it to himself, "These

chaps were having a jolly good time." Moreover, they *always* seemed to be having a good time. This appealed to Arthur Leighson; this at any rate he could understand—and long for. Yet he was out of it, he told himself, not merely at this moment, but generally, and that very largely through his own fault. He did not like the idea a bit, and determined not to dwell upon it, but he was beginning to have a suspicion that he was a coward. He could do nothing—but dress and smoke and swear. The first of these things the Ridingdales were completely indifferent to; the second and third they altogether tabooed. In this new environment Arthur's self-complacency was constantly being disturbed. Perhaps no one—not even his own mother, alas!—had ever thought much of him, but he had always approved of himself. The self-conceited and self-conscious are supposed to be independent of their neighbour's approval; they are the people who crave it most.

There was a sudden general movement below, and looking from the window, Arthur saw that Mr. and Mrs. Ridingdale were getting into one of the boats. On the bank itself, a generous altercation was going on between George and Lance. The latter wanted to remain behind and clear away the tea-things; George was saying that, through Arthur's accident, Lance had missed his swim—had, moreover, been running about after various people most of the afternoon. Lance reminded George that he had been writing all the afternoon, and that he ought to go up the river. Harry settled the matter by hauling off George to *St. Stanislaus*, and by dropping Lance bodily into *St. Nicholas*. There was a peal of laughter, a splash of oars, and both boats were in motion. Down the river came a chorus of treble voices:—

Row, row, onward we row,
Song lightens our labour;
Row, row, sing as we go,
Keep each with his neighbour.

With an exclamation that I need not record, Arthur turned away from the window. He was a little afraid of most of the boys, but, curiously enough, the one he dreaded most was Harry. For the guest was sadly wanting in the sense of humour, and to him this perpetually-laughing and joking Harry was a trial—chiefly, no doubt, because Arthur feared that he himself was sometimes the cause of the other's laughter.

Fortunately, the trousers were now quite dry, so that he was saved the humiliation of appearing before Harry in an incongruous costume; but the shoes were still so much wet rag and paper. Arthur had scarcely changed when Harry knocked at the door.

"I needn't come in, you know," began the laughing one; "but, if you don't mind me just shoving these cups and things inside. There! thanks very much. Anything I can do for you?"

"O, come in," said Arthur. "I want to get out of this. It's so beastly hot."

"Well," laughed Harry, "a big fire in a small room on a hot day does make for heat—doesn't it? But are you all right now?"

"Except for my shoes," said the rueful guest, handling one of them gingerly. "They don't seem to get a bit drier."

"Stuff of this sort doesn't dry in a hurry," remarked Harry, as he examined one of the shoes. "You see, the sole was broken a bit; so of course the mud and the water have got well into it. Fact, I think you might as well pitch 'em into the river at once."

"How am I to get home?" demanded Arthur.

Harry composed his face, and pretended to be thinking deeply; no doubt he was. Twice he opened his mouth to speak, and twice he refrained.

"Afraid we can't very well get a carriage down these meadows," he said at length, musingly. He thought of adding: "If you did walk up the fields in clogs, you'd probably survive it."

But, reverencing the custom of his house, Harry from very courtesy forbore.

"I've got another pair of shoes in my bedroom," Arthur suggested.

"All right," said Harry, looking more thoughtful than ever; "I'll go and fetch them for you."

And without another word he went.

* * * * *

It really seemed as though disaster had marked Arthur Leighson for her own. The boating and swimming party had returned, and the boys at once made a rush for home. They badly wanted some cricket practice. The brook had to be crossed again, and Master Leighson was now determined not to be sub-

jected to the indignity of being carried over it by Hilary or anybody else.

"Mother always crosses just here," Lance said, as they came to a part where lay some broad stepping-stones. "We generally jump it—a bit higher up. It's not at all broad."

"Oh, I'll jump it all right," said Arthur, hurrying on. "You go first, and I'll follow you."

Arriving at the place, Lance took a running leap across the water, followed by his brothers. Not to embarrass their guest, the boys did not turn round to see him jump—until they heard a splash and a shriek. Looking back, they saw Arthur lying full length in the brook!

Lance and Harry pretended not to notice the catastrophe, for Hilary and George had already run to Arthur's help.

"Let us get somewhere where we can smile unseen," said Harry, starting to run. "We're not wanted here, you know."

"Yes," spluttered Lance, "if I don't laugh out loud, I shall hurt myself."

* * * * *

That night, at Slipper-time on the lawn, the guest did not appear. He had gone to bed, and a complete suit of Etons was drying at the kitchen fire. No part of him was hurt, except his temper: that was rather seriously damaged. In the circumstances Mrs. Ridingle thought every allowance ought to be made; needless to say, every allowance was made. A dainty little supper was sent up to him, together with a volume of *Punch* and other delightful picture-books. But why Sarah should have chosen that night of all others to give a month's warning, Mrs. Ridingle could not understand—at the time.

Thus ended the second day of Arthur Leighson's visit to Ridingle Hall.

Mrs. Ridingle thought it the most natural thing in the world that Arthur should have his breakfast in bed. She visited him herself, and suggested that he need not hurry to get up—a suggestion that he acted upon by rising at noonday.

But at dinner-time he was missing! Nobody had seen him go out, nobody knew his whereabouts. Jane had taken up his clothes and shoes—Sarah positively refused to go near him—and the said clothes and shoes, together with the tall hat, had disappeared.

The boys thought he had run away; their father and mother did not think so.

As a matter of fact, the young man was at that very moment causing a certain amount of excitement at his uncle's house by demanding luncheon, and showing a fixed determination to get it. He assured the Colonel's housekeeper that the grub at the Hall was not fit to eat; that on the day before he had not had a morsel of dinner; that he was almost dying of hunger.

Very unwillingly, and with many misgivings as to what the Colonel would say when he heard of this unexpected invasion, she gave him a cold, but plentiful, luncheon, and Arthur proceeded to enjoy it leisurely—not to say lengthily.

He was a little late in beginning, for he had arrived at the Chantry just as the servants were sitting down to dinner, and in their master's absence they were not at all disposed to be either disturbed or hustled.

However, by three o'clock he had satisfied his hunger, had bribed the stable-boy to get him some cigarettes, and was sitting smoking under a shady tree on the lawn, when—well, when the, to him, most unexpected thing in the world brought him to his feet and sent the hot blood coursing through every vein in his body. *His uncle was driving up the avenue!*

It was well perhaps that Arthur did not yield to his first impulse and run away: if he had done so, he would have been brought back ignominiously. For, of course, the groom had already told his master that "Master Arthur was a-waiting to see him," and that "Master Arthur had ordered lunch, unexpected."

I am sorry to record it because it is a form of punishment greatly to be deprecated, but the Colonel's greeting of his nephew took the form of two smart boxes on each ear. Perhaps the cigarette, now lying smoking at the boy's feet, partly accounted for this very warm reception.

Then uncle and nephew went indoors, and it became the latter's fate to answer, or try to answer, more questions than had ever been put to him before on any one occasion.

Before the day was over, various other people had to stand the fire of the Colonel's interrogations: he wanted to know—well, practically everything that Arthur had done and said since his stay at the Hall. Every one of the boys was examined separately,

but it was only when the Colonel assured them that their silence, rather than their speech, would damage Arthur's prospects for life that they consented to answer. He had already interviewed Mr. and Mrs. Bidingdale.

"I shall never forget the next day," said Harry, who told me the whole story. "Arthur was completely subdued, as you may imagine, and awfully afraid of what might happen to him. The Colonel had asked my father to begin by giving Master Leighson a good birching; father wouldn't hear of that. Then the Colonel said he'd do it himself—he's one of those people who don't believe in flogging, you know—but of course he didn't. He asked his groom if he would mind doing it, but the man seemed so pleased with the idea that his master was afraid he'd lay on too hard. So Arthur escaped.

"Next day Hilary and I had to take him down to the Chantry after breakfast and get the money from the Colonel for Arthur's new rig out. Of course he went with us like a lamb. He was awfully subdued, not a bit like the chap he had been the day before. We thought that the Colonel had frightened him, and so he had; but just then we did not know everything.

"Well, we got him a very decent suit of ready-made tweeds at Rups—Norfolk-jacket and knickerbockers and all that, and he seemed almost pleased to have them. But when we left the shop, and Hilary remarked that 'We'd better get the clogs next,' Arthur looked at us with horror. He turned quite pale and said, 'He's not *really* going to make me wear clogs, is he?' Hilary could only say that he'd been told to get him two pairs of clogs, one of the ordinary kind and a laced-up pair. Arthur began to blub in the street, and we had to wait about ever such a time before he was fit to go into the clog-shop. However, he kept a straight lip while he was being fitted, but he cried again as we were going back to the Chantry. We did our best to cheer him up, and told him that he'd feel ever so jolly once he got used to his clogs, and would never want to wear anything else out of doors.

"By the time we got back to the Colonel's the new suit had been handed in; the clogs Hilary and I brought with us. So the Colonel ordered Arthur to change his Etons and get into the new toggery at once. But we were an awful time getting home. Our friend pretended that he couldn't walk in his new clogs. We told him to take his own time, and he did. He walked just like a cat

on hot bricks, but we didn't laugh at him of course. We found out afterwards that his feet were sore through wearing thin shoes.

"However, he hadn't any shoes now. The Colonel had made him leave them and his Eton suit at the Chantry, for the present.

"Well, as you know, Arthur stayed with us till after Christmas. He really did improve a lot: though I must say that though we all tried hard to be very kind to him—he told us afterwards we had been awfully good, and I could see he meant it—somehow or other he never became one of us. We could not take to him really, and that's a fact. Yet, you know, all that time we never dreamt that he was not really the Colonel's nephew."

"But wasn't he?" I asked in great astonishment.

"Not a bit of it. His mother had lied to him about his age, or the Colonel, who had been suspicious all along, would have found it out before. Instead of being eleven he was nearly thirteen. His mother was a widow when she married the Colonel's nephew, and Arthur was a son of the first husband, who was a clerk of some sort. We often thought young Leighson must be older than he pretended to be, but we never said so either to him or to the Colonel.

"The Colonel behaved very decently, considering—in fact, it seemed a sort of relief to him when he found that Arthur did not belong to his family."

"And what became of the boy?" I asked.

"Oh, the Colonel sent him off to some nice Catholic orphanage—I forget where. He never comes to Ridingdale. The Colonel goes to see him now and again, and is very kind to him. The orphanage people say that his conduct has steadily improved, and he is just going to be apprenticed to a trade. The other day he sent the Colonel his portrait, in a group. He's with a jolly-looking lot of fellows, all in nice corduroy suits and hob-nailed boots, which I bet Master Arthur finds twice as heavy as the clogs he made such a fuss about at Ridingdale. Lance hears from him now and then. He liked Lance—most people do—but he couldn't stand Hilary and me. Lance was mighty good to him up to the very last. My brother has never said so, but I'm pretty sure he taught Arthur how to say his prayers. I know he helped him an awful lot in all sorts of ways; so did George. Yes, it was a rummy business. Since then—let's see, it must be nearly three

years ago—yes, three years next Christmas—we've had very few of the Colonel's nephews down here ; I mean, you know, even of the genuine article. Between you and me," said Harry, lowering his voice, " I think the Colonel's getting a bit shy of them."

" And Sarah did not leave you after all ? "

" Not she," laughed Harry.

DAVID BEARNE, S.J.

HIS LAST GOOD DAYS

[HENRY J. GILL, *October 28th, 1903.*]

AFTER a day so gently bright
The day's declining ;
Yet in his quiet eyes is shining
A fair reflection of the sunset light

There sprang a colour in his cheek
Premonitory
Of some most heavenly after-glory,
More than the eye can see, the tongue can speak.

The night came, wild with tears and gray,
For his sad widow ;
But he beyond night's cloud and shadow
Had followed Day and overtaken Day.

K. T. H.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Laurentia : A Tale of the First Jesuit Missions in Japan.* By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. London : Burns & Oates. [Price, 2s. 6d.]

One feels additional comfort in reading a beautiful book when one is sure that the writer of it is in heaven. There is many a work of genius about which it is injudicious to moot that question ; but no doubt can be entertained with regard to the author of *Laurentia*. Lady Georgiana Fullerton's life and character were such that one would not be surprised to hear that the case of her beatification had been introduced. Probably it is to the miserable war between Russia and Japan that we owe the reappearance of this beautiful story. *Laurentia* may be named as a third after *Callista* and *Fabiola*. It has not the vivid interest of *Grantly Manor*, but it is exquisitely written, and the narrative is skilfully woven, for the most part, out of real incidents in the early years of Christianity in Japan, as is explained in brief notes to each chapter which are given at the end of the volume. Let us pray that out of the deplorable struggle now going on Divine Providence may draw good for the propagation of the Christian faith. There can never be again in Japan a persecution like that which gives us the story of *Laurentia*.

2. The scandalous misrepresentation of Dante which Sardou furnished to the French stage, and to which unhappily Sir Henry Irving recently lent the fascination of his genius, suggested to the American Jesuit, Father John F. X. O'Connor, the idea of making reparation by representing the great poet in a drama embodying real facts from his life. This has been done on a splendid scale in St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia. Among the patrons of this very exceptional play were the Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Gibbons, and four other bishops. Evidently no labour and no expense were spared in securing a worthy representation. Its effectiveness has been warmly applauded in the secular Press. The text has been brought out in a very artistic *brochure*, which is illustrated by two interesting portraits of Dante.

3. *The Science of Life*. By Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). London : Burns & Oates. [Price, 2s.]

Mrs. Craigie is known to be an American living for many years in London. She is known also to be a convert to the Catholic faith. London society, in the conventional sense of that expression, seems to be made up of very peculiar ingredients, and Mrs. Craigie's books may be suited to make a useful impression upon her own world ; but for outer barbarians they are not very edifying, even when they bring in religious matters. The present little book is an essay read before the Buskin Society of Birmingham last October. St. Ignatius of Loyola is pitted against Tolstoi ; but we fear the essayist understands the Count better than the Saint. Her hearers carried away a very inadequate idea of the spiritual system of St. Ignatius. The publishers say that this booklet is "an answer in satisfying and delightful terms to the common query of the dissatisfied modern man : 'Where do I come in?'" The style of course is clever, but jerky and rambling. It is smart rather than brilliant, and those whom this answer to the question satisfies are easily satisfied. Very much more satisfying, and even more delightful, is another new book which, we believe, is also written by a woman—*A Short Cut to Happiness*, by the author of that very successful book *The Catholic Church from Within*. We agree with the publishers that Mrs. Craigie's book is "very prettily printed and bound ;" but what has struck us most is an innovation of the printer, who puts all the first line of each paragraph in a larger type than the rest. Will this set the fashion ? We hope not.

4. The same publishers have brought out daintily "*Limbo Fancies*, a Dream of what may be," by Sibyl Heeley. The paper cover has a drawing by Sir Philip Burne-Jones—*magni nominis umbra*. The graceful writer warns us that her "pious opinions" are not dogmas of the Church ; but are they even her opinions ? Few have stepped beyond the threshold of the other world with so sure a tread as Cardinal Gerontius.

5. Two other books published by Burns & Oates belong to the class of books more commonly associated with the name of that firm. One shilling net, the price of *Limbo Fancies*, which we have just noticed, is the price also of the very well bound and printed *Jubilee Manual*, by Father Herbert Thurston, S.J. At least, Father Thurston, who is the best authority on the subject,

contributes the introduction, and edits the prayers of the great Bossuet, which will help the devotion of very many between this and the eighth of December, when the Jubilee comes to an end.

The other book is a reprint (also a shilling in price) of the Rev. Charles Garside's, *Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque: Her life, her mission, and her golden sayings*. It is an admirable little book, far more "satisfying and delightful" than many much more pretentious volumes.

With this holy little book we may name a new edition of one of the most solid books that the nineteenth century added to the ascetic literature of the Catholic Church, *The Imitation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus*, by Father Aernoudt, S.J., whose name was changed in the London edition into "Arnold." Benziger Brothers (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago) have issued for five shillings an excellent edition of the translation made by Father Fastre: for Father Aernoudt (a Belgian, working in the United States) wrote in Latin.

6. Herder of Freiburg (and Missouri) has issued the third volume (price 3s. 7d.) of Dr. Pohl's critical edition of the works of Thomas à Kempis. It contains sermons on the life and death of our Lord Jesus Christ, *The Monk's Alphabet*, and other short spiritual treatises and prayers. It is admirably edited and printed. When the work is complete, it will be the classical standard edition of the *Opera Omnia* of the saintly but not sainted author of *The Imitation of Christ*.

7. *Concerning the Holy Bible, its Use and Abuse*. By the Right Rev. John S. Vaughan. London: R. & T. Washbourne, 4, Paternoster-row. [Price, 3s. 6d. net.]

Monsignor Vaughan is one of the priestly family of which the best known members are Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., and the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Our own beloved Primate, Cardinal Logue, recommends this work in the clear, earnest, unaffected style that is characteristic of him. Though his letter to the author is dated only a few months ago, the book is already in its second thousand, and is about to appear in French, Italian, and Dutch translations. It discusses in a simple, popular manner a great many practical questions concerning the Sacred Scriptures, which are now so insidiously assailed by the sects that formerly made them the all-sufficient rule of faith. Cheap as the volume is, the cost might have been still further reduced by its being

printed more economically. But for popular use this very large type has great advantages.

8. *The Temptation of Norah Leacroft*. By Frances Noble. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Limited

Miss Noble loses no time at the beginning with pedigrees or descriptions of scenery, but plunges *in medias res*, the very first sentence giving her heroine's a proposal of marriage. The story, which is skilfully managed, turns on the duty of a Catholic girl with regard to a very desirable Protestant suitor. All turns out right in the end. The style is good, but just a little commonplace. The publishers have provided excellent type and paper, that help to make the reading of the book pleasant.

9. *The One and The Many*. By Eva Gore Booth. Longmans & Co., London, New York, and Bombay. [Price, 2s. 6d. net.]

This is at least the third volume of verse that Miss Gore Booth has given us, and another is promised immediately. Perseverance is a very good sign of a genuine vocation, and the author of *The One and The Many* is certainly not a mere versifier. She has original thought, refined diction, and technical skill; but her themes and her way of treating them can appeal, we think, to very few readers, and they require a peculiar training, a peculiar turn of mind, to understand them or care to understand them. "The Land to a Landlord" approaches closest to ordinary life, though this, too, is treated in a very poetical manner. Miss Gore Booth is never prosaic or commonplace, even in the half dozen sentences of prose that have each its separate page. We should like to have a prose commentary on these mystical pages, the very title of which puzzles us. Who or what is the One? Who or what are the Many? Very human and clear are "The Little Waves of Breffny" and "The Lost Stream"; but "Incarnate" and "Re-incarnation," "The Body to the Soul" and "The Soul to the Body"—are they common sense, and are they orthodox? At any rate they are poetry.

10. *In Many Lands*. By a Member of the Order of Mercy. New York: O'Shea & Co., 10, Barclay-street. [Price, 6s.]

The title-page of this most interesting volume informs us also that the Sister of Mercy who has written it is the well-known author of *Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy, Life of Catherine M'Auley, Essays Educational and Historical*, etc.; and many of

our readers will remember what a mass of original and translated work is covered by that *etcetera*. Her new book tells in some fifty chapters a vast number of very interesting things about the places and persons the writer has seen during two visits to Europe and a journey across the American continent. It is impossible to read the minute headings of the chapters without being anxious to turn to the page where such and such an interesting item is discussed. Our pilgrim was probably the last visitor received by Cardinal Newman, and her account of the venerable man is extremely impressive. In describing her visits to Shrewsbury and various other places in England she shows a great deal of out-of-the-way learning. *In Many Lands* is not mere gossip about persons like *Pencillings by the Way* or *Sunny Memories of Pleasant Lands*, which both came to us also from the other side of the Atlantic: besides entertainment our author furnishes excellent matter for edification and instruction. We can heartily recommend this book as one sure not to remain idle on the library shelves.

11. We wonder is there any library that attempts to collect complete series of the school magazines. It would be a very interesting collection. This section of periodical literature has developed very considerably of late years. Some of these periodicals appear almost every month during a great part of the year—like the *Georgetown College Magazine* in the States and the *Stonyhurst Magazine* in England: others are practically annuals, like the two that lie before us at this moment, the *Clongownian* and the *Castleknock College Chronicle*. Each of these seems to us to have surpassed all that went before it. The *Castleknock College Chronicle* has several valuable papers admirably illustrated, chiefly sketches of travel, like Mr. Wray's "Around the World," M. C. L.'s "Holiday in the Canaries," and "A Transatlantic Trip," by J. R. Other interesting items are a lecture on Radium and a sketch of the late Mr. Henry J. Gill, with a good portrait. The personalities and statistics of cricket will be read with avidity by many. There ought to be a table of contents and a running heading on the right-hand pages. Biography, not travel, seems to be the strong point in the *Clongowes Annual*, which furnishes rather full accounts of Father Robert Carbery, S.J., and other old *Clongowes* boys, the most interesting being Mr. J. E. MacManus's pleasant pages about his own career and London journalism in general. A remarkable contribution on the Flora of *Clongowes*

is by a boy eleven years old. We in Ireland are behindhand in such matters, and these tastes deserve to be encouraged warmly. Worthy of being named with Clongowes and Castleknock is *Silver Leaves*, a magazine conducted by the pupils of St. Mary's Dominican Convent, Springfield, Wynberg, South Africa. The printing and the reproduction of the pictures are as good as in Dublin. The two girls who chronicle the ascent of Table Mountain wield as lively pens as any editor could wish for, especially the one who gained a well-earned pound thereby. S. M. O. beats all the Irish poets except Q. Z. in the *Clongownian*. But perhaps the ablest pages are those devoted to the Debates. It is said that the reporters in the House of Commons greatly improve the grammar and sense of our illustrious law-givers; and we suspect that the Springfield debates have not suffered in the hands of their chronicler. What energy and what self-sacrifice are exercised in all parts of the Church in the great work of the education of the young! May God reward the workers—as He will.

12. *Memoir of the Life of Sister Mary Genevieve Beale, Foundress of the Congregation of "Les Dames de St. Louis" in Ireland.* By a Sister of St. Louis, Monaghan. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers, & Walker, Middle Abbey-street. [Price, 2s.]

This is a very full and satisfactory account of the saintly woman who introduced into Ireland the Sisters of St. Louis, who are now doing their holy work at Monaghan, Carrickmacross, Ramsgrange, Middletown (in Co. Armagh, not to be confounded with Midleton in Co. Cork), Kiltimagh, and Bundoran. She was an English Protestant, who became a Catholic in Cork, and seems to have forgotten, as others forgot, that she was not an Irishwoman. Very properly Mother Genevieve's biographer weaves with her story that of the Abbé Bautain and the Baroness de Vaux who founded the Congregation in France; and very judiciously in this part of her work she follows closely Mrs. Sarah Atkinson, whose memory many still love and revere. The extracts given from the motherly letters of this great nun are very wise and winsome. The Bishop of Clogher, Dr. Owens, in his brief but effective introduction, is so kind as to quote with approval an opinion, formerly expressed in this Magazine, that "Priscilla Beale is almost worthy of being ranked along with the three Irish Foundresses, Mary Aikenhead, Catherine M'Auley, and Frances

Ball." Was Nano Nagle passed over because her work began in the eighteenth century?

13. *The Ethics of Criticism, illustrated by Mr. Churton Collins.* By Robert M. Theobald, M.A. London: Watts & Co., 17 Johnson's Court, Fleet-street, E.C. [Price, 6d. net.]

Mr. Churton Collins holds a very prominent place among the critics and reviewers of our day. He does not criticise chiefly for "the noble pleasure of giving praise," but cultivates the criticism of denunciation. That sort of vehemence has its attractions, but it is not always consistent with judicial calmness, or even with truth. Mr. Theobald, author of *Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light*, called Mr. Collins recently to account for certain references to this work in his *Studies in Shakespeare*. In the course of the correspondence Mr. Collins admitted "the very acrimonious and contemptuous tone" of his essay, but refused to retract publicly the mistatements of which Mr. Theobald seems to us to have clearly convicted him. John Boyle O'Reilly's counsel, "Never do or say as a journalist what you would not do or say as a gentleman," might well be taken to heart by some of our high-class critics and reviewers.

14. We may group together three pennyworths. No. 1 of "Westminster Cathedral Series" (London: Burns & Oates) is *The Work of the Lord*, a beautiful discourse delivered by Dr. Hedley, Bishop of Newport, on the Centenary of St. Gregory the Great, May, 1904. *St. Columbanus*, by the Rev. M. O'Riordan, D.D., D.C.L. (Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, 27 Lower Abbey-street, Dublin), is a very full account of the career of that great Irish Missionary Saint. Dr. O'Riordan is so minutely accurate that we wonder at his merely giving West Leinster and Ulster as the birth-places of St. Columbanus and St. Columba. Our third pennyworth is *The Witch of Ridingdale*, by the Rev. David Bearne, S.J. (Messenger Office, Wimbledon). This very pleasant story is No. 1 of "Tales for Junior Catholics." Father Bearne is a born (and baptized) story-teller, and his yarns are, besides, always good literature. The last cover, though only an advertisement, is a good piece of artistic work; and so is the first cover of the first of these three pennyworths, which shows us a four-wheeler and a hansom cab at the foot of the new Westminster Basilica with its great tower towering into the skies.

15. *In the Celtic Past*. By Anna MacManus (Ethna Carbery). Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Limited.

It seems a pity that writers should assume fanciful names. All the credit of their work ought to gather round a single name, their real name. Are we to speak of Ethna Carbery or of Mrs. MacManus? To our own pages this gifted Belfast lady contributed several years ago many beautiful poems to which she appended her maiden name "Anna Johnston." The partnership of her too brief married life was as congenial as that of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. Since her death Mr. Seumas MacManus has published a volume of her exquisite poetry and another of her prose hardly less poetical. These have met with an enthusiastic welcome. The present volume contains nine stories dealing with Irish heroes of the far past. They are written with great feeling and power. This and its two predecessors—*The Four Winds of Eirinn* (poems) and *The Passionate Hearts* (love stories)—can each be had for a shilling. They will live.

16. *Lectures on the Irish Language Movement*. By the Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, Limited. [Price, 6d., net].

This volume is published for the Keating Branch of the Gaelic League and it consists of addresses delivered before various branches of that association in Dublin, Waterford, Naas, Blackrock, and Kingstown—which last is here reinstated in its old name Dunleary. The lectures prove that enthusiastic devotion to the Irish language and Irish studies does not hinder a man from writing excellent English. Father Dinneen advances a powerful plea for the preservation and extension of Irish as a living, spoken language, but he does not indulge in the extravagances which were cleverly treated in the last number of *St. Stephen's*. Cannot we outer barbarians be introduced through the medium of translations to such gifted poets as O'Bruadar and O'Rahilly are claimed to be in the last of these eight valuable lectures?

17. A second edition has just been issued by M. H. Gill & Son of *Lyra Cordis*, a small collection of the music set by J. M. Glynn, Hamilton Croft, Schulthes, T. H. M'Dermott, and others, to some hymns to the Sacred Heart, to the Blessed Virgin, etc., by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. The price is reduced to threepence.

ST. GERTRUDE'S THIRD SONG OF PRAISE

Wherein God is praised in the Blessed Virgin

(Translated by EMILY HICKER)

LET Thy most blessed Virgin Mother bless Thee, O my God :
whom before all time thou didst vouchsafe to choose for Thy
Mother.

Let the wonderful tabernacle of Thy glory bless Thee : which
alone worthily ministered to Thee in Thy holy dwelling.

Let the glory of Thy Sacred Godhead bless Thee : which
stooped to the humility of the virgin womb.

Let the most skilful wisdom of Thy Godhead bless Thee : by
which Thou didst endue the virgin rose with beauty and perfec-
tion such as Thou couldst Thyself desire.

Let Thy wonderful goodness bless Thee : whose abundant grace
brought to pass that the whole life of Mary should accord with
Thine honour.

Let Thy sweetest love bless Thee : by virtue whereof Thou,
the Flower of Virginity, wast made the Virgin's Son.

Let the splendour of Thy glorious countenance bless Thee :
which made so beautiful the Virgin's soul that her did the
ineffable Trinity desire.

Let Thy unbounded wisdom bless Thee : which filled the
spirit of the most pure Virgin with knowledge and understanding.

Let Thy humble and wonderful condescension bless Thee :
which, to destroy the poison of our sin, vouchsafed to suck the
most pure breasts of Mary.

Let the overflowing sweetness of Thine Heart bless Thee :
which ineffably saturated the virgin soul with the pleasantness
of Thy delight.

Let the most lovely speech of Thy divine mouth bless Thee :
which kindled with the sacred flame of charity the very core of
Thy Mother's heart.

Let the whole might of Thy Godhead and the whole being
of Thy Manhood bless Thee : which vouchsafed to pour the
abundance of heavenly grace into the heart of Mary.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy
Ghost.

Glory be likewise to the Queen of Heaven, with the whole
multitude of the hierarchy of Heaven : for ever and ever.

TO-DAY'S MESSAGE

THE heroes of an age are always few
And fewer still the Saints ; yet life goes by
For some of us, in waiting for a high
And ever-memorable deed to do.
Not thus shall dreams of noble acts come true ;
Each day has its own duties, and they lie
Here on our lowly earth—not in the sky :
Each day's a King to whom we still must sue.

The little things of life, how small they are !
Yet to be true in them is no small thing.
There is a heroism greater far
Than that which makes the world's applauses ring.
God's Saints were Saints of God because of this :
The little things of life they did not miss.

S. M. C.

WINGED WORDS

Boards are screens, and there is nothing so soporific as divided responsibility.—*Arthur B. Ropes.*

I cannot think of death as more than the going out of one room into another.—*William Blake.*

It is easier to forgive an enemy than to forgive a friend.—*The same.*

It is in home relations, home love, home sanctities, in the every-day joys, in the every-day worries, in the wholesome friction of minds, the every-day opportunities for self-denial, and for choosing the best, if but a small best, that there lies the path to the attainment of the noblest things and the most beautiful.—*Emily Hickey.*

Words which mean the same thing seem sometimes very different. The art of putting it is one of the fairest and kindest of arts.—*The same.*

Perhaps some of the saddest and most pitiful things in life are those concerning which nobody is to blame.—*The same.*

One soul aiming at perfection does more for his God's honour and glory than a thousand leading a good but less perfect life.—*St. Teresa.*

I am fully persuaded that not the smallest work of love shall fail, in God's time, of its accomplishment, and that, whilst we are mere bunglers in this school of life, our training here, with the Divine blessing, will fit us to produce, in that great hereafter, marvels of beauty to the glory of God.—*Mary Howitt.*

There are so many things that make the best-intentioned get wrong, and nothing sooner than a great success. God help the world! It is made up of poor creatures.—*The same.*

Ah! children, children, never grieve those you love; never lose an opportunity of doing kindness to those you love; never give way to bitterness and hardness—else you will lay up a punishment for yourself which will pursue as with a whip of scorpions.—*The same.*

THE IRISH MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER, 1904

EMMANUEL CHAPEL *

I HAVE chosen and have sanctified this place, that My name may be there for ever, and that My heart may remain there perpetually." This sixteenth verse of the seventh chapter of the second book of Paralipomena is one of the promises made by Almighty God in favour of the great temple that King Solomon had built of the richest materials, and had adorned with the utmost magnificence. Holy as that temple was, its holiness fades away before the holiness of any Christian church. Nay, the meanest country chapel in Ireland, even if it still bears the marks of the penal days in its squalid poverty, is more venerable than the Temple of Jerusalem with all its gold and costly stones. For wherever there is a tabernacle, unless we know that the tabernacle is for a time untenanted, there we must bow down in adoration and say, "How terrible is this place! This is no other than the House of God and the gate of Heaven"—(Gen. xxviii. 17). Such is this sacred edifice, which to-day begins to be what it will continue to be, perhaps for hundreds of years after all of us are gone, a shrine of the Blessed Sacrament, a shelter for our eucharistic Lord, a source of grace and light to generation after generation of consecrated souls.

But the inspired words I began with may well be supposed to hold a very special and almost personal meaning when applied to this convent chapel, which has gathered us together this morning

* In the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Newry, dedicated by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill, Bishop of Dromore, July 20, 1904.

for its first service of sacrifice and prayer. "I have chosen and have sanctified this place, that My name may be there for ever, and that My heart may remain there perpetually." His name and His heart. This convent of the Sisters of Mercy in Newry is dedicated to the Heart of Jesus; and this chapel, by which the convent within a year of its Golden Jubilee is at last completed, will bear the name of Jesus; for in both the Old and the New Testaments it is written: "His name shall be called Emmanuel" —(Isaiah vii. 2; Matth. i. 23). And so, too, this newest of our Lord's sanctuaries is to be called.

You will let me dwell almost exclusively upon the significance of that name, "Emmanuel Chapel," although I do not forget that there are other personal associations clinging to these holy walls. I do not forget that others also have sisters in heaven. The coloured light that streams in through those "storied windows" will keep bright the memory of some who in this convent-home prepared themselves for the true home of heaven. We know not how far our Father who is in heaven may be pleased to allow the children He has taken to Himself to watch the concerns of the children He has left behind for a time; but it is hard to imagine those of whom we are thinking to be so changed from what they were as not to be interested in such an event as the opening of Emmanuel Chapel. I shall be forgiven if I overlook everything else for the present except the fact that this chapel bears the name Emmanuel, and that so unusual a name has been given to it in loving remembrance of one who was the first, at least amongst Irish nuns, to take that name at the baptismal font as if it were of religious life when making that final consecration of her whole self for the remainder of her days, which has been likened to a second baptism. She chose the name, I distinctly remember, without any prompting from others, and thinking that she was the first to choose it; and she chose it with direct advertence to its eucharistic meaning, for she knew that St. Matthew in quoting Isaiah explains to us that the name Emmanuel is made up of Hebrew words signifying "God with us." God is indeed with us through the supreme mystery of the Incarnation; but still more closely and more permanently is God with us through His presence under the sacramental veils upon our altars, and often within our hearts. It was to remind herself of this deepest and dearest mystery of the divine love and condescension that Sister Mary Emmanuel selected

this unfamiliar name as the one she was to be known by in the intercourse of her new life ; and, as this name is henceforth for her sake to be perpetuated in this chapel, would it be lawful to adapt to her those words of the great prophet that are guiding the current of our thoughts ? For is it not true that she indeed chose this place and sanctified it, and that her name and heart will abide here for ever ?

She will not be forgotten, and she will not forget. She would not have been forgotten, even if no such memorial had been thought of ; but this chapel and its name will help to keep her still more constantly before your minds, dear Sisters ; and, if this remembrance should sometimes renew your sorrow for having her with you visibly no longer, try to take to yourselves the consolation that St. Jerome offered to the Bishop Heliodorus for the death of his nephew Nepotian : "*Ne doleas quod talem amiseris, sed gaude quod talem habueris.*" And you—grieve not that you have lost such a sister, but rejoice that such a sister has been yours. Nay, I will not even allow you to accept the sorrowful comfort of that past tense, "*has been.*" She is still yours, you have her still, she is still with you, present still to faith and hope and love. And nowhere will you feel her present thus so vividly as when you are praying in this beautiful chapel which you have linked with her religious name.

No other memorial could be nearly so appropriate to Mother Emmanuel as this ; for from her earliest childhood to her last breath she was ardently devoted to our Blessed Lord in all the phases of His eucharistic life. It happens that this overmastering devotion was betrayed by the very first words that I remember falling from her lips. Many a sweet and amiable word and deed I must have seen and heard before ; but I can recall nothing in particular earlier than a very simple incident that I have mentioned thrice in print. Once it took the form of a little story about two children, a sister and a brother, who used to be sent together on various errands across the town in which they lived, and how the sister took care that their route should always lead them past the chapel, as we called the cathedral in those days when the old Ascendancy shadow still brooded over the land. The girl would steal quietly up to the communion rail, as if wishing to draw as close as possible to the altar, there to pour out the homage of her young heart's love before the Emmanuel of the Tabernacle. One

day her prayers lasted longer than usual, and, as they were coming away, her companion must have looked aggrieved or, perhaps, complained openly of the length of their visit : for his sister explained with a smile that she had waited till some one should enter the church to take their place, so that our Blessed Lord might not be left alone. She did not forget, I am sure, that our Lord can never be alone, that invisible hosts of angels adore Him perpetually ; but she knew, too, that it is for our sake, not for theirs, He abides upon our altars. God allows us to use human language and to show human feelings in dealing with His Divine Majesty ; and the sanctuary before which a lamp is burning has a lonely look if no human worshipper be kneeling near.

It is strange how certain words, spoken casually, little heeded at the time, will lurk in the memory and make themselves heard again after many years. The smiling apology that our young devotee of the Blessed Sacrament tendered to her little comrade for their unduly protracted visit may have seemed to make slight impression on him then, yet the echo of her words lingered on mysteriously in his heart ; and long afterwards the incident re-appears in a little sequence of eucharistic verses which the less fervent of the two adorers sent to the more fervent when she had just finished her noviceship in this convent. One of these pieces was a " thanksgiving visit," supposed to be paid in the afternoon of a communion-day.*

Again I kneel before the shrine
 Whence Love came forth this morn
 To nestle in this heart of mine,
 E'en of itself the scorn;
 That thankless heart has scarce since then
 Sent back one sigh to Thee,
 Whilst, Lover of unloving men !
 Thy Heart kept watch for me.

So all day long and all the night
 Here dost Thou fondly hide,
 For 'tis Thy marvellous delight
 Thus near me to abide ;
 And 'midst the praise of every land
 Thou would'st my homage miss !
 My heart, though hard, can not withstand
 The shock of love like this.

* See *Altar Flowers*, page 50, and *At Home near the Altar*, page 32.

Oh! for *her* earnest faith who said
To me a heedless boy,
When some long "visit" that we paid
Would my dull faith annoy:
"Now wait and say another prayer
(How quick the time has flown!)"
Till some one comes. I cannot bear
To leave Him all alone."

Yes, those were the very words. "I don't like to leave Him alone." Him! Our Lord was not even named; and this has sometimes reminded me of St. Mary Magdalen on the first Easter morning in the garden of the sepulchre, when she imagines that all hearts must be full of the thought that fills her own heart, and she says to the supposed gardener without having named our Lord at all, "Tell me where they have laid Him, and I will take Him away."

This, then, is the first word I can recall out of Mother Emmanuel's share of all the bright talk that filled innocently and happily the days and hours of those long-past years. And the last word that I heard her utter related also to that most Blessed Sacrament which had always been the great central object of her thoughts and prayers and feelings and desires. It was the single word, "Confiteor," an hour before her death, a moment before her last Communion. The Confiteor had in reality been said for her already, but in so low and sad a tone that the sound had not reached her failing senses. She had not heard it; and yet she was so much herself to the very last, so conscious and watchful and exact, that she made this exertion, even at such a moment, in her anxiety to have the fancied omission supplied, just before receiving her Divine Lord for the last time, the last of so many times. She received Him that last time into a heart as pure and innocent as the first time at her First Communion long ago, but now into a heart oh! how much richer and more beautiful than then, with all the virtues and merits of a fruitful and faultless life.

Those who know more than even I do about Mother Emmanuel's devotion to the Blessed Sacrament will let me edify those who know less by mentioning a few simple things that allowed the fervour of her faith and the depth of her feelings to be seen in spite of her self-restraint, her cheerful unaffected ways, and the

calm common sense that marked all that she did and said. Her sisters in religion tell us that her love for our Lord and her faith in His eucharistic presence were wonderfully vivid and intense, that she seemed to be constantly thinking of Him and labouring for Him, and that with all her untiring efforts to beautify the surroundings of His sacramental dwelling she could never do enough to content her zeal. It was her delight to adorn—with what skilful hands and with what a loving heart!—the altar of repose on Holy Thursday, not only at home here in the Mother House, but also in the branch houses to which she went year after year for this purpose.

But the home that she best loved to prepare for the reception of the Divine Guest was the one that He Himself loves best of all. She seemed to hear Him saying, not as He said to St. Peter and St. John before the first of all First Communions, "Make ready a large upper room furnished," but, "Make ready for Me these little childish hearts." Would that we had some record of the instructions that she gave to First Communicants year after year so long! This was her work of predilection, for she felt, as Pius the Tenth has lately said, that no tabernacle seems so beautiful to our Lord as the innocent heart of a child.

And yet, may we not venture on this point to contradict our Holy Father? Still more beautiful surely is the heart that preserves to old age the innocence of childhood; and into such a heart our Lord enters with still greater joy. Blessed are they who receive Him week by week and almost day after day through the busy years of a long lifetime, and each time with the fervour, the care, and the purity of the holiest First Communion. Such, we may be assured, was the lifelong series of Mother Emmanuel's Communions, so fervent and so frequent always, and almost daily for years before she was able to break away from the world, from her very unworldly share of the world. It was from the Blessed Sacrament that she drew all her strength and sweetness—her cheerful piety, her tranquil recollection of spirit, her bright serenity of countenance, her rapt concentration of mind and heart in prayer, which seemed her natural element, her reverence for the priesthood, her love for the beauty of God's house, her zeal for everything that regarded in any way the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass. Instead, however, of trying to illustrate these and other manifestations of that deep and absorbing devotion to the Blessed

Eucharist, which we might almost dare to call the predominant passion of this favoured soul, I will end, or at least begin to come to an end, by drawing a practical conclusion that may be suitable for all of us in the different circumstances of our respective lots.

You, dear Sisters, in whose daily lives Emmanuel Chapel will henceforth play the most important part—you do not need to be exhorted to avail yourselves to the utmost of the stupendous privilege that you possess, the privilege of living under the same roof with the Divine Lover of souls who vouchsafes to enable the happy inmates of convents and religious houses to give a more emphatic and more literal meaning to the text which we have more than once referred to and which is inscribed on the wall of this sanctuary, "His name shall be called Emmanuel." Ah, if this privilege were taken from you or abridged or interrupted, what vows you would make, what promises of additional fervour, what entreaties you would pour forth to God to have the boon restored to you! Contrast your fortunate circumstances in this regard with what I read a few weeks ago in the *Life of Mother Theodore Guérin*, who about the year 1840 led across the Atlantic and across a great stretch of the American continent a brave little band of French Nuns called Sisters of Providence, whom the bishop of the diocese that is now known as Indianapolis planted in the midst of a vast forest, which was also at that time a vast solitude. St. Mary of the Woods is at present a noble and very flourishing convent, one of the great centres of female education in the United States, and the six pioneers have multiplied into eight hundred religious in some sixty houses; but the beginnings of the work were full of hardships and privations. The privation those heroic women felt most keenly was not their being separated by thousands and thousands of miles of land and sea from all their friends and kinsfolk, nor their exile in a rude, unsettled country, such as Indiana certainly was then, among a sparse and scattered population of whose language they were ignorant; all this, and material wants that often pressed upon them sorely, did not afflict the poor nuns nearly so much as the spiritual destitution to which the dearth of priests, and the immense distances between church and church, sometimes exposed them. They were often far more forlorn than on a certain new foundation where they had to walk a mile to Mass; but I am reminded of this case as a contrast to the consolations that you,

dear Sisters, enjoy, by a letter in which one of the nuns bewails the fact that the morning Mass was their only provision for the day, as a visit to the church in the evening would have interfered too much with the duties of the community. "It is a great consolation," she adds—and this is why I quote her—"it is a great consolation to visit the Blessed Sacrament. Oh, if we could have this privilege a few times in the week!" You, dear Sisters, have this privilege not merely a few times in the week, but as often in the day as the blessed routine of your duty permits. God forbid that this ease and this familiarity should make you undervalue the happiness that is yours.

You, too, my dear brethren, who do not (if I may put it so) share the ownership of this exquisite chapel with its Divine Tenant, but have only come from without to take part in this domestic festival of those who are within—perhaps out of the countless graces of which Emmanuel Chapel will through a long course of years be the source this may be the first, to inspire you this moment with the desire and the resolve to kneel before some other tabernacle as often as the duties and the pleasures (which are sometimes duties also) in your state of life will allow you.

There is a pious fancy that, when we enter any church for the first time, any church in which we have never prayed before, we are sure to obtain the grant of the first petition offered up by us in that sacred spot. If we have not yet exercised this privilege in this new home, of which our Hidden God has this morning taken possession, earning afresh the sweet name we have so often repeated, what more appropriate object could there be for our first prayer in Emmanuel Chapel than to beg for a larger portion of the eucharistic spirit of her whose name and memory are here enshrined? Would this be too solemn a form for such a petition? O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst fill the heart of Thy handmaid, Mary Emmanuel, with the most tender love for the Sacrament of Thy love, grant that we also may feel our hearts burning within us and may know Thee in the breaking of bread. Be Thou for us also our Emmanuel, "Nobiscum Deus," "God with us"—with us through life and in death and for all eternity.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, you darling, and is it yourself come at last ?
We thought how the spring was delaying, the winter would never
be past !

But Happy-go-lucky is here, and with her the breathing of spring,
And the earth has awoken from sleep, and the birds are beginning
to sing.

Oh, God made the sun for the day, and God made the moon for
the night,
And God has made Happy-go-lucky to give us dear joyaunce
and light—

It's Happy-go-lucky they call you because you are always content
As to whether the guineas are coming, or whether the guineas are
spent.

It's Happy-go-lucky they call you because they are sure you can
do

With an outside unhandsome if only the inside be lovely and
true :

For, under the tarnished and ugly, and under the sordid and
mean,

You see with the eyes of the spirit the fair and the good and the
clean.

The dew of the dawn on your soul, the rose of the dawn on your
face ;

The gold of the dawn on your hair, in your going its delicate
grace.

Oh, the laughter at home on your lip ! Oh, the pureness at home
on your brow !

I think, my beloved, that you never have broken your
Baptism-vow.

The hour that I looked on you first, my beautiful lady, you trod
With sweet, serene joy of a soul just fresh from the blessing of
God,

As you left the old priest and drew nigh to the shrine of the
Heart of the Lord,
And you knelt, and I knelt, in the silence, and loved Him, and
praised, and adored.

The next time I saw you, my dear, you were dancing. O young
and O sweet,
And O happy, the joy of your heart was the rippling delight of
your feet ;
Your body made loveliest rhythm, gold-girdled, pearl-necklaced,
white-clad ;—
And the next time I saw you, you sat by a sick-bed your presence
made glad.

You loosened your tongue's dearest music, and, oh ! to that music
there clung
A taste of the brogue that was making your English so sweet on
the tongue :
Your words were the exquisite garb of your exquisite feeling and
thought,
And the hospital ward was an Eden where sorrow and pain were
as nought.

Right glad be our hearts and rejoicing because of His goodness
who chose
This garden of ours to make lovely with odour and bloom of a
rose,
This rose of His Paradise earthly, in beauty exceedingly fair,
Which Mary has nurtured for Jesus, and one day will give Him
to wear.

EMILY HICKEY.

TERRESTRIAL GARDENS

"TO do something worthy the writing, and to write it myself when I have done it," was the ambition of Lydgate, the doctor in *Middlemarch*, the story of whose thwarted life forms one of the underplots of that chronicle of effort and failure, great aims and small achievement. Such an ambition is not always easy of attainment, the ability to do practical work being seldom found in combination with the literary faculty, that power of selecting and combining facts, and then fusing the whole into a new substance through the force of the writer's personality. It seems to be among the lovers of gardens that this practical knowledge and literary skill are oftenest united; perhaps because gardening is often a pursuit of educated women, who have, moreover, sufficient time at their disposal to record their experience.

Among the first of these garden records was Mrs. Earle's *Pot Pourri in a Surrey Garden*, followed later on by *More Pot Pourri*, and *A Third Pot Pourri*. The title is descriptive, the books being a varied mixture of facts and fancies, garden lore and housewifery, opinions on education, the arrangement of houses and furniture, and questions of health. But the garden lore predominates, as the rose-leaves do in the actual pot pourri. It comprises descriptions of the writer's Surrey garden, of plants suited to different environments, with directions for their treatment, and many hints as to the arrangement of gardens of different sizes and in various surroundings, even for that of the London back-yard, miscalled a garden, which she thinks should be tiled, furnished with a hose, as a protection against smuts, and decorated with plants in tubs, ornamental vases or pots. Such a place would be rather an out-door sitting-room than a garden, but it might be made a means of securing for the dweller among walls and roofs a little air and sunshine, and a glimpse of growing plants. It would be difficult to know what to call such a spot, the word yard having such squalid associations for us; although in America it seems to be used for the space in front of a house, even when planted with grass and trees. Yard and garden are etymologically the same, the one being a softened form of the other,

which is cognate with the Latin *hortus* ; yet, can anything be more unlike than the ideas evoked by the two words ?

Another arrangement suggested by Mrs. Earle is the Dutch garden, a square or oblong space in the midst of a lawn, sunk to the depth of five feet, and surrounded by a brick wall, rising to a height of three feet above the original level of the ground. The walls should be covered with roses and other creepers ; wide beds should run along them, bordered by tiled paths with spaces between the tiles for mosses and small Alpine plants. The rest of the garden should be grass, with sundial, fountain or small pond in the centre ; the latter containing water-plants growing in sunken baskets and gold fish. Access to the garden is given by brick steps in the centre of each side. Such a garden would, as the author of *Pages from a Private Diary* points out, be somewhat costly to make ; but once made, it would be easily kept in order ; while the tiled paths would dry quickly after rain. Mrs. Earle has a strong objection to grass in small gardens, and, indeed, it is somewhat difficult to keep neat ; but it seems to me that half the charm of a garden lies in its greenness.

She also describes an Irish home where " a magnificent effect has been gained by turning a large old walled kitchen garden into a flower garden, preserving the old, picturesque apple and pear-trees for the sake of their blossoms in spring and as supports for various creepers in summer. It had all the picturesqueness of a large, half-wild Italian garden, and all the beauty of each plant being perfectly healthy in itself which I have never seen anywhere so good as in the best of our gardens.* At this particular time of year (May) this walled garden is reached by a walk out through a field of young grass, full of beautiful long-stalked single tulips. There had been broad sweeps of fine daffodils, but these were nearly over."

Miss Gertrude Jekyll's books, *Wood and Garden* and *Home and Garden*, deal with a larger kingdom than Mrs. Earle's, and her object appears to be the attainment of picturesque effects rather than the mere cultivation of rare or even beautiful flowers, although the two are happily not incompatible. Her garden is one that lends itself readily to this treatment, being surrounded

* Compare Coleridge's discrimination of poetry from all other species of literature having for its object pleasure and not truth, as "proposing to itself such delight from the whole as is compatible with a distinct gratification from each component part"—(*Biographia Literaria*, chap. xiv.).

by woods, into which it merges; the debatable border land being utilised for the growth of primroses, daffodils, foxgloves, and such half-wild plants. She describes her rhododendron beds and their colour scheme, and the manner in which she fills up the spaces between the bushes with cistus, large ferns, and andromedas, with here and there groups of tall Japan lilies, which come into bloom when the rhododendron flowers are gone, thus maintaining the beauty of this portion of the garden throughout the spring and summer. Mrs. Earle plants camellias under the shelter of the rhododendron bushes; but I think Miss Jekyll's arrangement must be more picturesque.

Miss Jekyll likes to have separate gardens for special flowers—a primrose garden, a peony garden, and even one for Michaelmas daisies and wallflowers. She also speaks of a garden which she would plant if she had space for it—a garden of aromatic herbs and shrubs. It would contain cistus and rosemary and lavender, the myrtle-leaved rhododendron and the bog myrtle. There should grow in it hyssop and cat-mint and sage and marjoram, and the ground should be carpeted with thyme and basil and other low-growing sweet herbs; so that anyone passing through this garden should be forced to brush against the taller shrubs and tread the smaller ones underfoot, so as to crush out their fragrance. Such a garden would not be difficult to make, and it would have the advantage of being permanent; the fragrance of most of these herbs being in the leaves, not in the flowers, and some of them—such are rosemary—being evergreen.

Another of the special features of Miss Jekyll's garden is what she calls the dry wall—a wall built of rough stones and loose earth, and planted with hardy ferns, saxifrages, cactuses, and a host of other plants adapted to such a habitat. This wall is about five feet wide at the base, and sloped so as to be only four feet at the top. It is built of loose stones, with earth between, and planted on the top with shrubs, roses, briars, berberis, and juniper. It divides and shelters portions of the garden.

Many creepers and the methods of grouping them are also described—clematis, roses, woodbine, and even guelder roses, which, she says, do well trained against a wall. I wish she had said something about the arrangement of these flower apples when out. They look so pretty on the tree that one longs to bring them indoors, where it seems impossible to settle them satisfactorily in

bowls or jars, as the branches grow stiffly and the snowballs droop on their short stalks. Miss Jekyll speaks of the wild guelder rose; but I do not know what she means, as I have never seen any flower but a hydrangea in the least resembling a guelder rose.

In speaking of the colours of flowers, Miss Jekyll notes the careless and misleading way in which these are indicated in nursery-men's catalogues. Many people have little power of discriminating colour. Mr. Ruskin points out somewhere that the Greeks, exquisite as was their sense of form, appear to have been conscious of only the broadest distinctions in colour, and many moderns appear to suffer from the same disability. But so many varieties of colour take their names from flowers that it is difficult to define the precise shades of the flowers themselves. In fact, most subdivisions of colour take their names from actual objects—rose colour, lilac, orange, violet, pea-green, myrtle-green, lavender, olive, being all from plants. From precious stones we have ruby, emerald, amethyst, and from living things mouse and fawn colour, salmon pink and peacock blue. The writer of *Under the Cedars and the Stars* notes the unpleasant impression made upon him by the dirty yellow garments of some convicts of a dangerous class which he once saw while saying Mass in a convict prison—Spike Island apparently—and he appears to dislike yellow in consequence. Yet it is the colour of crocuses, laburnum, furze, children's hair, amber, topaz, and ripe corn, raw silk, flax, cream, honey, and the sunset sky.

M. Alphonse Karr, the author of the *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*, gives us no information as to the size, aspect, or arrangement of the scene of his travels, although from the trees he mentions as growing in it, and the brooks that he tells us run through it, we may infer that it is not small. He seems to be more interested in the birds and insects to be found there than in the plants, and he gives much information concerning the dwellings, places, food, and metamorphoses of butterflies, bees, and ants—information acquired apparently by much patient observation. He arouses our interest in the mason bee, whose store of food for her unhatched larvæ is in danger of being appropriated by another insect for the benefit of her own posterity, although he appears inclined, manlike, to accept her gauzy wings and brilliant colouring—crimson, purple, and green—as a justification of her unscrupulous conduct; and when at length, after a fierce struggle, she

succeeds in depositing her eggs in the nursery prepared and provisioned by the bee, whose unlucky grub will thereby die of starvation, his sympathies are evidently on the side of the successful (and beautiful) aggressor.

M. Karr also loves to have birds in his garden, planting berry-bearing shrubs for their benefit; the scarlet-berried mountain ash and holly, crimson-fruited hawthorn; the ivy with its dark-green clusters; and the yet darker berried bay and privet. He speaks of the wren—*le roitelet*, the little pinch of brown and grey feathers which runs about on old walls, and builds its roofed nest under the eaves; as well as of the true or golden-crested wren, to whom, properly speaking, belongs the name *roitelet*, since it is he who wears upon his head "the likeness of a kingly crown"; the little cress or tuft of yellow feathers which gives him the right to his name.* It is curious that this royal title is given to him in many languages—Latin, Greek, Dutch, Swedish, and Danish—his name in the two latter tongues, *fugl konunge* and *fugl konge*, recalling the familiar "The wren, the wren, the king of all birds," of his enemies the boys on St. Stephen's Day. There is, however, nothing of this meaning either in the Irish name *oipeoilín*, or the English wren. I know neither the origin of *oipeoilín*, nor how to find it out, since the academicians who rule the Irish language sternly repress all inquiries concerning the derivation of words, and all attempts to elucidate grammatical difficulties by comparison with other languages; insisting that students of Irish shall concentrate their attention on the idioms proper to the affairs of everyday existence, anyone who disobeys these edicts being dubbed a scholar, which term seems in the Irish of the twentieth century to be one of contempt.

I have far too much respect for the term scholar to run any risk of its being applied to me, but, I suppose, if I state that I have constructed the following hypothesis, as the amateur carpenter did the table, "entirely out of my own head," that the word is in no danger. May not *oipeoilín* be derived from the same word as the French *drôle*, the English *droll*, i.e., the Scandinavian *trole* or *troll*, a hobgoblin, merry imp? The Trolls were, I think, industrious as well as merry, and the name would,

* The name *basiliak* (Gk. *βασιλικός*, king) is also due to the crown-like mark on the head of the species of lizard to whom the fabulous characteristics of the *basiliak* were attributed.

therefore, be quite suitable to the bright, busy little bird. But I speak with all submission to authority. If my presumption provokes one of the Forty to be false to his principles, and give the proper derivation of the word, my end will have been attained.

Talking of words, it is odd that the English caterpillar is derived from provincial French, *chatte pelouse*, hairy cat, while the correct French term *chenille*, Latin *cunicula*, comes from the fancied likeness to a dog found in the head of a certain species of caterpillar.

I think the expression a "blue rose," denoting impossible happiness, originated with M. Karr:—

"Le bonheur n'est pas une rose bleue, le bonheur est l'herbe des pelouses, le liseron des champs, le rosier des haies, un mot, un chant, n'importe quoi. Le bonheur n'est pas un diamant gros comme une maison, c'est une mosaïque de petites pierres dont aucune souvent n'a une valeur générale et réelle pour les autres. Ce gros diamant, cette rose bleue, ce bonheur monolithe, est une rêve."

And yet we begin our lives with a search for this monolith, this impossible flower, and it is only after long experience of failure that we begin to grow red roses, and to put together the mosaic of small satisfactions, tiny successes, and infinitesimal scraps of happiness.

Blue Roses was the title of a book, now apparently forgotten, which appeared a good many years ago. The story of a Russian girl, a princess, who married an English country squire, thinking that she had secured her blue rose: to be bitterly disappointed in the humdrum life and commonplace affection which seemed to him all that a reasonable woman should look for.

Lord Acton alludes in one of his letters to the name Blue Rose given by his correspondent to his projected and never-finished work, *The History of Liberty*, and tells her that he has met the author of the story (Miss Dempster) at Cannes. The somewhat similar title, *Yellow Aster*, of a more modern and far inferior novel, denotes not the impossible or ideal good, but merely the abnormal.

It is strange that flowers of the same species are so seldom to be found in the three primary colours, gardeners having never succeeded in growing blue roses, yellow asters, or red pansies. The only flower occurring in all three colours which I can recollect is the columbine, which is to be found in various shades of blue

and purple, apparently the original colour, and also in scarlet and yellow ; but in the two latter colours the shape of the flower has deteriorated. In fact cultivation seems always to impair the shape of flowers, while intensifying their colour and scent. It is only when we attempt to make a pencil outline of a hot-house flower that we realise how utterly destitute of form it is, while new beauties are continually revealed by applying the same test to the wild flowers.

At the foot of an old wall in M. Karr's garden he discovered the den or trap of the ant lion, a conical depression in the dry sand, in the depths of which he lies in wait for the fly, ant, or spider who incautiously skirts its unstable verge. Down the unlucky insect comes, its descent quickened by the showers of sand flung by its enemy, who uses his broad, flat head as a shovel both for the sand and for the rejected head of its victim, the only portion he does not eat.

Mrs. Brightwen, the author of several volumes of notes and observations on natural history, describes some of these insects which a friend sent her from the Riviera, as they are not to be found in more northerly latitudes. The insects were placed in a box filled with silver sand, where they soon constructed traps in which they caught the ants with which their box was kept supplied. After some time they entered the pupa stage of their existence, spinning cocoons of perfectly spherical form, covered with little grains of sand. At the end of seven weeks they emerged in the form of small dragon flies with black-spotted gauzy wings.

Mrs. Brightwen seems to value her garden chiefly for the sake of the birds and wild animals that inhabit it. She seems to possess a wonderful power of taming wild creatures, even butterflies responding to her advances, and allowing themselves to be caged and fed with drops of honey from her fingers. She is somewhat of an invalid, and has thus time to devote to the feeding and taming of her pets, and she gives many hints which will be found useful by those who wish to do likewise.

Her notes on the feeding of wild birds are particularly interesting. She tells how she puts out Indian corn and peas for the wood pigeons ; beech nuts and acorns for jackdaws, rooks, and magpies ; sultana raisins for thrushes and blackbirds, and pieces of fat and suet for the tom tits. These latter are most amusing of all, I

think. I once knew a house where a large crab tree grew close to one of the drawing-room windows. It was beautiful in spring, with the pink-tinted blossoms, and in autumn with little brown and red apples growing thick upon its branches, and it was generally crowded with blue-cap tits, who ran along the branches often upside down, quarrelled, and chirped, and pecked at the apples, and came every now and then to the window sill close by for the chopped suet and bread crumbs which always awaited them. The house changed owners after a time, and the first thing the new tenants did was to cut down the crab tree.

Mr. Lowell's *Garden Acquaintance* comprises robins, yellow birds, orioles, jays, cat birds, and—humming birds. Fancy having humming birds in one's garden. Winged emeralds, he calls them, whose nests are mossy acorn cups; the nestlings black needles, with a tuft of down at one end.

Mr. Lowell also speaks of a cuckoo's nest built year after year in his garden; so the American cuckoo must be a bird of more domestic habits than her eastern cousin. He makes a remark, which seems strange at first, that there are more song birds in Europe than in America, because there are fewer forests there. It is because the forests are the homes of the hawk and owl, and also because the food of the smaller birds is more abundant in the neighbourhood of man.

There was a paper in the *Spectator*, a few years ago, suggesting that, with a view to the multiplication of butterflies in the London parks, the plants on which caterpillars feed should be planted therein. This practical suggestion evoked letters of remonstrance from more than one amateur gardener, pointing out that many caterpillars feed on beautiful plants and trees, which would, of course, be injured and disfigured by their voracious little guests, and that even in the cases of those caterpillars such as the larvæ of the red admiral or painted lady, which feed on nettles, thistles, and other weeds, it would be impossible to strike the balance of vegetable and insect life so accurately as to prevent the wholesale growth of weeds throughout the parks and their neighbourhood. It is a pity that the *Spectator's* idea cannot be carried out, as butterflies, the real flower fairies, add much to the beauty of a garden.

Elizabeth and her German Garden is the attractive title of a slim, sage-green volume; but whoever buys this or its sequel, *The*

Solitary Summer, in the hope of obtaining hints on the subject of gardening, will be disappointed, as Elizabeth seems to value her garden chiefly to loiter or read in. The house to which it belongs was once a convent; but the nuns were driven from it by Gustavus Adolphus, and we are not told how it came into the possession of the Man of Wrath, as Elizabeth invariably calls her husband, although he appears to be, as husbands go, well trained. The only information she gives as to the whereabouts of her garden is the statement that it is three hours' drive from the shores of the Baltic. As, however, the summer labourers on the estate are Russians, who migrate for the purpose, we may conclude that it is near the Russian frontier. It seems to be a bright and sunny spot, and to contain flowers of much the same kinds as those in our own gardens. She speaks of lilacs, pink and purple, mauve and white; of many kinds of roses; of poppies, daffodils, narcissus, tulips, and foxgloves and mulleins. Her gardening appears to be of a somewhat happy-go-lucky description, and her successes to be due rather to soil and climate than to the industry and skill of either herself or her successive gardeners. She once expressed a wish to be a man, in order that she might take a spade into her own hands and garden, but it does not seem to occur to her that she could do so without such a metamorphosis. Her sole attempt at gardening appears to have been some surreptitious planting achieved one Sunday when the gardener was at dinner, and her energies evaporate in the purchase of seeds in vast quantities. It is not easy to make out her nationality. Her husband and children are certainly German and she sometimes speaks as if she were so too, but she writes and apparently speaks fluent English, while she is as unlike the typical German Frau as can well be imagined, scorning housekeeping, needlework, and apparently all serious care of her children, though she is generally ready to amuse herself with their quaint sayings, and puzzled speculations on things in general. They are known as the April baby, the May baby and the June baby—although the eldest is five years old—and appear to have no other names.

Elizabeth "loves tulips better than any other spring flowers. Their faint delicate scent is refinement itself, and is there anything in the world more charming than the sprightly way in which they hold up their little faces to the sun?" Sweet peas are also favourites

of hers, "and in the house there is no arrangement of flowers so lovely as a bowl of sweet peas, or of a Delft jar filled with them." She wishes to have a border filled altogether with yellow flowers; marigolds, nasturtiums, zinnias, dahlias, sunflowers, yellow violas, yellow sweet peas (are there such things?) and yellow lupins. If the various shades of yellow were properly mixed, such a border would be pretty, and not difficult to make, as yellow flowers are commoner than those of any other colour. I wonder what the writer of *Under the Cedars and the Stars* would say to it.

The German garden in winter seems to be a wonderful combination of snow and sunshine. Elizabeth had tea in the garden one snowy day, well wrapped up in furs, and another day when there was "deep snow, hard frost, no wind, and a cloudless sky," she and her guests went for a pic-nic to the shores of the Baltic, travelling in a sledge.

"For a long way out the sea was frozen, and then there was a deep blue line, and a cluster of motionless orange sails; at our feet, a narrow strip of pale yellow sand; right and left a line of sparkling forest; and we ourselves standing in a world of white and diamond traceries."

Having admired this, Elizabeth and company sat in the sledge and picnicked on sandwiches and soup, the latter being heated in a little apparatus Elizabeth has for such occasions. The only drawback to their happiness was the difficulty they had found in eating sandwiches in fur gloves, the cold being too great to allow of their removal, and the result being that they swallowed as much fur as sandwich.

Elizabeth loves books as well as flowers, her favourite including Jane Austin's works and Miss Mitford's, those of Ruskin, Herbert Spencer, Walter Pater, Matthew Arnold, Thoreau, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Hawthorne; Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, White's *Selborne*, and that book which no heroine's library seems to be without, the *Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*.

It is a pity that these books, most of which are the genuine records of faithful work, should, with the partial exception of Mrs. Earle's, be limited to gardening. No one who reads the enquiry columns of a lady's newspaper at the present day can fail to be struck with the interest shown therein in all manner of household problems: choice of food, methods of cooking, apportioning expenditure, apparatus, and organisation of service. It is a pity that

some woman experienced in the management of a household does not give us the benefit of her experience, as Mrs. Earle and Miss Jekyll do in another sphere. Such a book might be written by the mother of a family; not too large a one, as in that case she would scarcely have energy left for the scientific and artistic side of her work; or by the domestic ruler of a republic of brothers and sisters. The book of the latter would be more interesting from the housewife's point of view, as it would not be complicated with the education question, which could scarcely be eliminated from the work of the housemother. It should contain something (not too much) about food in its chemical and hygienic aspects; something about furniture and the arrangement of rooms; much about the organization of the household and the fitting up of store-rooms and offices; and something about the arrangements by which the various members of a family might have facilities for carrying on their various employments without hindrance from housewife or housemaid. A home is too often the slaughter-house of individual tastes and pursuits. Many a woman's youth has been sacrificed to the superstition of keeping the best of eight rooms sacred to visitors, and compelling the family to carry on all their pursuits, intellectual and industrial, in the time and space left over from meals. Any one whose advice or influence can hinder such waste of life and energy will do much to increase the sum of human happiness in the future.

KATHARINE ROCHE.

AN IRISH HILL

My Irish hill, my love alone,—
My Queen with pearls of beauty strewn!
The morning gales in joy caress
The vesture of her loveliness;
Emerald sheen the texture rare,
And apple blossoms in her hair;
Oh! oft, I trow, in days of yore
Bards sang the praise of Fedamore.

'Twas here the ancient forest stood,*
O'er hill and dale a giant wood ;
From Shanid west to Cashel east
It sheltered many a noble beast ;
And many a thrush and blackbird sung
Its waving Irish oaks among ;
While many a thundering battle's roar
Arose and swelled round Fedamore.

Beside Lough Gur on Ainee's mound
Was Brian of the Strong Hand crowned ;
In Aherlow with sway secure
Fitz Gerald ruled from Feale to Suir.
And these with many a knight and lord,
And lady fair and glowing bard,
From Cratloe Hills to Galtee-mor,
Held revel high in Fedamore.

* * * * *

All, all are gone ! But still remain
The pleasant hill, the lovely plain,
The distant view, the light, the air,
And birds and blossoms everywhere—
The children laughing in the street,
And truest hearts that ever beat ;
Oh, heaven bless thee o'er and o'er,
My Fedamore ! sweet Fedamore.

R. O. K.

* The great forest stretched all along throughout the great plain of Idmerick ; and many have derived the name of Fedamore from this great forest of ancient time.

IN THE OLD COUNTRY

A Story

CHAPTER LXX

TERESA HAS A SURPRISE

MRS. HARNETT met Teresa at the door. "Sakes alive, child, I thought you were lost. Here's that Jack-an-apes—Dyer" (Mrs. Harnett flushed)—Out with the General's death to your grandmother before I'd time to give him a nudge. She's off with the crying now and we know without telling how that ends. 'Since you've set her off,' I says, 'you'd better wait and see her through it.' 'A little sal-volatile,' he says, 'before she gets to the paroxysms.' Heard you ever the like? Paroxysms; I'd like to give him paroxysms himself, the whipper-snapper."

"I'll go to Grannie." Teresa put down her basket. "Is the Doctor still there, mother?"

"There? I should think he was there. What have I been telling you? But he's never in any great hurry to go, so far as I can see."

Teresa looked at her mother, struck by something in her tones, but, before she had time to speak, Mrs. Harnett (to use one of her own expressions) had again snapped her up!

"Well, you needn't look at me as if you'd never seen me before. My word, Teresa, I'm so put out I scarce know where I am. Men's fools all round and that's the best you can say of them."

"Poor Dr. Dyer! I am sure he did not mean to upset Grannie."

"Any more than other folk. Well, I'll grant him that much." Mrs. Harnett spoke in injured tones. "None can say *I* gave him encouragement."

Teresa puzzled, looked again at her mother. "I had better run to Grannie at once. Perhaps when I have told her his Lordship was asking about her, she will forget the General."

"His Lordship! Lord's sake, Teresa, where did you see him?"

"He and Mr. Amphlett had driven up about the opening of the vault."

"To be sure," the mother nodded. "But what have you done with Mr. Lycett? I've got his supper ready."

"He did not come up the hill again," Teresa said with momentary hesitation, and turned her face aside.

"Not up the hill again! Teresa," the mother put out her hand under the girl's chin and turned her face towards her. "Don't tell me you have again refused Mr. Lycett?"

"I should have told you later. Mother, you know you want me to be happy. Let me go to Grannie now and I will tell you all by and by."

"I believe your heart's a stone," Mrs. Harnett cried with indignation. "But where's the good of trying to make you out? There's not a girl in the parish that wouldn't have been in your shoes. And see here, Teresa, things change; your Grannie won't live for ever, and no one knows what may come about, and there's some don't like changes. But there! I don't know what I'm talking about."

Perplexed, Teresa picked up the hat and gloves she had put down on the table.

"You think I'm off my head? Well, I wouldn't say but I am," Mrs. Harnett went on. "But off with you to your grandmother, or that Dyer'll think I've handed her over to him for good and all. But 'he that sets the mill on fire may quench it.' That's a saying he can take to heart. If he wants his glass of sherry, he'll find it in the parlour." Mrs. Harnett whisked off towards the kitchen.

Teresa found the solemn young doctor, if possible, more solemn-faced than ever, sitting by her grandmother's side. Experience had taught the girl that the best way of soothing the patient was to try and divert her thoughts to another groove, and with a nod of greeting to the young man, she took her grandmother's hand.

"Who do you think had been asking about you, grannie? His Lordship?"

Mrs. Makepeace's tears were arrested, and she turned with triumph to Dr. Dyer. "There! what did I tell you? The

General dead, indeed ! Is it likely his Lordship would be driving about and his uncle ready to be put in his coffin ? ”

“ I am sure I am very sorry,” began the luckless young man.

“ Leave her to me,” Teresa whispered. “ Mother said would you please go to the parlour.”

“ Mrs. Harnett is very kind.” The young man reddened. “ Believe me, Miss Harnett, I am distressed that I should have agitated your grandmother. There is always the sedative ; but sedatives lower the tone, and Mrs. Harnett advised waiting till you came home.”

“ My grandmother and I understand each other,” the girl returned with a smile. “ I don’t think the attack is going to be a bad one.”

“ At Mrs. Makepeace’s age every attack weakens,” the young man said with gloom. “ If Mrs. Harnett will allow me, I shall wait till you can report whether she is likely to settle down for the night. Believe me, it will be a comfort to make some amends. I will not trouble her now by trying to feel her pulse.”

Teresa waited till the door had shut. “ There now, grannie, he has gone, and I am going to tell you all the news. What do you think his Lordship was driving ? The mare her Ladyship bought. Mother will be proud when I tell her. Think of Judy in his Lordship’s dog-cart.”

“ Better his Lordship’s any day than Dyer’s,” the old woman returned vindictively. “ A fine hearing it will be for the neighbours when you and I are turned out. A pretty laughing-stock she’ll make of herself, and a fine pair they’ll be. If your father turned in his grave, I’d never wonder.”

“ Grannie, you don’t think mother would marry Dr. Dyer ? ”

“ Dr. Dyer’ll marry your mother, and that’s the same with a difference.”

“ Why, grannie, he might be her son ! ”

“ What’s that to do with it ? She’s a fine woman *with her pocket full of cash*. Oh, Dyer won’t be bad to her. I’m not too old not to know the cut of Dyer. She might do worse, and it was bound to come. I’ve seen him making his sheep’s eyes at her from the first day he came, and—hark you, Teresa ” (the old woman lowered her voice), “ *the best sherry from the very first day*. Don’t think I don’t know it. The best sherry—that’s what she gives him. Well, I never thought to live to see you with a step-

father. But out we'll go; I'll not stop to see him lord it here." In her excitement Mrs. Makepeace sat up in bed. "Best sherry for him, and never a drop for her mother." Tears were again not far off.

"I'll tell you what, grannie. You shall have an egg beat up with sherry. You would like that?"

Again the old woman's thoughts were diverted. "The *best* sherry, mind your, Teresa—the *best*. Your father bought the dozen at the Crown sale, when old Trueman went out and the Birchalls came in."

"Yes, grannie, the *best*. Lie quiet a moment and I'll run down and get it, and I'll beat it up here. You like to see me whisk it?"

Mrs. Makepeace nodded, and then began to chuckle. "It'll be a glass the less for him, and your mother won't like it. A full glass, Teresa; mind you a full glass."

"Yes, grannie, a full glass and a new-laid egg. Lie quite still and I shall not be a minute. You promise me to lie still?"

"Yes, yes! and a bit of sponge-cake. You'll bring me a sponge-cake. Once Elizabeth Lycett and I made a sponge cake, and we put a ring and a thimble in the dough and a crooked sixpence; and Elizabeth got the ring, and James got the sixpence, and we never got the thimble at all; and it was Mrs. Lycett's best silver one. Many a time I've thought of it, for Mrs. Lycett was mad about it, but we were just a party of young ones amusing ourselves. I'd like to see Elizabeth again; she was as good a one as ever lived, and now they tell me the General's dead" (the words came with composure)—"and he thought a deal of Elizabeth. I knew he'd go before me. I have told your mother many a time; and I'll go next, but not till I'm ready. When Father Matthew comes everything goes out of my head; but I can't do what I can't do. 'Father,' says I, 'I know I have been sharp with my tongue,' and says he, 'Now, let us see.' Oh, he's a fine confessor—Father Matthew. But there! the General's dead, Elizabeth's gone, and your mother's going to marry Dyer, and there's nothing for us but to turn out. Where is my egg? Don't you turn neglectful like your mother, Teresa."

Once more exacting a promise from the old woman that she would not stir till she came back, Teresa ran down stairs. It was a relief to find that her grandmother was inclined to take any

nourishment, and it would be an amusement for her to watch her beat the egg, and then there was the possibility of her settling down to sleep. She was glad, too, to be able to assure the Doctor that her grandmother was herself again. She opened the parlour door to find her mother and the Doctor deep in confab. A half-finished glass of the famous sherry stood before the young man, while another, brimming over, which she knew had merely been raised to her lips in courtesy, stood by her mother's side.

The girl explained her errand.

"Here," the mother cried. "Take my glass. My lips won't poison her, and it would have gone back to the bottle." (Teresa saw the young man, at this speech, look at his own glass askance.) "It's a mercy she's taken a notion to something. The Doctor here's in a way at having upset her, but, as I say to him, who knows, now-a-days, what's to put her in a way?"

The young man, with rather a shamefaced expression, began again to apologize for his misdeeds, but was interrupted by his hostess. "Don't you be a-worrying yourself. Teresa understands. She's the only one of us that never puts her grannie out. How she manages, I don't know. But she's not one to let her tongue run away. That may be convent training, but her father was the same." Mrs. Harnett gave what was for her a sigh. "Teresa's her father's daughter."

"And her mother's." The solemn-faced young man bowed.

Mrs. Harnett's comely face grew red. "You're given to flattering, Doctor."

"To praise where praise is due. There are not many women like you in the world, Mrs. Harnett. Would Miss Teresa have been ——"

"We'll leave Teresa out of the question, if you please." Mrs. Harnett interrupted hastily. "It won't please Teresa if she sees her mother making a fool of herself."

It was the young man's turn to redden.

"Oh, I know what you'll say, but I never was one to cheat myself," Mrs. Harnett went on. "You've told me your age, so I know it, and I've told you mine and you know it."

"The happiest unions"——the young man protested, but only to be again interrupted.

"I'm not saying you mayn't have taken a notion of me, as I, maybe, have of you; but I never was one to hurry matters and

I must have my time, and, now, if you've finished, it's time I was in the kitchen. I'm not going to have another batch of loaves spoiled just for want of an eye over the girl." Mrs. Harnett dispatched her suitor without even offering him a hand.

Mrs. Makepeace was asleep, her hand in Teresa's, when, her loaves in the oven, Mrs. Harnett came upstairs. She stood looking from the old face to the young one before she spoke.

"She's all right?" She motioned towards her mother.

Teresa nodded her reply. Mrs. Makepeace had half-opened her eyes.

Mrs. Harnett sat down and taking up Teresa's work went on with it till the girl was able to release herself and come to her side.

"You've disappointed me, Teresa." She laid the work on her knee. "But maybe he's spoken too soon. You're not one, like some of them, to chop and change in a minute. Whenever I think of that Tracy—well, I'll say no more, but he'll be paid off in his own coin, and that you'll see."

Teresa sat in silence by the table.

"I'd say he was of the faithful kind" (Teresa understood that the pronoun referred to the American), "but who's to know? My home's yours till the day I die; but there might be changes, as I've said before, and I'd have been glad to see you settled with a man like Lycett."

"What would grannie do?"

Teresa tried to smile. Why did her mother speak of changes? There was something in her manner that was unlike herself.

"Your grannie won't live for ever." The words were outspoken, but Teresa, who understood her mother, knew they were not brutal. Mrs. Makepeace, when her hour came, would have no more sincere mourner than her daughter.

"Poor grannie!" The grand-daughter turned to look at the bed.

"It's what we all come to, Teresa. Would you call me old?"

"Old? No, mother, not old."

"That Dyer could scarcely take it in when I told him the years I counted. I have never been ashamed of them, and so I told him."

"Yes, we must all grow old." Teresa acquiesced, still wondering what was the matter with her mother.

"There's some of us feel younger than our years, and some of us never were young. Dyer, now—I bet you he was solemn in the cradle."

Teresa, in all her trouble, could not restrain a laugh. "Yes, indeed, mother, now you say it. I think one can very well imagine what Dr. Dyer looked like as a child."

"He's not wanting in sense, except, may be, as I told him, *in one thing*."

"Upsetting, grannie! You can't forgive him, mother!"

Mrs. Harnett fixed her eyes on her daughter's face. "There's no use beating about the bush. You're as thick as wood, Teresa. Some can make up their minds at once as to what they want, and that, he says, is what he did."

"I don't understand." Teresa was unwillingly wakening to the truth.

"The long and short of it is"—Mrs. Harnett began to snip a piece of paper to bits with the scissors—"Dyer says he took a notion to me the first time he saw me."

"Mother!"

"Queerer things have happened, and that's what he says himself. It isn't the young ones that make the best wives."

"Oh, mother!"

"You needn't '*oh-mother*' me," Mrs. Harnett cried. "You don't think I'm going to jump down the man's throat the first time of asking?"

"I think it was very impertinent of him," Teresa said, with a heat that made her mother open her eyes.

"It's not impertinence in an honest man to tell you what he thinks of you," she returned with equal heat. "You needn't think you're to have all the sweethearts to yourself."

The girl's face grew crimson, and the tears sprang to her eyes; and, in a moment, Mrs. Harnett had relented.

"See here, Teresa! You know what my tongue is, and—I'm that upset. 'She's not the only one that, thanks to you, is suffering from that complaint,' I says out to him pat when he was in a way about your grandmother."

"But, mother, you cannot care for him; you have not seen him half-a-dozen times."

"Half-a-hundred times, and it would not make any odds. As for caring for him, I've told him I'll take my time to find that out."

"But that will make him think——. Oh, mother, think of father." Teresa dropped on her knees by her mother's side.

"Your father was that kind he only wanted folk to be happy. I've no fear about your father. But you're my one child, Teresa, and I'd never do anything that would contrary you, not if it cost me my right hand."

Teresa hesitated—but no, it would not be for her mother's happiness. "Mother, I do think you would repent it."

"With some I might, but Dyer's different. When he's talking, you'd feel he was as old as—well, we'll say Methusalah. Barring his years, there's nothing young about him, and youth's a fault, as the saying is, that's always mending."

"But——" Teresa paused.

"I'll grow older, too. That's truth; but wait till you see more of him and you'll understand. If Dyer goes on at the rate he's doing, by thirty he'll be as staid as Bucknill. The very coat of him you'd say was made of the pattern of his grandfather's. But I'll take my time, as I say, and if it's 'no' I give him, there'll be three turned from the house within the year. To think you wouldn't have Lycett!"

"You do not want me to marry a man I do not care for."

"There's no one you think more of than Lycett?"

"In one sense. Yes, mother, I do like and respect Mr. Lycett, and he knows I do."

"He may see some one else that won't put him off with liking and respect." Mrs. Harnett threatened with significance.

"I hope so, indeed—I hope so. He is very good, mother."

"The day may come when you won't sit down so content to be an old maid."

Teresa's face flushed. It was not the moment to open her heart to Mrs. Harnett. She must speak first to Father Consett.

"You'd queen it over them all. Dyer says, they do say his father's worth a million."

"You don't want to lose me, mother."

"Lose you? I'd rather lose myself and all I had into the bargain. But a husband's more than a mother, you mind that. If you crossed the sea with Lycett, I don't say I wouldn't have the heart-ache, but I'd never mind the ache if I knew you were happy. That is the way with mothers, as you'll, may be, know some day."

Teresa laid her cheek upon her mother's hand. "You only want me to be happy, I know that, mother."

"Happy your own way; that's what you're after. I have seen you unhappy, and near about broke my heart. You'll always get your way with me, Teresa, just because I'm a softy."

"Not a softy." The girl again rubbed her cheek against the hand.

"More of a softy than you'd think, so far as you go, and, may be, somebody else. Please yourself about Lycett, though I'm sorry for him; and, mind you, if changes come, I warned you of them. And, now, while I've the chance, and before your grandmother wakes,—the gig'll have to go to the funeral to show our respect. I was thinking it might fall in with the tail end of the carriages about the foot of Shotover Hill. I'll have a bit of crape put round your father's hat (keep a thing, as I'm always saying, and you'll find its good at last), and Peter's got a good black coat of his own, so there'll be no useless spending. Well, I for one 'ill miss the General, and to think of him dying without chick or child of his own! Though it's all the better for his Lordship. Well, I'll be off and see what that fool of a girl's doing with the oven."

Teresa, at last, had time to think. James Lycett's proposal had almost faded from her thoughts. She knew her mother well enough to know that with her decided nature, to hesitate was, so to say, to be lost. Her mother and Dr. Dyer! Her whole nature rose in rebellion. She sobbed as she knelt at the centre table.

CHAPTER LXXI

A LOVERS' SQUABBLE

The day of the funeral had come and gone, and had found Mary Priddock still at The Towers. In the work-room opening off Lady Shotover's dressing-room, she did her dainty stitching, and wondered anxiously what had become of Jem.

He would write to her, she had told herself every hour since their meeting, and she blushed as she thought what the contents of the letter might be.

The only love-letter she had ever seen had been one of Molly Delaney's—a worn and torn half-sheet of paper, on which the

absent Delaney had scrawled a first profession of affection—"If you luv me as i luv you, no knife can out our luv in too." Beneath was drawn a circle emblematic of the wedding-ring and half a dozen crosses stood witness for so many embraces. This letter was to be buried with her, Molly had told her, as she put it back in the bag in which it hung round her neck, with a scapular and a medal or two strung on a length of tape.

If she had been a better wife, Delaney would have been a better husband, she had not, in her honesty, hesitated to add. "And now, he's off," she had added, between a laugh and a groan, "Many's the time I'm singing to the tune, that it's 'Absence makes the heart grow fonder.' But it'll be the old times over again if ever he gets back; and that I'm not denying."

"That will depend on yourself," Mary had returned, with severity ready to improve the occasion. "You know that well enough, Molly;" and Molly's eyes had twinkled, as she kissed the bag before knotting its string round her throat and slipping it back into its hiding place.

"We'd maybe find ourselves lonely without the squabbling," she had said, with a sly glance at the girl. "I'd rather have the whack from Delaney's fist than all the gold in England."

A strange new shyness as regarded Jem had taken possession of Mary Priddock. In the books she read the lover sued at his lady's feet; but how masterful Jem had been, and with what coolness he had taken for granted that, even as he loved her, she loved him. How had he found out the secret she had assured herself she was hiding so well? Had she ever hated him as she had pretended to Annie and Molly she hated him; or, was it——? Even in her own mind she did not finish the sentence; but, when Molly quoted that "Marriages were made in Heaven," did it mean that people like Jem and herself were made for one another? But what would his people say? How angry they would be! and he, would he never repent? If even she had *money*! "Fine feathers made fine birds," as Molly was so fond of saying, and if she had dresses like those of Lord Shotover's daughters, she could make herself look as well, she *knew* it, as any of the doctors', or lawyers', or manufacturers' wives she had had pointed out to her in Stockton.

Money, money, money—the girl's heart cried out for money; not, she tried to assure herself, for her own gratification, but to make herself a fit helpmate for the man she loved.

The day after the funeral she had been going over this train of thought when one of the maids brought her a letter—the letter she had looked for at last.

He had been waiting, Jem Tracy wrote, to send her a letter by a safe channel ; his hand was too well known to the Birchalls to make it safe to write to the Inn by post, unless he wished to set tongues wagging ; and while he was looking out for Molly he had heard, and by chance, that she had accepted an engagement at The Towers. What business had she to make any such arrangement without consulting him ? He never would have allowed her to take such a step. She must leave the house at once—that was as soon as she received his letter—and go back to the Hotel for a night ; and next morning he would take her up to town and put her under the care of a friend, a nurse who had been head of a ward in his Hospital, and who was now head of a Nursing Home of her own. It would be a good home for her till he could get away from Stockton, and Nurse Andrews, he did not doubt, would let them be married from her house ; and then—well, the world would lie before them ! And what would poverty or hardship be if they were together ? Then followed words which made the girl understand why Molly wore her bag so near her heart—words that, at first reading, fell like balm upon her heart. Jem *loved her*—how much, he said, words could not tell—but, once his own, he would prove the truth of what he wrote. No man had ever loved better than he loved—of that he felt sure—and no man had ever been prouder of his wife than he would be of her. And so the pages ran on to a warm and rapturous close. And her work forgotten, the girl leant back in her chair in a blissful dream.

Berthon came in on an errand, and she roused herself and caught up her seam ; but, the woman gone, she slipped the letter from under its hiding-place among the chiffon that lay on her lap. If she wasted a little time now, she would make up for her idleness by going later to bed ; but Jem had said she was to leave at once, the very moment she received his letter. Oh, she could not do that. Her best instincts rebelled against the step. Let her see exactly what he said.

This time she read the letter with cooler head, and something of the old feeling against Jem's dictatorial ways sprang to life. Jem was not her master, not her husband yet, to take it for granted she would obey his every order. She could not, it would

not be right, leave The Towers on such short notice, and go away with Jem, without a word to Mrs. Birchall, nor a good-bye to Molly and Peter, nor a sign to Father Matthew. No, she could not do it. *Annie* would not have liked it. *Annie* in death was as she had been in life, *Mary's* conscience.

When *Berthon* next came to her she would ask for pen and ink, and ask leave to go out and post her letter. She would post it herself that the servants might not wonder why she was writing to a doctor. Jem, from his profession, had many letters, and at *Stockton* hers, among many others, was not likely to attract notice.

It was not so easy to fill the black-edged sheets (which the maid as a matter of course, to save herself a journey to her own room, took from her mistress's writing-case). Two attempts were torn up and thrown away among the shreds of work. "Say what you've got to say and have done," had been Molly's advice one day when she had hesitated in some difficulty with a neighbour at *Baron's-court*, and this advice came to her mind now. She did not hesitate as *Teresa* had done over her first line, nor linger over an unfamiliar "*Jem*."

"Dear Dr. Tracy," she began, "I could not leave The Towers in such a hurry, and I must say good-bye to Mrs. Birchall, and there is a great deal to think about.—*Mary*." This was to the point, and Molly would have approved of it, but her lover would expect a little more. The girl sat with her pen in her hand till she heard a step in the passage. *Berthon* perhaps, again, and she added in haste. "I send you my love.—*M*." She closed the envelope, ran to her room to get her hat, and soon was on her way down the avenue leading to the village.

She had turned out of the Lodge gates and was beginning the climb of *Shotover Hill*, when she heard wheels behind her, and the next moment a dogcart was drawn up by her side, and *Jem Tracy*, leaping down, was standing beside her and her hand was under his arm.

"That's right. I am glad you are obedient," the young doctor cried. "I thought I had timed myself well."

The girl, startled, was too shy to speak.

"I am angry with you," *Jem* went on, pushing *Kitty's* nose aside ("keep your own side of the road, old lady"). I am angry with you. You have got to learn that you can't do exactly as

you like. Let Lady Shotover mend her own clothes. She is not going to have you as her slave."

Mary tried to draw her hand away, but Jem held it masterfully.

"No, no, leave it where it is. Is that my first love-letter? Here give it to me. We don't want to post it. Jump in, I'll drive you down to Shotover Bridge, and then you can walk the rest of the way. We don't want to set tongues wagging."

Mary did not give up the letter. "I wrote to tell you that I must stop my time at The Towers; it would not be fair to Lady Shotover."

"Oh, bother Lady Shotover! You are not going back—you make up your mind to that—you are going to do as you are told, Madam."

"I am not your wife yet." The girl's cheek flamed, and she stopped, ashamed, in the middle of her sentence.

Jem laughed. "No, but you are going to be, and that is the same thing. Here, jump in, or Kitty will be kicking up a row."

Mary Priddock shook her head.

"Come now," Jem protested. "Don't be obstinate."

"It is you that are obstinate." The girl managed to withdraw her hand. "I am going to stay at The Towers."

"You are, are you?"

"Till Lady Shotover does not want me."

"She does not want you now, and I do. Come now." Jem got hold of her hand again—"be reasonable, you will be as happy as the day is long with Nurse Andrews, and if old Bucknill will only look sharp and come to terms with Dyer we may be married in a month. We are neither of us afraid of roughing it, and something's sure to turn up. What's bread and water where there's love, eh?" Jem tried to draw his companion closer as he lowered his voice. "You know you have confessed that you love me."

"Yes, I know I love you." The girl again freed herself.—

"But you are not to think that because I have lived in Baron's-court I am not like other girls." The words came so hotly that Jem, giving Kitty's nose another shove, turned so as to face her.

"Like other girls—I should think you were not like other girls—there's not another girl in the world a patch to you. What you mean about Baron's-court I don't know."

"You do know. You know if I hadn't lived in Baron's-court you wouldn't——." The girl paused.

"Go on," Jem said. "If you hadn't lived in the Court, I wouldn't——?"

"Even Patrick Delaney made Molly a home."

"That's it, is it—you want a home. Well, you are going to have one. We are going to have a roof over our heads, even if champagne and venison are wanting." Then he changed his tone. "Don't let us waste our time on nonsense. You love me and I love you, and love is *home*."

"That is nonsense." The girl returned with passion, her tone as obstinate as Jem's own. "I shall wait——"

"Till I have a palace ready. Very well, we can wait." Jem released the prisoner's hand. "What's love compared to comfort, or even to pots and pans, and Brussels carpets? You are a sensible girl, Miss Priddock, I congratulate you on your level head."

Jem was angry, the girl's temper too was up, but she walked on in silence. Jem was the first to recover himself. "Come, don't let us quarrel," he cried. "Jump in, never bother your head about the Shotovers. Here, let me help you in." He stopped Kitty's walk.

"I have told you before." The girl's face was set in determination.

"You have told me you love me, that's all I want to be told. Come, dear, see, Kitty's getting restless. Here, let me help you."

"I am going back to The Towers."

"That is nonsense."

The girl's chin went up. Jem recognised the old gesture.

"You are not going to refuse the first thing I have ever asked you. I can't have my wife stitching, not for fifty Lady Shotovers."

"Good-night." The girl, with a cool nod, turned to retrace her steps.

"You mean it?" Jem's voice was menacing.

"If you mean, am I going back to The Towers or not, I am going."

"Take care that good-night is not good-bye."

The girl turned her head again, "I do not care how you threaten me, I am my own mistress."

"You will not do as I ask you?" Jem set his teeth.

"Good-bye." The girl coolly nodded.

"Take care, as I said, it is not good-bye in earnest."

No answer came to the last speech. Mary was walking rapidly,

"Confound you!" The "confound you" was to Kitty, who, for the first time since she had been in Jem's hands, found herself in the way. Jem twisted the reins round a stake in the hedge and ran after the girl.

"Mary! see here, I don't know what we have been quarrelling about, as bad as old times in Baron's-court? We are not going to part like this."

The reference to Baron's-court was an unfortunate one. The girl only half turned her head. "Good-bye," she repeated, and hurried her steps.

"Remember, it may be good-bye in earnest." Jem's face was white.

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye then, and ——" The rest of the sentence was muttered under Jem's breath, and the next moment Kitty was clattering down the hill at a pace, that even at that moment, brought Teresa and his wild drive from the Glebe-farm back to Jem's mind, but by the time Stockton was reached he was himself again and ready to admire Mary's "spirit." What a little spit-fire she was! And what man living did not enjoy a touch of spice? As soon as he had seen a patient or two, he would write a letter that would put all right, and there was reason on her side; and it would not have been a very dignified step to have run away, as he had planned, from The Towers, and, in the colonies, who would ever know that Mrs. Jem Tracy had stitched for her bread, or lived with Molly Delaney in the Court?

As to Mary herself, she too wondered, as she walked back to The Towers, what Jem and she had quarrelled about. Would he take her "good-bye" in earnest? Should she never see him again? How angry he had looked—angrier even than he had been on the memorable night when he had brought back Miss Hartnett's basket. *If he did not come back!* The girl's heart sank within her.

What was the matter with her, Berthon asked. Had the walk been too much for her? Another time she must put her letters into the box in the Servants' Hall, of which the Butler alone had the key. She must go to bed, and she would bring her a hot

drink (servants' panacea for all ill!), and she must not hurry to get up in the morning unless she felt better.

Berthon, like most women of her class, knew how to use her wits. The girl's likeness to the family did not escape her any more than the interest Lady Shotover took in her, an interest she did not care to disguise. Why take her from the other maids and treat her like a lady? There was a reason for it, and Mademoiselle Berthon meant to fathom the mystery.

"Miss Priddock was not very well," she ventured, as she laced her mistress's dress. She had knocked herself up walking to the village.

"Why did you let her walk?" Lady Shotover asked so sharply that, after replying sulkily, "She wished to post her own letters, my lady," the woman relapsed into silence.

"Well, see to her. I can trust you, Berthon; and if you think she needs the Doctor, see that he is sent for."

Berthon, at this proof of confidence, recovered her cheerfulness. "I hope she will be well by to-morrow, my Lady; but I will look in at her again before bedtime."

"Well, let me hear how she goes on." Lady Shotover rustled off in her long black dress to the drawing-room.

Mr. Amphlett had been at The Towers that afternoon, red-faced and important. He and his partner had thought it as well, he explained, considering the present condition of affairs, to look through the different dispositions of the properties as left to the late General Shotover by his mother and uncle.

His mother's property came to him without proviso; but as to the Essex property that was not so clear, or rather—the lawyer looked from Lord to Lady Shotover—he might say it *was* clear that only failing heirs to his natural body had the General been in case to dispose of that. If this young—hem—person turned out to be—as claimed for her—his late client's granddaughter, there could be no doubt that the Essex property, now worth (Mr. Amphlett pulled out his note-book to give his figures correctly) fifteen hundred and seventy-six pounds—that was, roughly stated, sixteen hundred per annum—went to her; and a very handsome provision, too, he added, as he looked again from Lord to Lady Shotover.

"And that settles every difficulty." Lord Shotover's face was one of relief.

"If the young woman turns out to be as represented; and—well, my Lord, so far as we have gone it is scarcely to be disputed, there is not the slightest doubt she succeeds as my late client's granddaughter to Westwood," the lawyer repeated with emphasis,

Lord Shotover, who cared little enough for his own, and still less for his late uncle's property, gave a sigh as he looked from the papers spread before Mr. Amphlett to the book he had been reading. When should he get back to it and finish his chapter in peace?

To Chatty, too, the fact that provision for the girl was taken out of their hands was accepted with a sense of relief.

"I wonder how she will take it?" This was a long and original speech from Lord Shotover.

The lawyer shook his head. "We soon accustom ourselves to circumstances, especially the female sex," he looked his apology for this speech to Lady Shotover.

Lord Shotover, taking the opportunity of the lawyer rolling up a paper, made a dive to his armchair and book with a muttered sentence to his wife, "You can finish, Chatty?"

"We have been making inquiries in Stockton," the lawyer went on, sinking his voice to confidential tones, "and I am glad to be able to assure your Ladyship that, considering the circumstances, nothing could be more satisfactory. A most respectable record." He rubbed his hands.

"Yes, the child is respectable," Lady Shotover returned shortly.

"Mr. Lycett meets us in every way; still we must make no mistakes, and our Mr. Masters will not be back from Devonshire for a day or two."

"It is a painful story from beginning to end," Lady Shotover said. Her eyes filled as they often did when she spoke of Mary Priddock.

"A very fortunate young lady in my opinion," the lawyer returned drily, but his eyes had a kindly gleam as he looked at Lady Shotover.

Once or twice in the day Lady Shotover came to Mary's work-room, but it was the morning after the girl's quarrel with her sweetheart that she brought a companion with her, an upright little lady with a coiffure of short white curls, surmounted by a carefully arranged handkerchief of black lace. This was her Ladyship's ex-governess and bosom friend, Mademoiselle Voirhage.

This little lady, though she did not speak, embarrassed the girl, as she put up her glasses, and inspected her.

"A difficult nature, I should say," she said, when she was alone with Lady Shotover.

"I feel as if I understood her," Lady Shotover responded. "She is *honest*, I am sure, to the back-bone; and what a foundation of character that is! And (don't laugh at me, dear Mademoiselle), with happiness, she would mellow, I am sure."

"There is hardness in the face," the governess returned with decision. "A hardness one seldom sees in such a young face."

"And since when, dear Mademoiselle, have you learned to be so severe?" Lady Shotover laid her hand on her companion's arm.

"Ah, you have taken her to your heart, I see."

"Not exactly to my heart; but she interests me. And the story is a pitiful one, not only because of what the child has suffered, but because of what my uncle missed."

"Domestic life for the General! You think he was fitted for that?"

"Who knows, if he had fairly tried it? And I am told the sister who died was even more beautiful than this child; and how proud he might have been of both!"

"You think the relationship is certain?"

"I think it is certain. Only Shotover is right [Mademoiselle, listening to the words, smiled to herself]; the evidence must be gone into thoroughly, though the American has met us in a straightforward fashion. Indeed, Amphlett says he has seldom met with more honourable dealing."

"Let us hope the cousin will marry her. That will make it a fairy tale."

"I am afraid there is another Princess. We hear he is engaged to the young lady at the Glebe Farm."

Mademoiselle Voirhage nodded.

"The daughter of Mrs. Harnett? I remember her. She was brought up at a convent. The mother wanted to make a lady of her."

"I don't think it needed any *making* with Teresa Harnett. I have seldom seen a more refined face. She takes after the father, who was an educated and superior man—a great favourite of Shotover's."

"Ah, his Lordship knows ——"

Lady Shotover laughed.

"Yes; though no one would guess it, Geoffrey is critical, and has his favourites. I fancy this marriage will be a good one for Teresa Harnett. Amphlett tells me the father's firm is a known one, and if he is not one of the millionaires one hears about, he is next door to one."

"And what will the mother and grand-mother do without Miss Teresa."

"What do other mothers and grandmothers do when they see their birds ready to leave the nest?"

The Frenchwoman shrugged her shoulders. "It is true, but I should like to see the little Teresa again. I remember her in her long black frock after her father's death, and her mother teaching her to make her curtsy to the children one day we drove up to the farm."

"There are no more curtsies now-a-days. Mrs. Makepeace and her daughter are old-fashioned."

"'Makepeace,' that is it. I could not remember the name. A handsome old woman."

"She had been a beauty. Shotover will tell you that the neighbourhood was famous for the looks of its women, till railroads brought fresh faces—fresh blood. But to go back to that poor child. Father Matthew hints at a lover."

"Ah, then it was with him that I saw her yesterday."

"Yesterday!"

"You did not know that after I came I went for a walk? I wanted to meet my children, but met a pair of lovers instead. The gentleman, a very smart gentleman indeed—with his carriage."

"His carriage!"

"His—how do you say it?—dogcart at least. He was leading the horse and—well, is it not lover's walks when a lady and gentleman walk arm-in-arm?"

"They saw you."

"They saw only each other, and matters were, perhaps, not running very smooth, and now for a confession. I thought at first it was my Philomena. My Philomena with a young man—with—what is it—checked trousers and a tie—making love upon the highway! Am I to be forgiven? I have blushed—twenty times for myself. But, do not mistake me. The young lady—she was

modest; she objected to walking hand under arm with the handsome young man (I approved of her for that) on the highway."

"If it is Father Consett's lover, he is a young doctor in the town. It speaks well for the child that she should have attracted a man superior to her in station and willing to make her his wife. But I wish she had not met him in this way."

"It may have been accidental."

"It may. Berthon says she came in ill."

"Ah, I told you all was not peaceable. The young man, he has a temper."

"Dear Mademoiselle, you have not lost your eyes!"

"We governesses, need a pair at the back of our heads—but I was near to them as I am to you."

"And neither of them saw you?"

"The horse did. He—what is it you say?—shied. 'Keep quiet, Kitty,' the young man cried, but he was too busy scolding the young woman to see an old one by the way-side."

"Well, I suppose things will settle themselves." Lady Shot-over gave a sigh.

"Let us hope the young man will carry her off and end your difficulties."

"I mean *you* to carry her off, unless the cousin intervenes. I suppose as he discovered her he has the prior claim."

"And what about the young lady, herself?" There was a twinkle in Mademoiselle's eye. "I have not often seen a face in which there was more determination. *Nous verrons.*" She nodded her sage old head.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

(To be concluded next month.)

M., AGED SEVEN

I KNOW a little woman, such a dear!
 Whose birthday's in the morning of the year;
 While the daffodils were glowing, and the gusty breezes blowing,
 God sent her for a present to us here.

She's the darlingest of cherubs in a frock,
And to see her gives me quite a pleasant shock ;
For she's sweeter still and sweeter every afternoon I meet her,
When she takes me in to tea at five o'clock.

She's as happy as a swallow on the wing,
She's as pretty as a blossom in the Spring ;
Her prattle is like honey, and she makes the county sunny,
And she smiles for any joy the day can bring.

If she has a fault, I've never found it out,
And I've never known her cross or seen her pout ;
And I pray, because I love her, that God in heaven above her
May bless her—as He will, beyond a doubt.

J. W. A

DAWN GLADNESS

THE stars fade slowly, twinkle, pale and die,
Before the halo rising in the east,
A rosy glamour steals across the sky,
And glows to flames of red and amethyst ;
The hills are silver-rimmed, the curtain of mist,
As at some swift command, rolls back from field,
Valley and lake and wood, and floats away,
And the whole glorious pageant is revealed
At dawn of day.

There is a solemn murmur of the breeze,
There is a ripple on the lonely shore,
A solitary chirp, among the trees,
Is taken up and echoed o'er and o'er
And dies away, and all is still once more.
Then comes the signal, and all living things
Raise up an anthem, glorious, blithe and gay,
And the whole earth with one glad chorus rings
At dawn of day.

R. M. SILLARD.

MADAME DE MAINTENON AND ST. CYR

IT is a curious fact that everything connected with the Court of Versailles carries with it a unique charm and grace that is singularly wanting in other contemporary court life of the epoch, and that even to-day makes the chief figures that graced its scenes seem more living and real than many men or women far more closely linked with our own time. Doubtless, much of this perennial charm and freshness is owing to those who, having lived their life, left behind them its chronicle, written by themselves, stamped with their own individuality, and free from all the tiresome suppositions and guesses of subsequent biographers. The writers of the memoirs of those days have grown to be our personal friends; we seem to know their tastes, their habits, even their little tricks and mannerisms as well as we know those of our own circle with whom we are in continual visible contact, for the authors of these diaries and letters reveal their true selves by a thousand little trivial details and slight personal touches. Probably, it is all unconsciously; that they thus lay bare their souls to those who care to read between the lines, and to whom it almost seems as if some of the life that once throbbed; in the dead writer's fingertips had communicated itself through pen to paper ready to be stirred from its sleep and live again at the touch and call of future generations. The writers of gossiping letters, the keepers of minute journals could little have suspected that in these things lay hidden a veritable fountain of Jouvence which was to clothe them with an undying garb of youth and beauty in the eyes of readers yet unborn. While reading such pages, it becomes so easy to reconstitute the scenes they describe, to make the picture live again, and to form, as it were, one of the crowd in that bright and gallant pageant whose brightness remains undimmed even when seen through the misty veil of long sad years. Small wonder is it that an epoch which furnishes such documents should have become the prey alike of writers of history and fiction, yet still the theme bears repetition, and all that is even remotely associated with eighteenth-century life in France carries impressed upon it the same subtle charm, till even the most prosaic people

and places become full of interest when seen through its artistic atmosphere.

Under its delicate, lively touch the somewhat solemn stiffness of St. Cyr and its foundress becomes surrounded by a glamour of romance, and perhaps in no other country except France, and in no other reign but that of Louis XIV., could the simple history of the foundation of a school for the daughters of impoverished nobles appear under so fascinating a guise. St. Cyr certainly owes much of the interest it inspires to that displayed towards it by the King himself; an interest formed and nurtured by Madame de Maintenon, that most wonderful of women who, by the pure charm of her virtues and talents, had risen from an obscure position to that of the morganatic wife of the great King, and who exercised such a power for good over him, that under her influence he became a changed man, and passed the last thirty years of his life at peace with God and his conscience.

The life of Madame de Maintenon, made up as it is of great extremes, is truly an extraordinary one, and it is a marvel to see how little through it all, she ever allowed herself to be dazzled by her greatness, and how her head was never turned by the loftiness of the position to which she was so unexpectedly raised. She was, without doubt, a woman of very great ambitions, or she could never have played the part she was called upon to act; but it is also true that she controlled her ambition with a firm hand, making it take the second place, and having first at heart her own sanctification and the King's conversion. She seems really to have looked upon herself as the instrument chosen by God to lead the King to better things, and from the time she thus foresaw and realised her vocation, it is only justice to admit that all else was subservient to this great end. The secret of much of her career is perhaps to be found in the most noticeable feature of her strong character: the art of enforcing respect wherever she went and no matter in what society she found herself. All her life long she had a real passion for being thought of good repute, for being known to be above reproach, and the autocratic King was found to model his manners on hers in the same way, as, when but the sixteen-year old wife of the poet Scarron, she had changed the whole tone of the conversation carried on round the dinner-table by the mere restraint of her presence, and someone was once heard to say: "I would sooner be wanting in respect to the

Queen than to Madame Scarron." There is no need to go further than her own letters to find the best portrait of her character that has ever been traced. In the hope of her own example being of use to her beloved children of St. Cyr, she wrote the following lines on her early life :—

Women loved me on account of my gentleness, and because I thought far more of others than of myself, and men paid attention to me because I had still the charms of youth. The world and all its ways were familiar to me, but through no loss of dignity. I was on a footing of general friendship and esteem. I would never be singled out for special attention by anyone in particular, no matter whom. I wished to be loved by all, have good said of me, be well thought of and receive the approbation of all estimable people, for that was my idol, my ambition, and there was nothing I would not have done or suffered to obtain it. The effort cost me much, but I did not mind, as long as I was respected and considered : to be that was my passion. I did not care for riches, I was far above acting from interested motives, but I was bent on obtaining honour and esteem.

She here refers to the part of her life connected with her visits to the Hôtel d'Albret and the Hotel de Richelieu, those celebrated centres of all the wit and learning of the time. A young and clever widow, she was to be a factor in the *salons littéraires* in the same way as in all the other phases of her life ; for, no matter what her lot or her surroundings, her striking gifts could never have allowed her to lapse into mediocrity or insignificance, and she was, indeed, born to be a woman with a destiny. She had emerged triumphant from the ordeal of the wretched childhood which would have cowed for ever a more timid spirit, and her ill-assorted union with old Scarron had at least the merit of removing her from the miserable surroundings of her early years, and also provided in a modest way for her future.

It is difficult to reconcile the theory of atavism with her own exemplary life, for she came of a lawless race whose annals are stained with many a dark page. Her grandfather was the stern old Huguenot, Agrippa d'Aubigné, who began his stirring life at the early age of sixteen, when, with bare feet and but scantily clad, he escaped from his guardian's house and joined a passing band of Calvinistic soldiery. All his long life was henceforth passed in warfare, and, under the cover of religious zeal, he found ample means to exercise his love of combat, for the wars of religion were still raging, and turning peaceful provinces into a chaos of discord and strife. To his turbulent character was closely allied a spirit of craft and astuteness which seems to have made his sons and followers but as tools in his cunning hands.

His strange and adventurous life was at last brought to a close in exile, and his last years were spent at Geneva, where he had bought himself a home with the fruit of his more or less strangely amassed wealth. But to this most undesirable ancestor his little grand-daughter, Françoise, probably owed her spirit of indomitable energy and ambition, and, perhaps, also her gift of easy fluent writing; for, strange to say, the tenacious old Huguenot was as much at home with the pen as with the sword, and was the author of an *Histoire Universelle*.

The career of Agrippa's son Constant, the father of Madame de Maintenon, was one of vice and misery, and he ended his life in the island of Martinique, where he had gone to seek to retrieve his fortune.

Madame de Maintenon thus belonged to a fanatical Protestant family, though her mother, the unfortunate wife of Constant, was a Catholic, and to her she owed her Catholic baptism. Could the poor mother have foreseen that the child, born beneath the walls of a debtor's prison, was destined almost to mount the steps of a throne, she might perhaps have found some consolation in her many sorrows, and also more tenderness in her heart towards the little daughter she seems to have treated so coldly. The girl was early destined to become the victim of the religious divisions of her family, for she was first confided to the care of her Huguenot aunt, Madame de la Vilette, a daughter of Agrippa, who, of course, imparted her own religious views to her niece, and who, it must be confessed, appears to have treated her with greater kindness than she met with at her own mother's hands, and when, later on, she went back to her mother, Catholic doctrine was instilled into the stubborn little creature with some difficulty. Nor was the change to last, for she was again confided to her aunt, to whom she was always much attached, and under her tuition she became again a fanatical little Huguenot. Happily, however, she was once more claimed by her Catholic relatives, who placed her in a convent to receive instruction. But hers was not a nature to surrender readily, and she must have felt herself upheld in her resistance by all the Protestant party, who seeing in her the granddaughter of their leader Agrippa, were most anxious to retain her in the service of the "cause." It is certain that the struggle was long and severe until grace triumphed, conviction came, and she returned for ever to the true faith.

The details of Madame de Maintenon's religious training and the vicissitudes of her early years explain certain of her views in after life which might otherwise give cause for astonishment. It must have been an unconscious reminiscence of her Huguenot days that made her always so adverse to elaborate ceremonial and ecclesiastical pomp, and the Chapel of St. Cyr was, by her order, of almost puritanical severity of ornamentation. Neither would she ever consent to part with her Huguenot servants in spite of the King's wish on the subject, and perhaps it was not quite without cause that she once drew down upon herself the following rebuke from his lips when the burning subject of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes was being discussed: "Madame, I am grieved by your words, for I fear that the forbearance you wish shown towards the Huguenots may proceed from some latent inclination for your old religion."

Severe words from the *roi très chrétien*, and it is sufficient to remember the long hours daily spent at the foot of the tabernacle, the frequency with which she received Our Lord in Holy Communion, and the many and convincing proofs she gave of her firm attachment and submission to the Church during the rival strife of Jansenism and Quietism, to completely wash Madame de Maintenon from the grave accusation the words seem to carry.

Unlike most of those who have risen from poverty and obscurity to great riches and high places, she remained all her life wonderfully simple and free from luxury in all her habits, and her ambitions were all the more certain of reaching their aims from their never being diverted into all the little minor channels of extravagance and love of luxury which are such an impediment in the lives of many women and responsible for the unsucess of so many schemes. In her greatest days, she never seems to have forgotten that she was once the little girl described by Scarron as having quite outgrown the poor short frock she wore, and who, from a mixture of shyness and shame, burst into tears when brought forward into notice, while she was in such a manifest condition of poverty that the generous old poet offered her secretly a present of money which was indignantly refused. When the short gown of common stuff had long been replaced by one of damask, her dress was yet always of the quietest description and generally brown in hue, of the tint then known by the sad name of "Autumn Leaves." Her only jewel was the little cross formed

of four diamonds which she always wore round her neck, and which is the only thing bearing her name: *Orois à la Maintenon*. After the King's death, during her years of retirement at St. Cyr, she retrenched her expenses to the utmost, gave away all her Court fineries, laces and embroideries, and only allowed herself things of the plainest description; and she acted thus, not from any motives of parsimony, but to be able still to continue her extensive charities, and also because she was of opinion that, having done for ever with earthly greatness, she was no longer entitled to the superfluous luxury which is its appendage.

It is in her rôle of educator that she is most familiar to present generations, and this was, indeed, her ruling passion, the main-spring of her life; and she found means of exercising it wherever she went. She ever appears rather in the light of a governess, and it is difficult to realise that she herself was once a pupil and had learnt by experience what she now preached so easily. Everywhere her opinions carried weight, and Madame de Sévigné has paid a tribute to her powers, when in one of her letters she called young Madame Scarron "amiable and wonderfully right-minded," and yet again: "She is amiable, beautiful, good and simple. It is delightful to talk with her." During the years she occupied the somewhat equivocal position of governess to the Duc de Maine, these talents of hers had full scope, and if in this case she seems to have sacrificed much to ambition, so that her conduct scarcely appears laudable, even when the difference between our own ideas and manners and those of the eighteenth century are taken into consideration, it is only just to remember that she took upon herself these new duties only by the advice of her confessor and after a first refusal.

But the great work of her life after that of the King's conversion, was the foundation of St. Cyr: on the welfare of its inmates ever concentrated all her thoughts, interests and desires, her happiest hours were spent within its walls, it was her creation, her life-work, the child of her heart and brain, and proofs of her passionate love for it may be found in almost every line of her correspondence. Nothing cost her too dearly if only it were for the good of St. Cyr.

Like most things destined to greatness, it had begun in a very humble fashion. In the years of her Court life, before her marriage with the King, Madame de Maintenon had greatly

interested herself in the education of a few young girls, daughters of nobles in distressed circumstances, and who were first placed at Bueil and then at Noisy, in a little school kept by a Madame de Brinon; and from such a simple beginning does great St. Cyr really date its foundation.

Louis XIV., with all his faults, had really at heart the best interests of his country, and liberally founded and patronized all institutions that could serve this purpose. The long wars of his reign had strained the resources of France to the utmost, nor was it only the poor who had suffered. The nobles had not only shed their blood and laid down their lives in the service of king and country, but many were reduced to absolute poverty and ruin from the natural state of things consequent upon long years of perpetual war. Towards the end of the reign, the royal coffers were so empty that according to Saint Simon's quaint expression, the King himself, "*delibéra de mettre en faïence,*" or in plain terms, he had serious thoughts of sending all the magnificent royal plate to be melted down, and contenting himself with the ordinary ware used by his humbler subjects. The prosperity of the potteries dates from this period, and is in itself a silent testimony to the state of the times.

Most of those who were now well pleased to have their coats of arms reproduced in gay colours on Rouen plates and dishes, did so not only for the sake of a passing fashion, but because the fine old family silver had all gone to the Mint, in order to furnish the wherewith to raise smart new regiments to fight France's battles.

The King, to whom was due the foundation of the Invalides, was also quick to see the advantage to accrue from an institution for the education of the daughters of his impoverished nobles, and which would also provide for their future on leaving the establishment. St. Cyr, on account of its proximity to Versailles, was the site chosen, and the new buildings were speedily commenced. Though Madame de Maintenon was adverse to any luxury or show, all was on the grand and lavish scale so characteristic of the epoch. There was an air of stateliness, of space, and of dignified grandeur which accorded well with a royal foundation under the direct supervision of Versailles, and the grand house which was destined to be for ever so closely connected with the army, was also built by it, for by the King's special wish, soldiers were employed as workmen under the command of their officers, and priests were

also in attendance to minister to the spiritual needs of the men. Unfortunately, the spot chosen was far from healthy ; the place was low and very damp, and the death-roll of St. Cyr is a terribly long one, though later on much was done to render it more healthy.

When all was completed, Madame de Brinon came from Noisy with the little group of pupils who formed the nucleus of the two hundred and fifty provided for by the King's generosity. All candidates had to prove a certain number of quarterings as their right of admittance, and these *preuves de noblesse* eventually formed many volumes which, carefully kept and beautifully bound, preserved a faithful record of the names of all the pupils from the beginning of the school. Madame de Brinon was elected head of the Maison Royale de St. Denis, as the house was then called, and the [other mistresses were known as the Dames de St. Louis, and Madame de Maintenon was herself responsible for every detail of the arrangements.

EVA BILLINGTON.

VENI CREATOR

CREATOR Spirit, Lord of life and light,
Under Thy brooding care the world began :
Through Thee the elements together ran
And built up order from the void of night.
Through Thee life, darkling, struggled into sight ;
Then, adding power to power, placed in the van
A being soul-endowed, Thy creature man,
Lifted by Thee beyond all earthly height.

O Love, who through this elemental strife
Didst bring a universe to such increase,
Brood o'er the chaos of my sin-fraught soul.
Let there be light in me : let order, life,
Reason and grace resume their sway, and peace
Subdue my little world from pole to pole.

F. C. KOLBE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *Course of Christian Doctrine. A Handbook for Teachers.* Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. 1904.

The Dolphin Press, which has taken its name from the seal or crest of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, and has given its name to a special edition of that magazine for educated laymen, is doing admirable work for Catholic literature in the United States. It has just brought out very attractively, in a large but rather slim volume, a very ample and elaborate collection of illustrations and suggestions for the teaching of Christian doctrine, which have been used for some years with very beneficial results by the Sisters of St. Joseph, Philadelphia. We learn here the combined results of the experience of many devoted teachers. Very proper care has been taken to name the writers of the very many poems that are quoted, and one of them is grateful for being placed in such good company and allowed to help in so holy a cause. This work has a long and eminently useful career before it.

2. *Welcome! Holy Communion, Before and After.* By Mother Mary Loyola. London: Burns and Oates. [Price, 3s. 6d.]

This is the latest addition to the series of devotional writings that have followed each other in such quick succession these last few years from the Bar Convent, in York. As usual, it is introduced by one of Father Thurston's useful and suggestive prefaces. It is a large eucharistic prayer-book of 360 pages, consisting chiefly of prayers before and after Communion, sometimes prepared for by a little meditation, and suited rather for occasional use, not for constant service like Mother Loyola's smaller work, *Confession and Communion*.

3. Burns and Oates have done well in issuing a new half-crown edition of Miss Cecilia Caddell's excellent work, "*The Cross in Japan: A History of the Missions of St. Francis Xavier and the early Jesuits.*" The book is made much more interesting and valuable by a preface and a supplementary chapter from the pen of Dr. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford, who has for many years edited very ably *Illustrated Catholic Missions*. Our readers will be greatly interested by his account of the wonderful and most consoling

event which occurred at Nagasaki on March 17, 1865, and which Pius IX. has commemorated by making our St. Patrick's Day be for the Japanese the feast of the Finding of Christians. In 1868 occurred the amazing revolution which Europeanized Japan, under the present Emperor. In 1873 religious persecution ceased.

Another reprint of the same firm is *Nora*, translated from the German of Von Brackel by the Princess Liechtenstein. That title qualified her for one part of her task, and as for the other part, she was Mary Fox, the adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Holland, and a sumptuous volume was produced by her as the historian of Holland House. There is a great deal of merit both in the original work and in the translation. The plot is interesting and well worked out, yet not quite pleasant; and the English is so good, that one is surprised at meeting the word "expulsed" and the title "Chaplain L." This reprint is in large type, a thick volume of 360 pages, price five shillings.

4. The *Beaumont Review* is very generous in its praise of one of its exchanges. "The *Clongownian*," it says, "is the king of college journals, admirably written, admirably edited, admirably printed, and admirably illustrated." The current number is indeed particularly strong in original and interesting biographical matter; but its kind critic may defy all rivals to produce the equals of its two young poets, Mr. F. J. Coventry Patmore and Mr. Arthur Austin Jackson. The former bids fair to be worthy of the illustrious name that he inherits, though he will, of course, adopt the line of the younger Racine:

Et moi, fils inconnu d'un si glorieux père.

5. *Prayer-book for Religious. A Complete Manual of Prayers and Devotions for the Use of the Members of all Religious Communities.* By the Rev. F. X. Lasance. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago: Benziger Brothers. [Price, 6s.]

Father Lasance is a secular priest in the United States who has compiled several very useful books of devotion, but none on so large a scale as the present. Though it contains more than eleven hundred pages, it is not unwieldy; and by compact arrangement, and by the use of smaller type in many places, so vast a mass of devout matter is furnished that its price is by no means high. Meditations, Particular Examination, General Devotions, Litanies, Novenas—excellent and ample matter under these and other heads

is here gathered together from the best sources, till we have in one volume what might be called an encyclopædia of devotion. Father Lasance's pious diligence deserves great praise, and so also does his care in acknowledging the sources on which he has drawn. Even in prayer-books this seems right, especially when there is question of contemporary writers.

The same publishers have re-issued in a very neat and prettily illustrated form Mrs. Bennet-Gladstone's excellent translation of *The Imitation of the Blessed Virgin*.

6. *Life of Ven. Gabriel Possenti, C.P.* By the Rev. Nicholas Ward, C.P. London: Burns and Oates. [Price, 2s. 6d.]

This holy young man is styled somewhat differently on the title-page; and, indeed, this is one of the few details that Father Ward would do well to change in the second edition, which we hope awaits his edifying biography. The religious name of his saintly brother is given in four or five different forms: Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, Gabriel of the Virgin of Dolors, Gabriel of the Sorrowful Mother, Gabriel of the Sorrowful Virgin, Gabriel of the Seven Dolors and again (in the same page 63) Gabriel of the Dolors of Mary. He was born at Assisi in the year 1838, and after a rather frivolous but innocent boyhood he entered the Passionist Novitiate in 1856, and died in 1862. He spent that short term in such a way that after his death an enthusiastic and still increasing devotion to him sprang up, and seemed to be so favoured by Heaven that in 1891 steps began to be taken towards his beatification. Cardinal Gibbons was one of the first dignitaries of the Church to plead the cause of this servant of God; and he introduces the present life with an earnest and pious preface. His words in page 12 would make the casual reader think incorrectly that Venerable Gabriel was already beatified.

7. The latest of many proofs of Sir Francis Cruise's devotion to the author of *The Imitation of Christ* is a new revised translation of that wonderful work, which has just been brought out, very neatly and cheaply, by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. He has performed his labour of love very judiciously and very successfully. Like the German, Dr. Michael Pohl, whom he calls "the most learned Kempist scholar of our time," but independently of him and before him, Sir Francis Cruise makes the third and fourth books change places, so that the fourth book, in this newest edition, contains fifty-nine chapters, and ends

with "the country of everlasting light." A proof that the study of this austere ascetic does not dry up the human affections may be found in the touching coincidence that the dedication of Dr. Pohl's classic edition of the original is this: "Memoriae Matris Optimæ Carissimæ D.D.D. filius pientissimus;" while the new version of our great Irish Kempist is: "Dedicated to the memory of my dear Mother by her loving son, F. R. C."

Sir Francis Cruise has also condensed into a penny book (published by the Catholic Truth Society) a full and original account of the works of Thomas à Kempis. The same admirable Society publishes for a penny *Frequent Communion*, translated by Mr. W. B. Gernon from the French of Archbishop Fénelon.

8. The Art and Book Company have published a tiny booklet by Mrs. Shapoote, *Immaculata, the Pearl of Great Price*, in which some of the mysteries of the Blessed Virgin are sung in the metre of *Hiawatha* with much devotion and considerable literary skill. But the three sonnets at the end are not made after the pattern of either Petrarch or Shakespeare, or anyone else. Why call them by that name?

9. The Publishers whom we have named more than once already, Messrs. Burns and Oates, have issued sixpenny editions of the two classics, *Fabiola* and *Callista*, Cardinal Wiseman's finest achievement in literature, and the sister tale, which R. H. Hutton ranked almost highest among the writings of Cardinal Newman. For another sixpence these masterpieces are given in a suitable binding. The famous *Spiritual Combat* and other treatises of Laurence Scupoli are issued by the same firm in a particularly well-bound and well-printed volume, price two shillings. To keep in circulation books of true and tried worth like these is an excellent service to Catholic literature. The only new, original publication of this firm in our hands at present is Part II. of *Some Popular Historical Fallacies Examined*, by the author of *The Religion of St. Augustine*. This shilling pamphlet, of some thirty pages, examines the nature and causes of England's rupture with the See of Rome under Henry VIII., relying on such unprejudiced authorities as Dr. Stubbs, Canon Dixon, and Mr. James Gairdner. The form and manner of publication are hardly the most effective for the writer's purpose.

10. Our notice last month of Miss Eva Gore Booth's new volume of verse, *The One and the Many*, was intended to give a favourable

impression of her strength, culture, and originality. The critic's tone might have been warmer if he had seen the opinion of a much better judge who pronounced the volume to be "delightfully intellectual and at the same time the purest poetry." Most people, however, like to understand what they read; and we should be loth to publish our real opinion of many things in Browning, George Meredith, "A. E.," and William Butler Yeats. But, though we are still of opinion that our countrywoman has often obscured her fresh and ingenious thoughts by the excessive subtlety of her diction, we do not forget that the strong and original thinking is *there*, and that in thoughtful poems like these the same transparency cannot be expected as in some simple little lyric that is not meant to be read slowly or studied, but only to be sung or recited lightly for the pleasure of a moment.

11. *Lost Angel of a Ruined Paradise*. A Drama of Modern Life. By the Very Rev. P. A. Canon Sheehan, D.D. Longmans, Green and Co., 39, Paternoster Row. [Price, 3s. 6d.]

It is not fair to object to a book because it is not something else that it was never intended to be; but Canon Sheehan has given us all so much delight and instruction of such a peculiar kind that we have come to associate it with his name, and expect him to give us the same over again; and, when he gives us something different, we feel disappointed, no matter how exquisite the new entertainment may be in itself. Poets, however, must obey their inspiration, and the author of *Under the Cedars and the Stars* proves himself a poet even when writing prose. His new work is utterly unlike anything he has given us before. It is cast in a dramatic form which cuts off all the little descriptive touches and shrewd comments with which the storyteller helps the working out of his plot. In these trimmings and etceteras Canon Sheehan particularly excels, and there is no room for them in the action of a drama. The story itself is cast in lines quite different from those in which his previous work has run. He is most at home, as he is bound to be, among the priests and people of Ireland; and none of them figure on the stage on which this "drama of modern life" is for the most part played. Of course the dialogue is clever and often brilliant; but plays are meant to be seen, not read merely, and one is haunted throughout by a certain feeling of unreality that would quickly disappear if the author of *My New Curate* were pursuing his vocation as novelist rather than

dramatist. This not quite happily named play is an interesting addition to the seven distinct works that are named opposite the title-page as being Canon Sheehan's contribution to English literature—a list which omits many an essay and sketch that have not yet been gathered in from the Reviews and Magazines.

12. *General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures*. Abridged Edition. By the Rev. Francis D. Gigot, S.S., D.D. New York, Cincinnati and Chicago : Benziger Brothers. [Price, 6s.]

Dr. Gigot is a Sulpician Father, Professor of Sacred Scriptures in St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He has published several very sound and useful books for Scripture students, the most important of which he has abridged in the present volume. We may say of it what a careful critic in the *Messenger* has said of another of Dr. Gigot's books—"an excellent work, learned, brief, well written, and interesting." This new abridgment will be found particularly useful in ecclesiastical seminaries. Dr. Gigot's experience as a Professor of Scripture has enabled him to understand the wants of students. Nothing can be clearer than his arrangement of his matter in four books; to each chapter is prefixed a synopsis of its contents; and a good index at the end helps the reader to refer at once to any particular item. The publishers have taken care that the printing and binding of this admirable volume are such as to make it still more suitable for the purposes for which it is designed.

13. Messrs. Sealy, Bryers, & Walker, Middle Abbey-street, Dublin, have published several books connected with the movement for the revival of Irish literature, the latest being Mr. Thomas Flannery's *Vocabulary to the Life and Poems of Donnchadh Ruadh Mac Conmara* (price, 1s. 6d.). It has great interest and value of its own for the Irish student; but it is indispensable for the reader of MacNamara's poems, as many words in these poems are not to be found in any dictionary yet published.

14. We fear that we have not yet called attention to an excellent address delivered at the Commencement Exercises of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, June 15, 1904, by Mr. Charles Bonaparte, and published for ten cents by the *Ave Maria Press*. Its subject is *Some Duties and Responsibilities of American Catholics*. It is extremely interesting and valuable; and we thank God that a great historic name is represented in the

United States by so able and so earnest a Catholic as this address alone proves the lecturer to be.

15. Mr. S. S. Myerscough, Mus. Bac. Oxon., Teacher of Harmony at Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, has published through Messrs. Browne & Nolan, Limited, Dublin, Belfast, and Cork, the second part of his treatise, *The First Principles of Harmony*. A very competent critic praised highly in these pages the first part of this work which will add to Mr. Myerscough's reputation as an accomplished musician and very able professor of his fascinating art.

16. The July part of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology* is above even its usually high standard. Does not Mr. Marshall, in his paper on the Dialect of Ulster, include several words that are in general use and included in every dictionary? The editor very judiciously mentions twenty-four subjects which will be discussed in future numbers of the *Journal*, and invites communications from readers who are in possession of materials connected with any of these subjects. This appeal is likely to make some of these papers more complete.

THE CONVENT WINDOW

APART, within this little room
A golden window gives the light,
And with the gold are tintings bright,
Till all unite to make the gloom
 Of rain a sunny summer shower.
A thing transmuted ; so the wall
Around me catches but the glow
That lavishly the colours throw ;
The dull gray light comes not at all,
Nor shadows from the clouds that lour.

Heed, O my soul ! the lesson taught ;
 Mark how the dark itself must grow
 By change into the lights we know,
 As green and gold and crimson wrought,
 Ere it may find an entrance here.
 This be thy task—to keep without,
 Until transmuted by God's touch
 Are things of earth, its sin, and such
 Indifference as makes us doubt
 That God is love, and love is near.

R. A. B.

WINGED WORDS

If labour is painful, idleness is insupportable.—*Bossuet.*

The initial error of what afterwards became heresy has often been the urging forward some truth against the prohibition of authority at an unreasonable time.—*Cardinal Newman.*

Change of labour is, to a great extent, the healthiest form of recreation.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

There isn't any such thing as being your own boss in this world, unless you're a tramp ; and then there's the constable.—*George Horace Lorimer.*

There are two unpardonable sins in this world—success and failure.—*The same.*

I don't care how good old methods are, new ones are better, even if they are only just as good.—*The same.*

Solitude is necessary for those who wish to lead the divine life. God is the great Solitary who speaks only to solitaries, and who gives a share of His power, His wisdom, and His happiness to those only who in some manner share in His eternal solitude.—*Léon Bloy.*

Suppose a man to have been insulted grievously. From the insult two thoughts are born—one commanding vengeance, the

other bidding the injured person endure it. These two thoughts strive with one another; but, if the peace of God be chosen as umpire between them, it decides in favour of the thought that bids us bear the wrong, and it drives the other away blushing for shame.—*St. John Chrysostom.*

It is just as absurd to refer the system of the universe to physical laws, without any regard to the commanding Ego, as to attribute the victory of Marengo to strategetical combinations, without taking the First Consul into account.—*Proudhon.*

What is there worth living for except to do penance for sin and to be resigned to the holy will of God? Happy are you to have left the world before it leaves you. Never think of it but with pity.—*Bishop Milner.*

The best way to defend titles is to deserve them.—*George Meredith.*

The greatest heritage a hero can leave his race is to have been a hero.—*George Eliot.*

So many talents are wasted, so many enthusiasms turned to smoke, so many lives spoiled for want of a little patience and endurance, for want of understanding, that it is not the greatness or littleness of the duty nearest hand, but the spirit in which one does it, which makes one's doing noble or mean.—*Jane Welsh Carlyle.*

The art of leaving off judiciously is but the art of beginning something else that needs to be done.—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

Our blunders are punished in this world, our sins in the next.—*Mrs. Wilfrid Ward.*

The worst of delicate hints is that the hint is apt to be lost in the delicacy.—*The same.*

To live happily you must magnify the small pleasures and minimise the small annoyances.—*Marmaduke in "Truth."*

Tact is the sense of the opportune, taste is the sense of the appropriate, humour is the sense of the unfitness of things.—*The same.*

THE IRISH MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1904

IN THE OLD COUNTRY

A Story

CHAPTER LXXII

MARY PRIDDOCK COMES TO HER KINGDOM

JEM TRACY, writing his letter to his sweetheart, thought it generous; we may write of it as condescending. Mary was a little fool, he wrote; but this time, he supposed, she must have her way. "Good-bye," indeed! He hoped the day was near when they need never say the word. As for the Court, he would never mention the place again; but he would not forget that it was there he had seen her for the first time, and he quoted his Tennyson. She must make haste, he went on, and write to him, and promise, on her word of honour, never to be naughty again. And so the letter went on in lines that, if they teased, testified to the affection of the writer. That very day he was going to begin to lay the foundation-stone of her "palace." He was going to strike off his cigars (of which he smoked too many); he was going to write to a fellow he knew who owed him money; and he was going to answer four advertisements he had seen in the *Medical Times*. He could not live without her, that was the truth; and, though she had been naughty, he forgave her. But, once he had her for his own, she should never, with his will, touch needle and thread again—no, not even to sew a button on his glove (a task which had been performed for Jem by more

than one young lady). Well, they would never quarrel again, and when would she meet him, and make him the promise? Then followed the words of endearment that made the girl forget the ring of patronage in the first part of the letter. Jem still loved her. He, like herself, thought they had been foolish to quarrel; his "good-bye" had meant no more than hers. No; they would never quarrel again, that was certain sure. And he was going to make a home, a *home*; a home for Jem and herself! The girl covered her face with her hands. And Jem was so clever that any one of the four doctors to whom he was going to write would jump at the chance of having him. Perhaps, some day, he would do something great, make some discovery in medicine or in surgery. Molly had told her of a case in the Court where more than one doctor had been called in, and Jem had "out with his knife (according to Molly), and the poor creature was herself again." It might be that, in days to come, the Queen herself might send for Jem. "I have heard of your great skill, Dr. Tracy, and wish to try it." She would be gracious and hold out her hand for Jem to feel her pulse, and he would prescribe, and come home and tell her all about it; and then, on the next visit, the Queen might say: "I hear, Dr. Tracy, you have a beautiful wife," and express a wish to see her, and then—well, it was all a foolish dream, the girl, coming to herself, acknowledged it—and then fell to her castle-building again. When Jem's fortune was made, as it would be when he was called to Court, what a beautiful home she would have! Not big and grave and solemn, like The Towers, but bright and full of life and playing fountains, and flowers everywhere, and chairs covered with silks and satins, and pictures of beautiful ladies on the walls; and her footmen should have blue liveries, and she, herself, would not dress like Lady Shotover, who went in the morning, as Berthon said, "almost in rags," and only "*dressed*" (so to speak) in the evening. No; the whole world should envy her her toilettes, and speak of Mrs. Tracy's taste and "frocks;" or *Lady Tracy's*—it might come to that. "Sir James and Lady Tracy"—how well it would sound! The end of a seam brought this second dream to its end, and Mary took up Jem's letter again. He was going to give up his cigars, and she had Molly's word for it, that there was nothing a man "held to" like his pipe. Well, she too would save; her Ladyship was going to pay her well, and, when they were married,

she would slip her purse into Jem's hand, and surprise him with its contents. If some one would only leave her a fortune, she would give it all to Jem. But, "fortunes were not to be picked up on the street," again to quote Molly.

She must answer Jem's letter soon, and not keep him waiting; but she would take Berthon's advice, and post it in the servants' letter-box, and not go to the village again; no, not even to meet Jem. She would tell him it was better not to do that. Annie would not have liked it; nor, she was sure, Mrs. Tremeneere. Jem would understand; she was sure he would understand.

Berthon, after the advent of Jem's letter, had expressed her amazement at the girl's sudden cure and the change in her appearance. "One day a corpse, and the next—why, Miss Philomena could not hold a candle to her! She had once served a mistress who was just the same—one day chalk, the next a rosebud. But, there, bah!" Berthon touched her cheek with imaginary rouge.

Mary, as the days went on, found herself more and more at home with Lady Shotover. She even came to enjoy the hours when her Ladyship, calling her from her work, asked her help in arranging the flowers in her sitting-room, perhaps, or in putting in order her wools or silks; or called her to the library, to help to classify the books Lord Shotover ordered down from town, and left to litter chairs and floors. Often the girl, when back in the sewing-room, was startled when she recalled how frankly she had spoken of Annie and the "Sisters," and of Mrs. Tremeneere. Only of the Court and Jem Tracy had she been reticent of speech. Once, when Lady Shotover had spoken of Barons-court, the girl had grown so white that her Ladyship had taken care to avoid the subject for the future. "Poor child!" she had said, and had patted the girl's arm; and Mary understood, it was not a "poor child" of patronage and pity, but a "poor child" of comprehension, and from that hour, gratitude was born in Mary's heart.

The little sharp-eyed lady with the white curls also paid the girl visits; but to her Mary was ready to show her worst side. Mademoiselle Voirhage she put down in her own mind, as both curious and impertinent.

"She is a difficult subject." The little lady always confided the same thing to Lady Shotover after an interview with Mary.

"Dear Mademoiselle," was once the answer, "if you had her to yourself, she would adore you in a week." But pretty speeches did not change the little lady's opinion. "Let us pray," she would say, "that the lover may carry her off," and she would shrug her shoulders.

Would Miss Priddock please come to the library? The maid who brought this message one day looked curiously at the girl. "Something was in the wind;" others, besides Berthon, in the Servants' Hall whispered this. Miss Priddock was not so taken into favour for nothing, and—look at the likeness! Why, Mademoiselle Berthon had, one day, fitted Miss Philomena's dress upon Miss Priddock and had sworn that his Lordship himself would not have known the difference. There was something up, no mistake about that. It might be that The Towers by right belonged to Miss Priddock and that his Lordship and her Ladyship had her at The Towers just to keep her quiet. There was good reason, the servants told each other, no doubt about it, for such a fuss being made about a sewing girl no better than themselves, a girl who had stitched for the landlady at the Crown.

Her Ladyship wanted some more books covered, that must be why she was sent for to the library. Mary took up her scissors and hunted up a roll of paper and hurried off by the private staircase that led from Lady Shotover's dressing-room to the passage below. It was not Lady Shotover's voice that said "Come in" in answer to her knock, and the girl drew back when she saw Lord Shotover and a couple of gentlemen sitting at the centre table. All three got up, and Lord Shotover, beckoning to her to come forward, offered her a chair.

It was some mistake. The girl looked round the room for Lady Shotover, who came forward from the window-seat where she had chosen to efface herself.

"It is quite right. Sit down. Mr. Amphlett and his partner have something they want to tell you. You will understand in a moment." Lady Shotover nodded kindly and then went back to her corner.

Mary was quick-witted, but she did not grip the lawyer's meaning. "My late client, the late General Shotover;" Elizabeth Lycett, Wood-ash, Tiverton, Exeter, Plymouth, "Anne Elizabeth Shotover, commonly known as Lycett"; John William Priddock or Prideaux—names of places as of people fell on her ears in a confused succession.

Had she grasped what he was saying? The lawyer asked and then again began his tale. Her *grandfather*, the late General Geoffrey Galfred Shotover, the property of Westwood, in the County of Essex, worth at this moment in spite of agricultural depression, etc., etc. What did it all mean? Mary, white to the lips, turned to Lady Shotover.

"Let me tell her. It is too much for her." Lady Shotover came forward again, and took the girl's hand in her own. "My dear, I ought, to have prepared you. Mr. Amphlett has tried to make things plain, but, perhaps, I can tell you better, and he will forgive us if we run away for half-an-hour. It is no wonder you are startled, but you will soon understand."

"Let us go," Lord Shotover said, bowing to the lawyer and his partner. He came round to the girl's side of the table and gravely shook her hand.

"Lady Shotover will tell you that you must look on us as kinsfolk, and that what we can do for you we shall do." It was a wonderful speech for his Lordship, and his wife's eyes beamed upon him with pride.

"And now you must let me try and make everything plain," Lady Shotover said, as she sat down beside the girl, but though she did her best to soften down her uncle's delinquencies, it was not an easy tale to tell to his grand-daughter.

"At this distance of time it is not easy to judge every circumstance, and had your grandfather lived we *know* he would have made provision for you," she ventured, when her story told she waited for the listener to speak. "As it is," she went on, "as Mr. Amphlett has told you, as his heir-at-law, you will be almost a rich woman, quite a rich woman some of us might think." She smiled as she again took the girl's hand.

"He was ashamed of my grandmother?" As the girl asked the question, she drew her hand from Lady Shotover's grasp.

"I—my dear. I do not know." Lady Shotover hesitated for an answer. "Let us hope not. Your grandmother was a beautiful and a good woman. But—married people are not always happy, as you know. There was the difference of class, we must be ready to grant that, but your grandfather always kept her picture. You shall see it. We will go together and see it."

"He was a wicked man." The words came with passionate conviction.

"My dear, my dear!"

"Annie starved."

"Hush, hush, you must be just. Your grandmother was satisfied with the provision your grandfather made for her; and if he had known of your mother's straits you may be sure he would have done what was right."

"He ought to have known!" Lady Shotover was startled by the passion in the girl's voice. "He murdered Annie."

"Hush, hush!" Lady Shotover's tone was this time one of authority. "I cannot let you say such things."

"He murdered my mother and Annie."

Lady Shotover got up. "I cannot listen to you, and I must beg that you will not say such things before Lord Shotover and Mr. Amphlett." She rang the bell.

"Miss—hem—Priddock understands that, under her great-uncle's settlement, and as heir to her late grandfather, she succeeds to a very comfortable little fortune," the lawyer asked, bringing his language down to suit, as he thought the girl's comprehension, when he was once more seated at the centre table.

"I shall not touch it." The girl, who had not seated herself, faced the lawyer bravely.

"My dear!" Lady Shotover laid a remonstrative hand on her shoulder.

"I shall not touch it. He let my mother starve, he let my sister starve. What do I want with it?"

Lady Shotover motioned to the lawyer to be quiet.

"Now, you are speaking like a child. You cannot escape from your duty; and do you think it would be no comfort to your mother and sister to know that your hardships—so far as poverty is concerned—are at an end? And, is there no one whose lot you could make easier? No one with whom you would like to share your wealth?" The last words were spoken with significance.

Molly, Peter, Jem. How comfortable she could make Molly; and—what would Jem say if she was able to tell him that *he* need not hunt for a home, *she* had a nest ready for them both? For a moment the girl's face lightened, and then it grew sullen again.

"It would bring no blessing."

"That depends on how it is used," Lady Shotover said with coolness. With all her sympathy for the girl, she was beginning to be provoked.

"I am afraid I have not explained clearly." The lawyer had an inspiration. "It is under the settlement of your great grand-uncle that Westwood comes to you, Miss Priddock. Your grandfather had neither voice nor choice in the matter."

Mary looked at Lord Shotover, who, unused to violently-expressed emotions, was looking at her with astonished eyes.

"It is as Mr. Amphlett says," he said, understanding the appeal. "Come! I should take the gifts the gods have sent you, and with gratitude, eh?" He smiled good-naturedly, and held out his hand again to the girl.

"I must think."

"Quite right, my dear young lady, quite right," the lawyer cried with relief. A little thought, he did not doubt, would convince any man or woman in his or her senses of the folly of throwing away a fortune.

"There is no one you would like to consult?" It was Lord Shotover who spoke. "Your cousin, for example."

Mary opened her eyes. "Ah, it is difficult to take it all in."

Lord Shotover smiled again. "The cousin whose good offices found you—Mr. Lycett? You did not take in that part of Mr. Amphlett's story?"

The girl listened in silence while the lawyer made a short *resumé* for the third time of part of the tale. Mr. Lycett—*Mr. Lycett at the Hotel*—was her cousin. Somehow this fact more impressed the girl than any connection with the Shotovers. How often in the parlour behind the bar she had heard Mr. Lycett's wealth discussed and been told of the wide-world celebrity of his father's firm! How often she had heard the landlord tell his wife what he heard from the commercial travellers who frequented the Hotel! Mr. Lycett her *cousin*! The girl grew so white that Lady Shotover thought for a moment she was going to faint.

"He was good to us. He was good to Annie." There was a falter, for the first time, in the girl's voice.

"You will let us send for him? You will take his advice. You know he was only waiting till everything had declared itself to take you home with him. You would like to go to America?"

Mary shook her head.

"Oh, well, we shall see later. Perhaps you will change your mind." Lady Shotover smiled. "Suppose we ask him to come

to-morrow morning. By that time your head will be rested. You will be able to trust in him ; he will be a safe adviser."

"She has stood it fairly well," Lord Shotover said, when his wife and he were alone together.

"That is all you know about it. The child is a regular spit-fire. Though I don't object to her spirit if it is turned to the right direction, but I should not be surprised if she refused to have anything to do with Westwood. I wish we knew about the lover. I can't have her going to meet him on the high-way in the circumstances. If only I could pack her off with Mademoiselle !"

"She would be better away."

"Yes, there are complications. In the meantime I shall move her into the blue room, and give her the schoolroom as her boudoir. Servants always know everything, and there is no use making a mystery of the matter."

Lord Shotover nodded. "It will be a day's talk."

"A month's ! Don't forget she is a beautiful—heiress."

"She is good-looking."

"Good-looking ! I have been trying to find a fault in her face and I cannot."

"Softness of expression ?"

"Shotover, you see everything ! Dear Mademoiselle finds the same fault. But expression is not feature."

"The wonder is there is no vulgarity, scarcely even of diction."

"Ah, 'Providence has been kind.' You must hear Father Consett ! I wonder if that child will sleep to-night." Lord Shotover having no answer to this question shook his head, and went back to his book.

"Mr. Lycett." Mary Priddock started to her feet, when next morning the American was shown into the sitting-room that had been made her own, but with one grip [of the hand strangeness passed, and in a moment or two, she was talking to her new-found cousin as if she had known him all her life.

"They were good to her ?" the visitor asked, as he glanced round the room with its book-case-covered walls.

Lady Shotover, yes ; Lord Shotover, too ; but everything was strange, she would like to get away, and then Mary poured out her story. This honest-eyed cousin seemed part and parcel of herself, and before his practical judgment every difficulty seemed to vanish.

"You must go back with me to America," the young man said with decision, "even if you come back to this property later. You must know your own kinsfolk, and see what an American home is like."

"Would Miss Harnett like it?" Mary had heard so often of the young man's engagement to Teresa that she did not doubt it.

James Lycett hesitated. Then, "She is not going with me," he said shortly.

"You are coming back to marry her?"

"We are not going to be married." After another moment's hesitation he went on. "It is, perhaps, best to tell you that she does not see her way to be my wife."

The girl understood. "You were fond of her." The words were spoken with a sympathy that did not offend the listener.

"I *am* fond of her," he said.

"And Jem and I are so happy." The words came like an apology.

"Jem?"

"Dr. Tracy." The girl's face grew red, and if the American's face darkened she did not notice it.

"You think he will make you happy?" James Lycett asked the question, but had only to look at Mary's face to read its answer.

"He is leaving Stockton?" he went on.

"But he will soon find something to do." The girl said the words with pride.

"Well, for my own part I never could be idle, but—work may not be necessary."

Mary looked up puzzled, and then her face reddened. She she recognised the allusion to her new-found future.

"Mr. Amphlett said my grandfather could not have kept it from me."

"No, you *are* free to take it," the American returned. "And, though my father would have done what he could, it will smooth your path. Dr. Tracy knows?"

Mary shook her head. "It all happened yesterday, you know. But I am not going to stay here."

"Well, you must come with me to America and be married there." The American said with a smile.

"Lady Shotover says I ought to go away with an old lady who

is staying here, and travel with her and see the world and learn all I ought to learn ; but I don't like her, and I am not going with her."

"So it seems! and Lady Shotover, she knows about Dr. Tracy?"

The girl shook her head.

"Don't you think it would be fair to her to tell her—when she has been so kind?"

"She would not let him come here."

"Why not?"

"I have been long enough in the house to know what the gentlemen are like who come here. I see them on the terrace."

"But Dr. Tracy is a gentleman." James Lycett swallowed something in his throat as he thought of Teresa.

"Yes, he is a gentleman, but not the kind of gentleman who comes here."

"Well, what will you say when I tell you that Lord Shotover has asked me to dine with him to-night?"

"You are like the others."

"Is that a compliment or not?"

The girl looked puzzled. "You could talk to Lord and Lady Shotover."

"But surely Dr. Tracy is not dumb?"

The girl shook her head. "I cannot explain."

James Lycett laughed again. "Well," he said, "we have wandered away from business. You are going to see Dr. Tracy, and talk matters over with him?"

"I shall write to him." In decided tones.

"You will need a good many sheets of paper." This decided young cousin amused the American.

"He asked me to meet him." This came with shyness.

"And why not?"

"I could not talk to him on the high-road."

Here was a lady of dignity! Again the young man's face expressed his amusement.

"Suppose I see him for you? My sisters' lovers used to approve of me."

Mary Priddock's face shewed her displeasure at this joke.

"Well," the young man went on more seriously, "I only hope you have chosen for the best. My father and mother will be

disappointed when I tell them I am not to bring them another daughter." His face flushed as he said the last words, and again his thoughts went to Teresa. What a daughter she would have been, and how his parents would have appreciated her! "Shall I say good-bye now?" he asked. "I shall see you again to-night, and we can finish our talk."

"I shall not see you to-night." The girl shook her head.

"There is nothing I can do for you?"

"Only (but I don't like to ask you), but I should like Molly to know ——" She paused. "Tell Molly she will see me in my carriage. She will understand."

"Molly?"

"I told you about her," the girl said. "The woman who was so good to Annie. Any one in the Court would send you Molly Delaney. If you give her my message, she will know what I mean."

"I shall certainly see—Mrs., or is it Miss Delaney?"

"Mrs. Delaney, but Delaney has left her, and everyone knows her as Molly. Oh, she was good to Annie, she was good to Annie! No one knows how good she was to Annie." The words came with a passion that amazed the young man.

"Then for her own sake I shall be proud to make Molly's acquaintance," he returned gravely.

"And there is Peter; but Molly will tell *him*. Peter sweeps the crossing, and everyone knows him."

"What will you say when I tell you that I too know Peter? He took me over the Court one day. I shall set him to work to find Mrs. Molly for me."

"And be sure and ask how the baby is," Mary cried, now quite excited and happy.

"I shall not forget the baby, and now may I give you a word of advice as a cousin?"

The girl's face changed.

"Oh, it is a very innocent bit of advice—only to tell Lady Shotover about Dr. Tracy. Promise me you will."

Mary looked at him. She had trust in this new found-out kinsman, and, after a moment's struggle with herself, she brought herself to give the desired promise.

"If we do not meet to-night, we shall meet again soon," the American said as he took her hand at parting. "I suppose the

whole world knows by this time of your relationship to General Shotover?"

The girl's face grew crimson. "I don't want to hear his name. It makes me feel—wicked."

"As it used to make me feel wicked till—some one made me promise forgiveness."

"You were angry with him too?"

The American nodded.

"It is when I think of Annie. Annie was a bit of me. I shall never love anyone again as I loved Annie. Even when I fought with her, it was because I loved her—it is true, it is true!"

"You loved her better than you love Dr. Tracy." The American still holding her hand, looked at her curiously.

"Annie was a bit of my life. No one understands."

"I think I understand," James Lyceet said gently, as he shook her hand again.

"Cold as ice and hot as fire," he said to himself, as he walked down the avenue. "What will be her end?"

At the Lodge end gates he hesitated. He was very near the Glebe. Should he go and see Teresa? His heart ached for a sight of her. Yes, he would go, not to say good-bye—that would come later—but just to see her and show her he was bearing his cross, as Father Matthew would have said, "like a man." He took the short cut from the village he had taken so often, and stood a moment at the stile to look down at the old church. From the yard he could hear Mrs. Harnett's hard voice giving her orders to the men. He would make the circuit of the orchard, and strike into the avenue by climbing the fence, and so perhaps get Teresa alone for a moment.

Fate favoured him. The girl, who had run down stairs on some errand, was crossing the passage as he came to the door. She had on the long white apron that, even on their first acquaintanceship, somehow had always seemed to him to give her a convent look. It was not the first time they had met since they parted in the churchyard, and Teresa came frankly forward to offer him her hand. As she stood in the porch, the light streaming in on face and hair, the young man looked at her intently. It was so he would like to carry away her picture. The gentle eyes, the recollected mouth, the sweet composure of maidenhood. The cry

in his heart was, amid its hungry pain, that, in all things, God might bless her.

"You have told your mother?" he asked, when they had spoken for a moment or two.

Teresa shook her head.

"What will she do without you? What will Mrs. Makepeace do?"

"I shall not leave Grannie." She did not add that, so far as her mother was concerned, her absence would—with all her love for her—be a relief.

James Lycett understood. So long as his grandfather's old sweetheart lived, her grand-daughter would be faithful to her side. When the old woman was laid with her kinsfolk in Shotover Churchyard, the dove would fly to its nest.

"I shall see you once again," he said, "to say good-bye," and he turned and was half way down the avenue before Mrs. Harnett came bustling round the corner of the house.

"Who is it, Teresa? Not Dyer this time of day? He'll not be put off much longer, and that's the truth. Twice wed's what I never thought to be, but what's to be, will be, and your father was not one of those churls that would have grudged me a bit of happiness. There's no doubt about it, a house is lost without a man. Why, the very sight of Dyer's macintosh in the hall does my heart good. Empty pegs they have been ever since your father died, for neither Bucknill nor Tracy ever did more than lay their overcoats on the bench"—Mrs. Harnett gave a gigantic sigh—"but Dyer up with his from the first. I only hope, as I've said so often," she went on, pointing towards the avenue down which the American had now disappeared, "that you won't live to repent."

Teresa shook her head.

"There's one thing to be said for him—he doesn't bear a grudge. I have known them that would sulk for a year after they'd had their 'nay.' But it goes deeper with some than others—there's no mistake about that."

Teresa well knew how "deep" it had gone with her lover, but not to her mother could she say it. Her comfort lay in the knowledge that her lover *understood*, and after the pain would come the healing in God's good time.

"Bless me, Teresa, don't stand dumb," her mother cried with impatience. "It isn't good-bye yet, is it?"

Teresa pulled herself together. "We shall see him once again, I think, mother. He would like a peep at grannie."

"And upset her for a month. Where's your sense, child? Well, I suppose the pair of you must have your way, and Dyer can fix her up." Mrs. Harnett went back to her kitchen, and Teresa to her work of patient love in her grandmother's room.

CHAPTER LXXIII

THE END

Father Matthew and the visitor from the New World were sitting in the Presbytery parlour. "And so," said the priest, "the cat is out of the bag, and a good many hands seem to have been concerned in cutting the strings. Did I not tell you that matters would shape themselves, if that be the way to put it" (his hand went up to his biretta). "But tell me now" (the mouth twitched), "this nine days' wonder—it has made you happy?"

"Come, father, you must not be down on me, and this my last visit."

"Your *last*? I did not understand that. You are leaving the cousin to her own devices?"

The young man smiled as he nodded his head in acquiescence.

"Ah, she 'gangs her ain gait,' as Sawney says."

"Just about it, Father. But it is not only that. The truth is," the young man went on, after a moment's pause, "I cannot stay on here."

"I understand." The priest, in his turn, nodded his head.

"And my father has not been well."

"And you are glad of the excuse. Yes, yes, I understand. You have said good-bye?"

The priest did not need to add "to Teresa." "I saw both Mrs. and Miss Harnett yesterday," the young man responded.

"Well," the Father said after a pause, "it was not to be."

No reply came, and the priest, bending forward, laid his hand on the young man's arm. "The 'happiness of the Cross,' that is what she has chosen. Shall I prophesy for you, my son?"

The young man shook his head.

"Well, well, you will write to me, and—what is to become of Father John?"

"I shall write, write to you both, you may be sure of that."

"Ah, what should we do without pen and ink? But to go back to the cousin. Where does the great event take place?"

"Lady Shotover wishes her to be married from The Towers."

"Come, that ought to satisfy you!"

"Not done with me yet, Father!"

"Well, let us confess that Lady Shotover knows how to make amends."

"I am glad," the young man said gravely, "to have known Lady Shotover."

"And the cousin. She, too, appreciates her?"

"Yes, Mary appreciates Lady Shotover, but—the long and the short of it is, Father, she is pining to get away from The Towers."

"Ah, well," the priest returned, "to one unused to it, with all its freedom, there is constraint in such a life. In my young days I was chaplain for six months in a big house, and, though I was my own master, I had about enough of it."

"The French lady," the American smiled, "is the special crook in the lot."

"Manzelle? Manzelle has my respect, seeing what she has turned out in her Ladyship and her daughters. But—it is a Midland saying—'The same sauce does not do for every pudding.'"

"I guess my cousin does not feel like being 'taken round' by her, and that is Lady Shotover's recipe for fitting her for her new position. Two years of travel and——." The young man shrugged his shoulders.

"And two years' good-bye to Tracy, I see," the priest smiled. "Well, we cannot wonder she objects to that. And, by the way, Tracy gets on all right?"

"So far as I know," the young man returned with shortness.

"I believe they may be happy," the priest spoke as if weighing his words.

James Lycett made a generous effort. "I believe he and my cousin are sincerely attached to one another."

"Well, let us say they *will* be happy," the priest said with a smile. "And, I tell you what, the *poor* have a good word for him. And that is to his credit."

"So Father John tells me."

Father Matthew was not blind to the effort the young man was making. "Father John is not a bad judge of a man."

The young fellow did not rise to the bait, he changed the subject. "I have been making the acquaintance of some of my cousin's friends, including Mrs. Delaney."

"Molly! Ah, your cousin was a *protégée* of hers. Molly, with all her backslidings, is a power in the Court."

"My cousin sent me to her to say that she had not forgotten her promise, that when she drove in her own carriage, Mrs. Delaney should drive in hers!"

"Set her up with a wheelbarrow would be more to the point. But I am glad the child remembers her friends."

"It would not be easy to forget Mrs. Delaney." The American burst into a laugh.

"I could introduce you to half-a-dozen Mrs. Delaneys."

"But only one *Molly* Delaney—to that I'd be ready to take my oath. Come, Father, confess she is unique."

"Molly belongs to her nation; what more can I say? Generous souls, mind you, have the makings of saints. Take away the whisky, and I wouldn't say but that Molly might be too good, as the saying is, for this earth."

Both men laughed.

"The old sweeper, too, is to have his slice of cake."

"With plums. Well, Peter is worthy of it," the priest returned with heartiness.

"And his Reverence?" The young man looked slyly at the priest.

"Ah, his Reverence. That is a different story. But his Reverence would not say 'No, thank you,' to a donation for his schools."

"A hint, Father?"

The priest laughed. "No, no! You have done plenty. But if you like to think of us sometimes on the other side of the water, well, we shall not grumble. I need not say we shall miss you."

"I shall not forget your kindness, Father, nor Father John's."

"Ah, poor Father John," the priest's eyes twinkled. "Well, you were pretty fairly matched antagonists."

"Father John is the strong man," the young man said with modesty.

"Well, I have Mrs. Green's word for it that she thinks you might both have been better employed."

The young fellow laughed. "Poor Mrs. Green! I am afraid she has suffered."

The priest looked ruefully round the room. "If I have my peck of dust to swallow, I am afraid my life will be a long one. Here is a problem for you: Why are women always in extremes?"

"I don't know that they are, Father. But you are lucky in having Mrs. Green."

The Father acquiesced. "So everyone tells me; but, if I'd my will, I'd eat my peck of dirt. However, as you say, she is a treasure."

"I am afraid it must be good-bye now, Father." The young man got up. "I dine at The Towers."

"Well, good-bye, and God bless you." The hands met in friendly grip.

"I shall have a line, Father, now and again?"

"You shall hear," the priest said with emphasis, and with a second grip of the hand the two men parted.

Father John he would see at the Station next day. But the American had still a farewell to make, for his cousin's sake he must say good-bye to Jem Tracy, but it was with a sense of relief he turned away from the door on being told that the young doctor was with a critical case, and might not be home till midnight. He left his card and went back to the Hotel to finish his packing and prepare for his dinner at The Towers; his last dinner in the old country, for the next evening would find him on the sea.

General Shotover's grand-daughter's fortune was to be her own. Lord Shotover, a self-constituted guardian, was taking care of that, and the girl did not object. Jem would depend for everything on her. *She*, not he, would make the home. Did she lack generosity, Lord Shotover, who, seeing nothing, saw everything, wondered; but, if so, it was generosity of a kind, for she was outspoken in the demand for the competence that was to make Molly Delaney a happy woman, and for the weekly couple of shillings that would save Peter from the House, and for the annuity that was to brighten Mrs. Tremeneheere's remaining days. "They were good to Annie," was her answer when the lawyer bade her consider what she was about. "They were good to Annie." The lips set themselves together, the face hardened in determination.

Many plans had been made for the girl. The secret of one was looked in James Lycett's breast. How often he had dreamed of Teresa Harnett acting as his cousin's guardian angel ! But her friends were to learn that she could make plans for herself and hold to them with tenacity.

She was ready to travel, but not to kinsfolk on the other side of the water, nor with Mademoiselle Voirhage, at Lady Shotover's bidding, but with Jem. Yes, Jem and she should travel and see the world together—travel till Stockton and the Court lay behind them like a dream.

Wealth had come and had brought its satisfaction, the satisfaction of making her Jem's equal, more than his equal ; and, if satisfaction was not happiness, the girl did not know she had missed it.

"I looked for a happier face on the top of you," was Molly Delaney's greeting, when, on the wedding morning, bride and bridegroom stopped to greet her on the church steps.

"Happy ! She's going to be as happy as the day is long," Jem cried. "Come, Molly, give us your good wishes and don't croak."

"It was Annie had the contented mind," Molly, not to be put down, went on. "But, sure, we're as God Almighty made us." And then she drew back as Lord and Lady Shotover came down the aisle. Mary had always thought a deal of grand folk and of riches and she had got what she wanted, and the Doctor into the bargain. But Mary wasn't one to be happy she told herself—always there would be something. Well, she had at any rate made others happy. Molly thought of her own and Peter's altered circumstances, and she would have *Peter's prayers*. Molly pinned her faith on Peter's intercession.

She was still standing "thinking her thoughts" after the carriage that was to take the young couple to the Station had driven away when Father Matthew's voice made her start.

"You have said good-bye to your friends, Molly ?"

"That same, your Reverence, and I was wishing ——"

"Well ?" The Priest said as she paused.

"That the Mary one's eyes had the look in them poor Annie's had ; but," Molly cheered herself up, "she's got a fine man. That Dyer chap couldn't hold a candle to him. Faith, the long face of him's near about as bad as a nail in your coffin."

The priest laughed. "Dyer's a long-headed chap, don't you talk nonsense. And so the husband's back?"

"Delaney's back. You'd have said he smelled out the fortune."

"Perhaps he did." The priest laughed again. "Now mind and keep yourself straight." He was turning away when Mrs. Delaney with a sucking in of her breath made him turn to her again.

"It's true every word of it?" She asked pointing up the church aisle.

"That Dr. and Mrs. Tracy are married? Certainly it is." The priest looked at her with amused eyes.

"That she was the old General's grand-daughter? and belongs to the quality? and that that's where the fortune came from?"

The priest nodded.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm thinking, we'll never hear more of her. Mary's not one to stand it being thrown in her teeth that she lived in the Court, and she knows that the big folk up there," she waved her hand in the direction of The Towers, "would never count her one of themselves. We'll never hear more of her, and you'll see I'm right, though it's Peter and me'll be blessing her every night of our lives."

Molly was, perhaps, right, the priest said to himself, as he walked into the house. He could not guess that, at that moment, as The Towers' carriage drew near the River House gate, Lady Shotover, with her hand on her husband's arm, was expressing the same opinion.

"We shall never see her again; of that I feel certain. Mademoiselle was right; it is a difficult nature, and is the young man the right person to guide it? Frankly, I doubt it."

"It has been a curious experience, and, my dear, you did your best." Lord Shotover nodded kindly to his wife.

"She liked me. I believe she liked me. But there was an under-current of resentment, if that is the word,—of rebellion against her past life."

"Well, I don't know that I wonder. The young man is genial enough."

Lady Shotover lifted her shoulders. "I wish it had been the American. Now, *there* is a gentleman. I wonder if it is true that Teresa Harnett refused him. That child will end in the Cloister, I feel convinced."

"Amphlett says the mother is going to marry again."

"My dear Geoffrey!"

"It is true, so Amphlett tells me—Bucknill's new assistant."

"Poor Teresa!"

"Well, that depends," his Lordship said.

Lady Shotover laughed. "I suppose it does. Well, our romance is over and we must settle into the old routine again, but I could wish the child had not married Dr. Tracy."

"She has the purse-strings," Lord Shotover said with significance.

"Shotover, I don't like you when you are sharp; but I understand. Well, I suppose they will have the usual happiness; but that does not prevent me wishing it had been the cousin."

Lord Shotover did not answer. He was leaning out of the carriage window. "Yes," he said, as he settled himself again in his seat, "I thought it was a ring-dove."

"A happy omen, perhaps." Lady Shotover laughed. And then her face grew grave as the carriage rolled past the gates of the River House. "Poor Uncle Geoff!" The words were whispered under her breath.

FRANCES MAITLAND.

TO A POET.—TWO VOICES

First Voice.

I.

STRONG watcher o'er the night wolds,

Where we but faint and cower,

Sing not to us of stars and peaks,

Your far, prophetic dower.

Beneath our feet the grasses wave,

Lend us the hope and trust,

That our dead loved ones' spirit-forms

Soar o'er their mouldering dust.

II.

The cressets on your mountains flame,
Your hills are hid in smoke
As when from Sinai's thundercloud
The hidden Godhead spoke.
Your Delphi of the clouds and stars
A timid heart forsakes.
Teach us to staunch the tear that flows,
To bind the heart that breaks.

III.

Who heeds the blind old Puritan,
A slave in Pluto's hall,
When here the human Shakspeare holds
The hearts of men in thrall?
Above the stars grim Dante shook
A wavering wing that fell
To stronger poise when his hot tears
Rained on the nether hell.

IV.

Out from the black root, hellebore,—
Drug of the maddest woes,—
From the iron-chained and frosted ground
Gleameth the Christmas Rose.
Sing it, or speak it, mountain Seer!
Out from the blackened earth
Soareth to immortality
The flower of our second birth.

V.

When the great giant, Antæus,
Battled with Heracles,
The strength of Gods suffused his limbs,
Couched on his mother's knees;
But soon Alemena's royal son
Swung his assailant free
Into the thin, blue ether,
Stifling his energy.

VI.

O poet, lean on Mother Earth,
 There shall you find your power ;
 Forth from her bare and rugged breast
 Springeth the wild wind-flower,
 That blows but for her favourites
 Binding her children's brow,
 Steeping in light their visions fair,
 Pledge of their vestal vow.

VII.

Read well, read right, your brothers' hearts,
 Study your sisters' tears :
There is your world, this singing globe
 Of joys, and sighs, and fears.
 Leave angels to their raptures,
 Leave dreams to those who sleep ;
 O watcher, tell to us who wake
 The secret songs you keep.

VIII.

Does the night pass ? Has yet the dawn
 Purpled the mountain-tops ?
 Has Nature's magic mother hand
 Loosened the organ-stops
 Of bird, and sea, and heart of man
 In one wild burst and free ?
 O great Interpreter, translate
 To us the mystery !

Second Voice.

I.

Stand high above the herd if thou wouldst reign,
 And turn their wondering faces unto thee ;
 And if thine own be smitten with the pain,
 Or furrowed from a life-long agony,
 Be sure their pleading faces will resign
 To thee a tear, to thee a sigh of love,
 And thou to them wilt be a god benign,
 Paying back a meed of mercy for their love.

II.

But go not down, nor mingle with the throng,
Let them not touch thy garments, nor thy hair ;
Nor hear from thee a jest, or Lydian song,
Nor breathe with them a soft Capuan air.
Thy brethren are iconoclasts. They deem
Those of their stature even such as they.
They see not on thy brow the Sinai gleam,
They only watch to tread thy feet of clay.

III.

It is not good for thee to venture down
From the cold, lofty summit of thy state ;
It is not right for thee to lay thy crown
At the soiled feet of men insatiate
Of that dread rapine which would level all
To one coarse medium of gold or worth,
In sunder break the battlement wall
That girds and guards the Holy Ones of earth.

IV.

Yes ! It is cold far up upon the heights ;
The sun strikes bleak and level on thy brows ;
And 'tis the time when age to rest invites,
And but the voice of duty can arouse
The soul to its high calling ; and far down
In the deep valleys is there warmth and light ;
But men's rude grasp thy forehead will discrown,
And snatch the aureole of the Infinite.

V.

Yes ! go not down, for if thou once should fall
From the hushed splendours of the Holy Mount
Whereon no Mænade s rage, but voices call
As waters spring from an eternal fount,
And trumpet their wild way towards the sea,
There would be no returning, for the leap
Is but for wingéd angels, not for thee,
Once fallen, henceforth doomed to crawl and creep.

VI.

Yes, I know well the craving and the thirst
 For something human in its sympathy ;
 Nay, the sad pity over souls accurst,
 That once were leas'd in brotherhood with thee.
 Still more, the yearning after fellowship
 With the choice spirits of a race or age,
 The soul that speaketh through the trembling lip,
 The spell that might demoniac rays assuage.

VII.

The gathering and the falling of a tear,
 More eloquent than tongues of Rome and Greece,
 The silence of an overmastering fear
 That Love, as strong as death, in death should cease ;
 Dreams that make ever deeper the sad sense
 Of all our littleness, and are yet the gauge
 Of all the greatness, which Omnipotence
 Hath wrought within us for our earthly stage.

VIII.

It matters not, and thou must not descend,
 Nor leave thy sacred calling. The reverse
 Of high vocation is the basest end ;
 Angels become but fiends, and immerse
 Their blinding splendours in some nether halls.
 So should it be. Then, let the pleading Voice
 Call its compeers. With thee it shall be well,
 When thou obeyest God's beckon, and thy choice.

IX.

I have seen slaves on horseback ; and beside
 Kings and their Counsel in the mire to walk ;
 I have seen giants pigmied in their pride,
 And pigmies, grown colossi, stride and stalk.
 The worst is aye corruption of the best,
 The highest angels lowest devils be.
 Yes, go not down. Obey the hidden hest,
 Nor barter glory for tranquillity.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

THE PRESENCE OF MAN

THE presence of God is a powerful motive to urge us to be at every moment, and to do at every moment what we ought to be and ought to do. "God sees me," ought to be a sufficient safeguard against all temptation. But, alas! we can come to forget God's nearness, to feel and act as if He were far away. How dreadful a thing it is to act in God's presence in a way that we should be ashamed of if one of God's poor creatures were present! The two following incidents resemble each other, and both of them illustrate the foregoing remarks.

About the middle of the last century, the Senior Dean of Maynooth College was the Rev. Myles Gaffney, D.D., He was a white-haired, rosy-cheeked little man, with a stoop, who, to the youthful students, seemed very old: yet, after he had resigned his office and spent several years more as a Jesuit (his younger brother, the well-remembered Father John Gaffney, S.J., was his elder brother in religious life), he was only sixty-three years old when he died in 1861, at the end of it all.

One of the means adopted by Dean Gaffney for training in spiritual things the multitude of young Levites in his charge was to assemble the students of the Junior House in the Logic Class-hall on Wednesday evenings and discourse to them very conversationally on many things. His stories made these *causeries* very agreeable to his young audience, especially during the first year that they listened to him. One of these stories was about a Catholic servant-maid in a Protestant family, where the mistress had the cruelty and meanness and wickedness to try to undermine and unsettle the faith of the poor girl. One of her horrid insinuations was that priests hypocritically paid homage to the Blessed Eucharist in public, but only when others were looking on. The servant hid herself in a church until it was closed, when she saw the priest after some minutes come in from the sacristy in soutane and stole, kneel down to pray for a time before the altar, and then with deep reverence and recollection remove the Blessed Sacrament to a more secure place for the night. To his surprise, the poor young woman rushed forward, and, throwing herself at his feet, confessed how far she had yielded to the suspicions artfully instilled into her. Happy the priest whose demeanour and whose

heart at his most unguarded moments would confirm the faith of such a waverer. The presence of God ought to be enough; but there is force also in a sort of vicarious presence of God, the presence of our sinful fellow-creatures. Let us work and pray in secret as if some of these were watching us.

There is a certain similarity between the foregoing incident (described by Dean Gaffney in 1851, and probably occurring much earlier, or perhaps occurring in several different circumstances) and a fact that Cardinal Mermillod has mentioned as happening to himself in an early part of his brilliant ecclesiastical career. When vicar of Geneva, in Switzerland, he was the occasion of the conversion of a Protestant by simply making a genuflection before the Blessed Sacrament. It was his custom to go every evening and pay a visit to our Lord Jesus Christ in the church. He then trimmed the lamp and looked and securely fastened the outer door, after ascertaining that nobody remained in the church. The inhabitants of Geneva were very bitter, and the clergy took the utmost care to protect the churches for fear of sacrilegious attempts upon the Blessed Eucharist. Father Mermillod then returned to the foot of the altar, made a devout genuflection, and in leaving kissed the ground as a mark of adoration.

One evening, believing himself quite alone, he was in the act of rising after concluding his devotions, when he heard a noise; the confessional door opened, and a lady came out. "What are you doing here at this hour, madam?" "I am a Protestant," she replied, "as you know. I have attended the Lenten services and listened to the instruction which you gave on the Real Presence. I was convinced by your arguments; one doubt alone remained—forgive me for expressing it: 'Does he believe,' I asked myself, 'in what he says?' To convince myself I came here to see if, in secret, you would behave towards the Holy Eucharist as one who believed; I was resolved, if I saw your conduct accorded with your teaching, to be converted. I came, and I believe. Hear my confession." To-day she is one of the most fervent Catholics in Geneva.

* * * *

But that "to-day" is now many a year ago, and we may well be confident that to that lady of Geneva has long since been granted that petition of St. Thomas Aquinas, which may be given in the beautiful translation that I have no hesitation in attributing to

Father Henry James Coleridge, S.J., on account of the way he introduced it into "Among the Prophets," in the *Month*, thirty years ago :

O Jesus, glorious Lord, whom now these veils enshroud and cover,
One gift alone I covet, I ask this only grace :
That in the light of Paradise, when earthly things are over,
I worship in Thy presence and look upon Thy face.

God grant that our behaviour in our most secret and most unguarded moments may stand this test—as if we were always not only in the presence of God, but in the presence of man.

M. R.

HOMESICK

It stands afar 'midst happy, sunlit fields,
A little farmhouse, brown and old,
With ancient ivy-covered, buttressed walls,
And straw-thatched roof of gold ;
And I, a wanderer from the dusty town,
Grown weary of its heavy ways,
Wistful, from off the hot white road, look down
And long for the old days.

For there the nights were blessed with quiet sleep,
The days were filled with happy cares,
And there the skies seemed ever blue, and there
Was time for peace and prayers ;
While youth and laughter, joy and hope and love,
Sang in my heart a happy song,
Ah me ! a song that's hushed for evermore
The crowded streets among.

And now I stand and gaze with heavy heart
Across dear fields in longing sore
To where another woman, happier far,
Looks from the low half-door.
O little farm-house, old and brown and sweet,
I wake when all the world's at rest
And think of you and long for the old peace
And the untroubled breast.

NORAH O'MAHONY.

MADAME DE MAINTENON AND ST. CYR

II

WHEN Madame de Maintenon first founded St. Cyr, she was, in common with the King, strenuously opposed to anything closely resembling the conventual life for the new institution, and she wished the education to be on quite different lines from that then given in the abbeys and convents. Her great idea was to educate the girls in view of the position they were later on to take in the world, and to make them, at the same time, good Christians and good patriots, devoted to God and their country; and she hoped best to achieve this end by giving a more secular bringing up than was to be found behind cloistered walls. Later on she was found to change her views, to exclude rigorously a worldly spirit, and to convert the secular school into a convent.

For the first years, however, before she had found out the mistake of her new scheme, it was all quite different; she showered gifts of ribbons and bead necklaces upon the lucky pupils, and took keen pleasure in seeing them becomingly dressed; and the uniform of the school, though quite simple, lent itself well to a charming coquetry of dainty detail. Each class was known by its own colour, beginning with the little "Reds" and graduating upwards, through the "Greens" and the "Yellows," to the more sedate "Blues," who were the eldest girls in the school. The dress itself was of plain brown "étamine," but the little fluted apron was bordered by a ribbon of the distinctive class colour of its owner, and of the same gay hue were the puffed under sleeves, while little ribbon bows fastened the body in front, and were known by the quaint name of "*non-pareils*." The hair was arranged in the fashion of the day, and the small lace-trimmed muslin cap had nothing of an elderly air about it, and could but have given an additional charm to the fresh young face beneath it. The same colour scheme was carried out all through the house, and the dormitories and classrooms were decorated by the distinctive colour worn by their inmates.

In regard to education Madame de Maintenon was mindful of the traditions of her youth, when she was one of the lights of the

literary *salons* of the day. She was above all desirous that the *demoiselles* should acquire the art of speaking and writing in a correct and graceful style, and the conversation at St. Cyr was in the somewhat strained and pedantic language of the Hôtels Albret and Richelieu, for the foundress never seemed to fear that in her method lay the danger of forming, not useful, practical members of society, but rather "*Précieuses*," like those whom witty Molière was to render for ever ridiculous. She also conceived the idea that her pupils would be improved and stimulated by some amateur theatricals and one of the mistresses wrote a little play expressly for their use, but Madame de Maintenon was too much at home in things literary for the feeble amateur's effort to meet with her approval. If plays there were to be, she was determined that they should be the best, faultless alike in construction and beauty of rhythm, and to achieve this she appealed to no less a person than Racine. The world-famed tragedies of *Esther* and *Athalie* were the results of her command. Great was the excitement at St. Cyr as the date fixed for the performance drew near, and indeed the occasion demanded it, for no less a person than the King had promised to honour the young actresses with his presence. Madame de Maintenon, ever on the look-out to provide fresh amusement for him, had first conceived the idea for his benefit. As for Racine, he spared no pains to make his work a success; he himself superintended each rehearsal, trained each girl in her part, taught them all how best to render his lovely lines, chose from among the "Blues" those with the finest voices, and was a *persona grata* at the school, beloved alike by both mistresses and pupils. Small wonder that success crowned the efforts of such a master! In the meantime Madame de Maintenon was busy arranging and planning the costumes which she chose from the wardrobe of the royal theatre; sparkling with imitation diamonds and jewels, they cost the goodly sum of fourteen thousand livres.

When the great day at length arrived, the success surpassed even the most sanguine expectations; all went off without a hitch, the young actresses and choristers were perfect in their respective parts and the King was delighted. Among those present at this first representation were the Père Bourdaloue and seven other Jesuits, also Madame de Miramion: "To-day we are acting for saints," said Madame Maintenon. But all the Court soon clamoured for admittance and several performances were given for which

invitations were as eagerly coveted as for parties at Versailles. King James II. and Beatrice of Modena came over from St. Germain-en-Laye to charm away a few hours of their weary exile with the pretty spectacle, and Louis XIV. was there again to receive them. All that was greatest by birth or talent was to be found among the audience; here came great Bossuet, and charming Madame de Sévigné has left a detailed account of her visit with Madame de Coulanges, written in her usual inimitable style. The King even had singers over from his own theatre to swell the voices of the chorus; these professionals were carefully chosen from among the best in the troupe, and were placed on the opposite side of the stage to the "demoiselles" whose beauty and simplicity, so it is said, were only thrown into the greater relief by the introduction of this purely operative element. There was but one chorus of praise for Madame de Maintenon and her work, and it was even rumoured that these theatricals were not without effect on the future destinies of some of the "Blues," for some among the young nobles of the Court, when they wished to settle in life, still remembered the impression made upon them by the lovely handmaidens of *Esther*, and went no further than St. Cyr to seek the bride of their choice.

For Madame de Maintenon, however, there was to be a rude awakening, and it is strange that with her strong common sense she had not foreseen the disadvantages of bringing young school girls into so close a contact with the Court. The "Blues" were now as proud as little peacocks, and, with all the inexperience of youth, they were oblivious of the fact that the ruined condition of many of their families precluded them from taking their place in the world, and condemned most of them to a secluded, humble life in far off provinces. They were full of airs and graces, and Madame de Maintenon was alarmed to find that they recited far better the tender poetry of Racine than the more virile lines of Corneille. Some among them even went so far as to refuse to sing in church, under the absurd pretext that the Latin chaunt was liable to injure their voices. All this was far indeed from the guileless simplicity dreamed of by the Foundress, but it was left to the head mistress, Madame de Brinon, to carry things to their culminating point. The royal favour shown to the school really seems to have turned her head, and to have made her quite forget the conduct in keeping with her position. She was now always surrounded by a little court of chosen "Blues," who seemed like

ladies-in-waiting round a queen, and when she left St. Cyr to go and drink waters, she pushed her folly so far as to receive deputations from the towns she passed through, and promised posts and favours as if she had been any princess of the blood royal.

Fortunately, if Madame de Maintenon had made a grave mistake, she also knew better than anyone how to remedy it, and in this crisis her undaunted spirit of determination stood her in good stead, and enabled her to put down all excesses with a firm hand. The first step was to remove Madame de Brinon, and by the somewhat drastic method of *lettres de cachet*, she was one morning summoned to retire to the abbey of Maubuisson. With her gone, it remained but to change the spirit of the school, and Madame de Maintenon threw herself into the task with all the energy of her nature. The elaborate performances of *Esther*, the root of the evil, were ruthlessly forbidden, and when *Athalie* was acted, it was played not in costume, but in the ordinary school uniform, and whenever, later on, the King expressed a wish to hear some of the young girls recite, they were taken to Versailles, in Madame de Maintenon's own carriages, and recited in her private apartments. But, in the early days of the reform, even such modified festivities were rigidly condemned, and, instead of practising stately *minuets* and graceful *pavanes*, studying Lulli melodies and Racine tragedies, the "Blues" suddenly found themselves with brooms in their hands and summoned to sweep the staircase. No department of manual labour was to be despised. They were made to clean, sew, and work like the humblest housewives. Gone were the days of generous distributions of ribbons and trinkets; though the "demoiselles" were still taught to be neat in their dress and to hold themselves erect; but there was to be no tacit encouragement of pretty finery and Court mannerisms. How the poor "Blues" must have rebelled at such a change! And rebel they did, if the dark rumour of an intention to prepare a dish of hemlock for an unpopular mistress is to be believed. The account of the death of Socrates had evidently not been omitted in their education, and had left an unpleasantly lasting impression on the minds of the offenders. Yet, that there was a spirit of revolt and discontent abroad in the school can hardly cause wonder, for the weary hours they were now made to pass, bereft of their cherished books and pastimes, would never have been necessary had it not been for the injudicious

conduct of Madame de Maintenon. As they unwillingly went about their detested work, how they must have realised in imagination the short hours of their triumph, and how they must have envied the lot of the great ladies who had so lavishly applauded their girlish talent! Yet, though the change was arduous, it was gradually accomplished, and Madame de Maintenon seems to have rushed into the contrary extreme, for on her anxiously making some observation to a mistress, the latter laughingly replied: "Pray console yourself, Madame; our girls have no longer even commonsense."

The right mean had then yet to be found, and find it Madame de Maintenon did. Familiar to most are the admirable series of letters by which she strove to teach the pupils those things they would stand most in need of when called to play their greater part of wives and mothers on life's stage. On their leaving St. Cyr, she wished them to have no illusions as to the life most of them would have to lead—a simple life in far away provinces, where, members of an impoverished nobility, they would have to suffer many privations, and would be thankful to utilise the practical education they had received in their youth. Neither did she wish them to look upon the married state only through the roseate veil of romance woven by inexperienced school-girls, for she strove to teach them some of its duties, and would have them realise life under its sterner aspects, so as to fully equip them for the battle-field of the world. She talked openly to the elder "demoiselles" about the sorrows and worries of those of their former companions who had made unhappy marriages. She had learned by bitter experience how much lurking wormwood lies hidden under the most brilliant aspects, and that the passing years are cruel shatterers of ideals and golden day-dreams, and she seems to have thought, and, perhaps, most wisely, that one of the truest secrets of happiness is to expect but little. She encouraged the mistresses to talk in the same strain, and was of opinion that nuns whose special vocation is the education of youth, should not shrink from speaking of the world and its ways as their sisters of cloistered convents might naturally do. "Forewarned is forearmed," might have been her motto.

Madame de Maintenon was the first to set an example to the Dames de St. Louis in regard to the duties she demanded of them. In the absence of the King, gone to the seat of war, she

came to live among them, and at other times, two or three times in the week, she would arrive from Versailles as early as six in the morning, and spend all the day at St. Cyr teaching the children and fulfilling the usual round of an ordinary class mistress. Her especial delight was to devote herself to the "Reds," the youngest in the house, and there is something very touching in the picture of the lonely woman finding her chief pleasure in tending on the children of others, and enjoying an illusory sense of ownership the while she smoothed out soft, rebellious curls, and spared awkward little fingers many a fumbling at strings and button-holes. Those were her happiest hours, her red-letter days, and she loved to share the recreations of the children, playing at their games, and throwing her whole heart into her work of training the little souls committed to her charge. What rest to be found if only for a few hours from the trammels of a court, and from the strain of perpetually having to be an entertaining companion to an aged king, weary of all things! Among the children she could once more be her natural self, silent or talkative, at rest or in movement as the mood took her. Little wonder is it how infinitely she preferred St. Cyr to Versailles. All things are bought at a price, and she had paid for her exalted position dearly. Her marriage was kept a strict secret, and this in itself must have been no small trial, and at the same time she was the subject of jealousy and envy. The King delighted in her powers as a conversationalist, but was selfishly exacting, and expected her to keep him constantly amused. She often had to talk to him for four hours at a stretch without showing a sign of weariness, and this not only when well in mind and body, but also when she was feeling weak and depressed and burning with fever. No wonder that at the end of such interviews she would sink back utterly exhausted with only strength left to murmur to Mademoiselle d'Aumale: "I can do no more." St. Cyr was her oasis, her resting place, and it was in its quiet chapel, in those early morning hours, that she came to receive her Lord, and she would take long hours from her busy day in which to kneel there and pray. It was with a heavy heart that she must have seen the day draw on and the hour of her departure approach. While the Duchesse de Bourgogne, future Dauphine of France, was among the pupils, the King took the almost daily habit of coming himself to fetch Madame de Maintenon home, and if, as was often the case, he had been

hunting in the great neighbouring forest, and had with him a noisy retinue, he would have his coach stopped at the outer door of the convent, so as in no way to disturb the peace of the quiet abode.

It was her own secret unhappiness that probably made her unduly urgent in pressing others towards the religious life, and her entreaties and advice had much to do with the vocation of poor Madame de la Maisonfort. A favourite with Madame de Maintenon, the latter was most anxious to enroll her as a Dame de St. Louis, and she yielded at last, seemingly but half convinced, and tortured with scruples as the moment of the vows approached. Later, she fell into the errors of Quietism, which she introduced into St. Cyr in the person of its head, Madame de Guyon, and ultimately was made to leave the school, and miserable and restless, seems to have wandered vainly from cloister to cloister in the search of peace for her tortured soul. Her sad history was a lesson to the Foundress, and she was more circumspect over the vocation of lovely Madame de Glapion, but here again human affection played too great a part, though in this case the poor, weary soul found rest at last, and lived to be the happy Superiress of the Order where she had passed her youth, beloved of all alike, but by none so dearly as Madame de Maintenon, who was wont to say of her: "She is the only one of all those I have loved in whom I have not been disappointed."

The last years of Madame de Madame de Maintenon's life were spent wholly at St. Cyr, and, to the last, all her thoughts and energies were concentrated on the work she had loved so well. Up to the end she loved to have the children with her, and she had also the consolation of living long enough to see her dear Madame de Glapion happily and successfully filling the post of Superiress, and it was in her arms that she breathed her last. She was laid to rest, not in her own domain of Maintenon, but in the chapel of the institute she had founded, and there, for many years to come, children and mistresses knelt to pray by the side of their Foundress. Little did they guess how comparatively short a time the work as she had planned it was to stand.

After her death the palmy days of St. Cyr was over. The school still continued to enjoy marked royal favour, and most of the princesses passed at least some time of their youth beneath its roof, but, wedded to old customs, it never seems to have marched

with the times, and two reigns later all was still done after the fashion of Madame de Maintenon's epoch. Horace Walpole went to visit it in 1769, and has left an interesting account of the pupils singing bits of the chorus of *Athalie* for his amusement, and dancing stately measures, while a mistress, like another St. Cecilia, accompanied them on the violin. He must have found it the last abode of bygone ways and fashions, a living memory of a great reign. And better so, for its days were numbered, the knell of the old era was already tolling among the din of oncoming revolt and destruction. The institute founded by royalty did not survive the overthrow of its monarchs, and although spared to the very end, this little corner of old France was ultimately engulfed by the ever-encroaching tide of the great revolution. One of the last pupils to leave its walls was Marie-Anne Buonaparte, fetched away by her brother, the young Corsican soldier, who was not only to restore order out of chaos, but was also to mould for a time all Europe to his liking. But his star was as yet only on the horizon, and St. Cyr had yet to see the wild hordes of a maddened mob burst its enclosure, and outrageously desecrate the tomb of its foundress. Once only was Madame de Maintenon treated as a queen, says one of her descendants, the Duc de Noailles, and that was on the day that her dust was scattered to the winds, and shared the same fate as the royal dead of the vaults in St. Denis.

The pupils gone, the mistresses dispersed, the buildings still remained, as if awaiting a new life, and so it was to be, for St. Cyr, connected with the army since its infancy, was destined to be more than ever closely linked with it in its old age. Under the new order of things it was turned into a training school for cadets, and its name still bears an honoured place in the homes of modern France, since it is looked upon as an enviable distinction to have passed into the army through the gates of old St. Cyr.

EVA BILLINGTON.

A WEEK'S RETREAT

THE person in the little village of R—, who likened the vigil of the Whit-Sunday of this present year to that of Christmas, had reasons for the comparison. First, the weather was unusually cold, and, again, there was an air of good-humoured bustle among the people seldom seen except on a Christmas Eve, combined with much talk and speculation concerning the morrow, which was to bring a son of the dear Saint of Assisi to open a short retreat or mission in the country part of the large and important parish of Desertcraight. Many causes had made such retreats few; and long years had passed away from the time a famous preacher of the Passionist Order, the late Father Dominick O'Neill, had opened a retreat in the church of the village, and that had been the first ever held in the district. For weeks before the curate of the place had been busy. The church had been repaired and painted under his immediate supervision. The paths through the crowded graveyard had been newly gravelled, the harmonium tuned, and a dozen other things seen to by him, so that on foot or on a bicycle he was to be noticed passing through the village at least a dozen times a day. Toward midnight, however, on the eve of Pentecost, everyone began to feel that at last all preparations were made. The sexton and his assistants toiled homeward after moving the harmonium from its lowly position on the floor to a place on the gallery of the church. The last practice of the amateur choir was over, and one of its members, alas! was in bed with a bad attack of neuralgia. Flowers for the decoration of the altar had come in from many quarters, both Catholic and Protestant; and rare blooms from hot-house and conservatory rose beside the gaudy tulips and the brown gillyflowers, sweetest of all spring blossoms, from farmers' gardens. Many a decoration, many a finishing touch, I am sure, were given to hat and blouse long after midnight had come and gone; for ours is by no means a fashionable congregation, and millinery and dress-making are often carried on at home.

The morrow came, and everyone was afoot early. The necessary work of tending cows and calves, pigs and poultry, had to be gone

through. Houses were to be tidied, and the *menu* of dinners and teas studied, for nearly every family expected kith-and-kin from surrounding parishes for the opening of the Mission. An hour before that fixed for Mass men and women began to wend their way chapelwards. The men wore their Sunday clothes awkwardly, the women carried prayerbook and handkerchief; with a sprig of southernwood or balm in its folds, and many reminiscences of former missions in different parts of the country were indulged in. One could hear such scraps of discourse as these :—"Do you mind the close of the big mission in S——? It was closed in a field, and it was grand to see all the candles lit. Father Alphonsus gave a great sermon that evening."

"And the Orangemen were mad. They weren't used to missions then."

"The P—— mission closed outside too."

"Well, I think I never heard such a lecture as Father H—— gave in D——."

"Father H—— was a Redemptorist, and fine talker entirely."

And so the talk proceeded till the little church was reached. On the gravelled space in front a priest was walking about, and all eyes are turned towards him, and many a thankful ejaculation was heard, for "the Canon" had been ill earlier in the year, and had not been so much abroad in the country parts of his parish. He looked upright and vigorous, however, as he stood watching the groups of people passing up the steps towards the church. In the churchyard the dead—some under heavy tombstones, some under the green turf—lay thickly. The women that knelt here and there by the raised mounds were praying audibly. When the "last bell" sounded, there was a rush towards the church. As soon as Mass was ended, the Franciscan took his place on the altar steps—the church boasts no pulpit.

From the opening of the mission the weather became summer-like. The Masses were celebrated at an early hour, and we were all up early enough to enjoy the sweetness of the skylark's matin hymn and the loud gladness of the blackbird's morning song. The blackbirds, merry fellows, perched high among the first feathery leaves of the ash or swayed up and down on the pliant boughs of the willow on which the catkins yet remained. The ash was more of a laggard than usual in donning his spring robes. The bronze leaves of the aspens were fluttering, and the sycamore's pendulous

compound clusters were swinging to and fro. The hawthorn was not in bloom, but the gorse was ablaze, and the chestnuts were crowned with their flowery diadems. A drowsy hum from the banks of primroses and scented violets told that the industrious bees were at work. The pink and white blossoms on the crab trees were a perfect delight, and the green leas, not yet cropped by cattle and sheep, were spangled closely with myriads and myriads of daisies. The golden laburnums and the modest lilacs in the wayside gardens were just breaking into flower; and the whole wide world was beautiful in its wondrous green and gold.

From ten o'clock in the mornings till three in the afternoon people were passing in and out of the church for confessions; and by seven a perfect stream of men, women, and children, were on their way to the evening services. No fashionable crowd were they. It was only on the last day of the Retreat that the country congregation was increased to any noticeable extent by denizens of the neighbouring towns. The toilets of the women from the towns were, I fear, if not the admiration, at least the attention of the country women during the pauses of the services. The church was literally packed, and some of the younger children were left outside to play in the graveyard. The last words were said, the baptismal vows renewed, the Papal blessing given, and, as the sun went down in a perfect sea of gold and crimson, the congregation passed out of the church gates and homeward by broad road or country lane. The week's Retreat was over.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

AN ANSWER

You ask me why I ring these feeble chimes,
 Soft-toned and faint and scarcely audible ;
 What manly use is in the gentle spell
 Of tripping feet and constant kiss of rhymes.
 You ask me ! Say, O friend, a thousand times
 Have you not felt the poet's charm dispel
 Your daily cares, the while his accents fell
 Sweeter than hum of bees in summer limes ?

If one I love, or one I ne'er shall see,
 May gain a moment's pleasure from my song.
 And from the pleasure strength to vanquish wrong
 And bear the flag of God to victory,—
 There, there behold the end for which I long,
 That and his angel's smile to gladden me !

J. W. A.

TO J. W. A.

[IN ANSWER TO HIS "ANSWER."]

O POET, meet your answer was and wise
 When chid for weaving words in wistful song.
 One said : " Can manly use to these belong ? "
 As well to ask, " What use or beauty lies
 In nature's golden light in evening skies,
 Or warbling birds, or wealth of flowers that throng
 Our path in Spring ? " No " feeble chime," but strong
 Your songs that wake by turns our smiles and sighs.

Here in this Southern clime 'neath Afric's sun,
 More than " a moment's pleasure " do we gain
 From songs of yours. The flash of quiet fun—
 The deeper thought—these are not read in vain.
 Write then, O Poet ! Those you ne'er shall see
 On earth will thank you in Eternity.

S. M. C.

OUT OF THE DARKNESS INTO THE LIGHT

MY parents were Church of England people of a distinctly Low Church, No Popery type. We were eight children, I the youngest, and our religious education was confined to the learning of the collects and Catechism by heart, without any explanation, and attending family prayers daily and "Divine Service" twice on Sundays. Our "Sunday books" were the *Fairchild Family*, *Little Henry and his Bearer*, and other tales of the like kind, besides *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, with ghastly pictures. Our religion was all dry lip-work; of moral training we had none.

At the age of seventeen I was sent home to England from New Zealand (whither we had emigrated ten years previously) to complete my education. We travelled via Panama, where we stayed one night. Early the following morning, in company with some fellow-passengers, I wandered into the cathedral; I knew nothing of the Catholic religion, and had never before been in a Catholic church. The dimly-lighted old Spanish building, the passing and repassing of vested priests, the tinkling of bells, appealed to my artistic sense—that was all. I said no prayer, and thus in utter ignorance I assisted for the first time at Holy Mass.

When we arrived in England, I was sent to a school near London, conducted by a lady who held what were then (some forty years ago) considered "good, sound High Church" views; now they would be thought very Low, but there was a good moral tone in the school, and pains were taken to instil religion into the hearts of the pupils. In this atmosphere I began to think seriously of religion, and for the first time in my life heard of a living, teaching Church, which was useful knowledge, though, at the time, the said Church was presented to me under the guise of "the English branch of the Catholic Church."

Soon after my arrival, not having had an opportunity before leaving New Zealand, it was deemed fit that I should be confirmed, and as no Confirmation was held that year in ———, it was arranged that I should be prepared at school, and go up to London for the ceremony at a church whose rector, a Doctor of Divinity, was the husband of one of my godmothers.

How terrible was that time of preparation! My conscience, very tender as a child, dead for years, once more awoke and I wanted to be good. But how to begin? I had not a single soul to whom I could speak on spiritual things. No such doctrine as that of Confession was taught at Miss J——'s, nor had I even heard of it, so far as I remember. But there was the keen unacknowledged longing for it, which found its only vent in an almost hopeless out-stretching of the hands heavenwards for help and forgiveness. Outwardly my preparation consisted in one visit from the Rector of the parish, who heard me straight through the Catechism without a word of comment or advice, but he left me a packet of tracts, of the contents of which I have no remembrance.

On the eve of the Confirmation I went in a miserable state of mind to stay with my Godmother, but the subject of the Confirmation was not broached until the next morning when Dr. —— called me into his study and holding a Confirmation card in his hand said "Let me see—I have to examine you—What is your name"?

"Emily."

"Very well, that will do!" and with a smile the card was signed and handed to me. "*Examined and approved by me.*"

Then followed the long, almost entirely miserable, drive from the West to the old city Church of which Dr. —— was incumbent—not entirely miserable because of an occasional shadowy glimpse of One Who would not "break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax." And this state of mind, alternating between an exceeding terror of "eating and drinking my own damnation," and merciful suggestions of the goodness and loving kindness of God, lasted until after the Communion of the following Sunday, and for many months after.

It was about this time that the greatest grace of my life, because the source of all subsequent graces, came to me. Holy Church may well apply to our Blessed Lady the words of the Wise Man "He that findeth me findeth life" (Prov. viii. 17). A volume of sermons by Dr. Vaughan of the Temple was given me, and among them I found one on the text "Whosoever He saith unto you do it" (John ii. 5). It was entitled "Obedience the measure of Help" and inculcated the necessity of following the dictates of conscience at whatever cost. This sermon made an immense impression upon me—in it I found a practical way of satisfying

my yearnings after better things, henceforth the "Whatsoever" and the "do it" were perpetually in my mind, urging me on to deny myself, to resist temptation, and to practise such small acts of virtue as occurred to me. I do not remember that Our Lady was even mentioned in this sermon, and it was not till I had been many months a Catholic that I realized whose were the words which had led me on step by step, till at last I was safe in the true Fold. But, nevertheless, I had, by the mercy of God, found Mary with her "life," though as yet but in the germ.

Time passed, my school days were over, and I returned to the Colonies. Here, in the very mundane atmosphere of a Colonial town, where amusement and dress were with women the principal interests of life, I lost much of my newly-acquired fervour. But the "Whatsoever" still rang in my ears, preventing me from giving up spiritual reading, forcing me to mortify myself occasionally, especially during Lent, and keeping me to my prayers—such as they were; moreover I never lost the idea of a teaching Church, hazy though it was. When I was twenty-three, we (my father, mother, and I) returned to England, travelling *via* San Francisco and Montreal to Liverpool, and it was in Canada that I received one of those blows which go to the making or the marring of a life: it was exactly what was needed to compel me to turn entirely to God, and to make what had hitherto been but a somewhat spasmodic searching after Him, the one need and consolation of my life. In His Providence it was precisely at this point that I was for the first time brought face to face with practical Catholicity. In spite of my father's deeply-rooted prejudices against Catholics, we became intimate with two of our fellow-passengers, recent converts, a widow and her son. They were excellent people, and in their sympathetic society I found solace in my trouble, naturally spending a good deal of time daily with them. It was strange to me to observe that their first thought on arriving at a new place was to find the church, and to see a lad of nineteen turn out to week-day Mass whenever occasion offered. I used to wonder at them and think what a pity it was they were not Church of England people, and I marvelled that being so highly educated, they could still believe such things as the Catholic Church of my imagination taught.

One afternoon, in Quebec (I now know it was the Feast of Corpus Christi), these friends invited me to accompany them to

Pontifical Benediction. As in the cathedral at Panama, so here, my eyes were holden by ignorance. Gorgeous vestments, beautiful music, fragrant flowers, twinkling lights, swinging censers—a magnificent spectacle; that was all that was conveyed to my mind by this, my first Benediction. When we returned to the hotel, my father said to me, “It was all mummery, my dear; wasn’t it?” “Oh, yes, father; just like a theatre,” was my reply.

Two years passed, principally spent in London. The religious sense now thoroughly awake, I found no rest but in seeking after God. I attended various London churches, and heard many preachers. By one I was taught to make acts of contrition and to believe sincerely that I received forgiveness at the general absolution. But I was groping in the dark; utterly puzzled by the variety and shades of doctrine held by various ministers in the Church of England, and still absolutely blind to the claims of the Catholic Church, I began to ask, in bitterness of heart, “What is truth?”

I had remained on intimate terms with my Catholic friends, and from time to time Mrs. ——— would try to enlighten my ignorance on some point of doctrine, and I would listen with interest; but a film was over my eyes, and I could not see.

One day my friends asked me to read *All for Jesus*, assuring me it was not in the least controversial. Knowing that in my parents’ eyes a Catholic book meant poison, I declined, quite conscientiously, until I had asked my mother’s permission, which was refused. I believe my fidelity to conscience on that occasion was rewarded, for the very next day my father said to me, “We have both read Gladstone’s *Vatican Decrees* [lately published]; I want to see what the other side has to say. I will get Newman’s *Letter on Infallibility*.” Accordingly, he did so, and in the course of a few days, handed it to me without comment.

It was Sunday, and in the evening, when my parents had gone to church, with much prayer for light, I began the pamphlet which, under God, was the means of my conversion.

I had not read very far when the thought suddenly flashed upon me with tremendous force that the Catholic Church was the true Church, and that, if I finished the book, I should be intellectually convinced, and be bound in conscience to become a Catholic. Nothing was further from my desire; on the contrary, with my Protestant bringing up and surroundings, such a step

seemed impossible. It was a terrible moment, the consequences of such a conviction seemed unbearable, I dare not run in the face of my father and all the family, and to this was added a sort of horror of the unknown—of what might be involved in the embracing of a religion of whose teaching I was so ignorant.

Then distinctly the old words, "Whatsoever He saith unto you do it," sounded once more in my heart. He must be sought at all costs, conscience called me to follow the light, and a couple of hours later I had found what I had so long yearned after—the knowledge that there exists in this world of ours a divinely guided authority to declare what is truth. Sick at heart at the mere thought of the battle before me, I prayed earnestly for strength, and also, if so it might be, for some little sign that I was not deceiving myself.

When I entered the dining-room that night, my father immediately said, "Well, Emmie, what do you think of Newman?" and then without pausing for a reply, he added, "If you become a Romanist to-morrow, I should say nothing to you; I see they have as much to say for themselves as we have."

"What!" exclaimed my mother, horror-struck.

"I say Romanists have as much to say for themselves as we have, and, if Emmie became one to-morrow, I should say nothing."

Words, which to my mother brought consternation, but to me the asked-for sign. My father's habitually bitter views, with regard to things Catholic, were so marked a contrast to his present speech, I could but keep silence in wonderment.

The next morning, in fear and trembling at what I had to say, for we all held our father greatly in awe, I went to his room to return the pamphlet.

"Here is the book, father, and I confess I have doubts as to the Church of England," said I. Slowly he took off his spectacles, and looking at me sternly, replied—

"That I should live to hear a child of mine say such a thing!"

His remark on the previous evening was forgotten and the battle had begun.

The result of that first interview was a promise on my part to hold no communication for the present with my Catholic friends, to read no Catholic books, and to consult "some learned and discreet minister." In making these promises I went in no way

against my conscience ; though I did not put the thought into words, my inward conviction was, *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*. I knew I was seeking the truth with my whole heart, and I was certain God would make it all clear in His good time. Moreover, I thought it better for my parents and friends that I should give the English Church a full hearing.

The clergyman I chose to consult was the popular incumbent of a fashionable West-end Church, now a Bishop. I had attended his Bible classes and had learned much from him in devotional matters. After exchanging several notes, he then being out of town, an interview was finally arranged.

To be quite honest I went off in hopes that he would prove to me my doubts were unfounded, and that the infallibility could be disproved ; in no way realizing the intense happiness of being a Catholic, even in this world, and still less recognising its all-importance with regard to Eternity, I hoped for a loop-hole whereby to escape from the cruel necessity of grieving my whole family.

I had but one small argument to produce. Scripture says, "There is one Lord, *one Faith*, one Baptism." In the Church of England are many conflicting beliefs ; in the Church of Rome, unity of Faith. To this the clergyman replied :—

"It is certainly to be deplored that we are not more united, but still we agree in essentials. To be elastic and to embrace all schools of thought, is the spirit of our Branch of the Catholic Church. As to the Roman Church, it suits some minds. Newman became a Roman Catholic, his brother an Agnostic ; as to its practical working I have never been in Italy myself, but my wife assures me that with the peasants the Madonna is everything, they worship only her. You are really only under a temptation from the devil."

"Very well, what shall I do ?"

"On no account read Roman books, or talk to Roman Catholics."

"Yes, this I have promised my father, but it does not settle my mind. What books do you advise me to read ?"

"That needs consideration. Now go into the church and pray."

Thus ended the interview from which I had hoped so much. With a dead weight at my heart I went into the church and implored light and strength. Well I remember afterwards stand-

ing in the dusk of that winter afternoon at the top of the flight of steps which led down into the square, in anguish of mind, beseeching our Lord to grant me "a right judgment in all things" and I never pass the Church now without a hearty *Deo Gratias* that my prayer has been so abundantly heard.

As I returned home, I reflected on Mr. ——'s words, "We agree in essentials"—but were not the efficacy of Baptism, the question of the Real Presence, the necessity of Confession, essentials? and yet it was on these very points that the Church of England was divided. However, he would certainly recommend me some books which would settle the question.

Days and weeks passed, and no letter and no books came. I was much astonished, for I then in no way realized that no book exists that can controvert the fact of the Unity of the Church, which, when taken together with her Universality, is a living and miraculous proof of her Divinity.

I studied Scripture assiduously—the first point naturally being all that concerned St. Peter; day by day things became clearer, and my duty plainer. For what did I find? "Let a man hear the Church, and if he hear not the Church let him be to thee as a heathen and a publican," and this from our Lord, so gentle and merciful; therefore I saw there must be a Church to which all were bound to submit. Again, "On this rock I will build My Church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her." If at the time of the Reformation "the gates of hell," that is, the spirit of error, had prevailed, as Protestants affirm, our Lord had failed in His promise—there must either be an infallible God-sustained Church, or Christianity is a fraud.

Day by day thoughts such as these forced themselves upon me, and in bitterness of soul I cut the ground from under my feet—the "Whatsoever" impelling me to correspond with grace and go on to the end. My parents were deeply distressed at seeing the course affairs were taking. My father declared he would never be happy again if I became a Catholic, that he should feel he had a spy at his table, whose duty it would be to report all doings and sayings to the priest, and that, if I had not been an invalid, he would have wished me to leave home. My other relatives and my friends were equally against me; each day brought its painful interview, for I wished (foolishly perhaps) to tell everyone with whom I was on intimate terms what was in my mind, and to hear what they had

to say in return. It seemed that they *could not* see what was becoming so clear to me, they did not attempt to disprove the arguments brought forward, but contented themselves with saying I was "morbid," "self-willed," or that I had over-taxed my brain by study, and all agreed I was cruel and undutiful to cause my parents so much sorrow. Looking back on those days of uncertainty and misery—out of one Church and not in another—I thank God that conversion comes but once in a life-time.

About six weeks thus passed when I was invited to stay with some old friends in a country vicarage; here, perhaps, I should get help.

The morning after my arrival the dear old Vicar proposed "a chat" in his study. The result of the interview shall be given in his own words. "Well, my dear, when I left Cambridge, I knew why I was a Protestant and not a Catholic; but I am too old now, and have laid my arguments on the shelf."

Once more I had asked for bread and received a stone.

Shortly after this a clergyman at Cambridge, who had been coaching me in Scripture by correspondence for one of the local examinations, wrote to ask why I had not sent up any work for so long. In reply I confided to him all my difficulties, and by return of post he most kindly sent me a book which, he assured me, would settle my doubts for ever.

This book was entitled *No End of Controversy*, and professed to be an answer to Milner's *End of Controversy*, so I shewed it to my father, and told him I proposed reading it carefully, then to read *The End of Controversy*, re-read the reply, and finally decide. This he agreed to. With deep interest and much prayer I settled to my task, but what was my astonishment at finding in this the only controversial book recommended me during these two weary months not a single argument in favour of Protestantism, but mere unproved statements against, and much abuse of, the Catholic Church! The Church of Rome is "the Scarlet Woman," she is "a gigantic lie," and so forth, the pet epithets printed in huge type.

I laid down the book fully convinced of the worthlessness and untenableness of Protestantism; for me "the end of controversy" had come, and to read the book so entitled was unnecessary.

In another fortnight I was safe in the true Fold, the scales had fallen from my eyes and I was in a new world, where all is beauti-

ful and abundantly satisfying to heart and mind. The Oratorian Father who received me told me I ought to write to Cardinal (then Dr.) Newman, and tell him what he had done for my soul. I did so, and in reply received the following letter :—

The Oratory,
Birmingham,
April 16, 1875.

MY DEAR MISS—

I am very glad to receive from you the tidings of your conversion, and am thankful to God both for it and for the circumstances under which it occurred. God has been very gracious to you, and you may feel confident that He Who has done so much for you will do still more. You must guard against your spiritual enemy who will try to use you against yourself. After a time of excitement, perhaps of spiritual exultation, such as is often the attendant on conversion, there is often in turn a season of reaction, from the mere weariness of mind, as we are apt to feel in the parallel case of bodily exertion. Then a despondency comes on, and then is our enemy's time to suggest difficulties and murmurings. And the shorter has been the process of conversion the more severe is likely to be the reverse. If such happens to you, you must be brave and call on God to help you, and go straight forward in spite of all difficulties, and cherish a sure trust that your Lord and Saviour will in His time bring your trial to an end.

That you may have grace thus to act, is the sincere prayer of

Yours very truly,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

More than a quarter of a century has elapsed since this letter was written, and has "He who has done so much," indeed done "still more"? I open my big Catholic Bible, and under the heading "Births" read the following entries. After the date of my own reception, 1875, come A. 1884; B. 1887; C. 1888; D. May 1894; E. Dec. 1894; F. 1896; G. 1898; H. 1900; I. 1903; J. 1904." Ten adult relations safe in the Fold! Add to these, eleven little children of the next generation baptized in the true Faith, three adult cousins and four little third cousins, and I think we cannot but exclaim with the Prophet, "Sing to the Lord, for He hath done great things."

E. B.

AMONG OLD FRIENDS

[I have preserved for many years this fragment of the *Toronto Saturday Night*, of November 9th, 1889, and I now venture to share it with my readers, many of whom will look at it with interest when they are told that the writer is a niece of the illustrious Dominican preacher, Father Thomas Burke, of holy and amiable memory. Mrs. Willis (née Kathleen Ferguson) has lived for many years in Canada. I am not aware that she has attached her name to any collection of her contributions to the Press.]

WANDERING about the east end of the city a few days ago, I happened to light on a second-hand book store with a quantity of shabby old books exposed for sale on a bench outside the door. Being very fond of peering into old volumes and loitering round book-stalls where I have, time after time, found rare literary treasures, I stopped a minute to look at some ponderous ancient tomes, when I was accosted by the vendor of these learned wares, who came out from some mysterious depth of his dingy store. "What can I sell you to-day, Ma'am?" quoth he, in loud, hilarious tones. I looked up expecting to see the usual shabby, lean old man with spectacles on nose, whom one meets so often selling old books in London and Dublin. But, no; my interlocutor was a large, stout, jolly-looking Israelite, about thirty-five years of age, with the usual greasy skin and many-ringed hand of his nation. He wore a second-hand suit of grey clothes, much too tight and too short in the legs for him. On his head was a low-crowned brownish hat which looked very rusty near his intensely black hair. Somehow he was not the kind of man one generally meets in a store of the kind, and he roused a little curiosity in me.

"We have here every kind of literature," he went on volubly; "we can suit all tastes; there's two kind of tastes I find among my customers, the light and the deep. Now here's *The Black Monk*, *The Mock Burial*; those here are deep. Then you have romance an' feelin', *The Lost Heir*, *The Fair Bride*; fine book that, draw tears from a"—here he looked about him vaguely—"well," fixing his eye on one, "from a stone, as somebody says. Or if you like science, now, why here you are! Just the thing, Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. There's a work, deep, awful

deep," he went on as he took the works named and stacked them in a little pile before me. "All for ten cents apiece, except Burton, an' he's cheap at two dollars."

"I think I'll come inside and look round your stock," I answered. "I want a work of Kingsley's, *Plays and Puritans*."

"Certainly, ma'am, certainly," replied the jolly proprietor, who was better, up in his knowledge of dime than scientific literature.

I followed him into the dark little store, and while he went off in pursuit of Kingsley, I amused myself by examining the books, of which I found a goodly supply. It is wonderful what treasures one will sometimes stumble over in these fusty, musty old places. I much prefer hunting around in these dingy emporiums of knowledge to the regular bran-new book store, where old friends wear new faces, and where Becky Sharp, in a new dress, scornfully surveys you from a distant shelf, and Little Dorrit, in green and gold, looks at you in a magnificent Mrs. General Manner, not at all like the shabby red-covered Little Dorrit, with the Marshalsea shadow upon her, who lies at home with other old favourites on your bedroom shelf.

Ah, here is an old friend smiling at me from under a heap of dime novels! David Copperfield—who does not know thee, young Brooks of Sheffield, with thy many friends? Rugged, kindly Mr. Peggotty, with his Little Em'ly, and wonderful Micawber, waiting cheerfully, as so many of us do, only not in such a gay and careless mood, for "something to turn up." I remember long ago, when I was a girl, and it happened (which was not often) that I had no appetite for the coming dinner, how I would invariably hunt up David and read that part wherein the hero buys his "penn'orth of pudding," and on high days and holidays his pint of ale, with a "head" on it, and straightway I would find a keen and voracious craving rising within me, and I would enjoy the cold mutton and hot potatoes with a fine relish, thinking all the while how much David would have liked the "Jack in the blanket" which my mother gave us by way of pudding on cold-meat days.

Ah-ha, Thackeray, you need not look at me in that supercilious and contemptuous manner, even though I do hail from the land of pigs, potatoes, and—patriots. You wrote some very fine books, my friend, and you knew it, and you were the greatest snob in

your book of snobs, but for the life of you you could not make us weep as we have wept for Little Nell.

Why, gentle Elia, here you are, with your mild criticism and Lamb-like fancies. We've had our pleasant hours together, too, my friend, over Roast Pig and the genial Battle. Whenever I meet Charles Lamb's works, I always see the pathetic little picture of the brother and sister, hand in hand, walking through the fields together towards the grim asylum, whence presently Elia would return alone, the tears falling on his "folded hands as he walked."

Yonder on that dusty shelf lies Irving of Sleepy Hollow and Knickerbocker fame, the child of the Great Republic, the man who, as Thackeray says, "most worthily represented America in Europe." Beautiful, indeed, are his works, with their exquisite grace of language, and well may Americans be proud of their countryman, the easy, polished, and most perfect gentleman.

Ah! Jane Eyre, dear companion of many wanderings, master-work of a great genius! Do we ever think of the noble hand which penned thee, I wonder, as we turn leaf after leaf, impelled by the wonderful fascinations of the book? Poor Charlotte Brontë! Small, lonely figure, with the beautiful, earnest eyes. She is at once our friend, and we read the sad story of her life and walk with her and her shy sisters over the great purple-black moors, in their gloomy northern home; or we sit with them when, as Mrs. Gaskell tells, after evening prayers, the three sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, "began, like restless wild animals, to pace up and down their parlour, making out their wonderful stories, talking over plans and projects, and thoughts of what was to be their future life."

I think I know that book in yonder corner. Ah, I thought so! Beloved Autocrat of the Breakfast Table! Master of smiles and tears, Oliver Wendell Holmes, another of America's great sons! The man who surely invented a new kind of literature, and who called his beloved Boston that which she will ever be known as, "the hub of the solar system."

And so I wander through the dingy old store in Toronto, which is no longer dark to me, but filled with the light of diversified genius, and I see on every side of me old friends—Gog and Magog, Tittlebat Titmouse, with his hair dyed green, and bluff old Commodore Trunnion and Tom Pipes, and that greatest of all crazy knights, Don Quixote, with his trusty squire.

Ah, my good friends; and no one but the books themselves, and, perhaps, one other, far distant now, knows how near and dear they have been to me—true friends, indeed, cheerily lightening many a heavy hour and keeping green in my memory thoughts of those who sleep on the “Eternal Shore.” Adieu, old friends, while yet we are alone, for yonder I hear the noisy clatter of my Israelite, who now appears triumphant, with the long-sought Kingsley in his grimy hand. “How much?” “A dollar.” “Here is seventy-five,” and after a minute’s haggling I grasp my *Plays and Puritans* and in meditative mood pursue my way.

Oh, let us, as somebody says, “make of our books dear old friends, not merely nodding acquaintances,” and we shall find that by their help “many a kind thought is recalled, and now and again a dear memory.”

IN THE NORTH COUNTREE

WOULD we might see the evening skies
Where stately Craig and Murnyel rise,
And watch the misty amber gleam
Fade like the glory of a dream
Where Craig and Murnyel dimly rise.

WOULD we might see the brier-rose
Flame where the vagrant runnel flows,
And tread the meadow-pass that rings
With golden-throated chirrupings
Where, singing low, the runnel flows.

WOULD we might see the ripened grain
Gemmaed by the gentle Irish rain
Until the swaying cornfield seems
The jewelled gold of faëry dreams
Kissed by the kindly Irish rain.

Would in the twilight blueely vague,
We came by Murnyel and by Craig
To one remembered hearth that lies
Enshrined in fadeless memories
With Murnyel and with stately Craig.

[CHARLES QUIN.]

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

A Holiday in Japan. Out East and Back West. By Charles T. Waters. Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker. London: David Nutt.

Japan is in everybody's mouth nowadays, but this pleasant book was evidently not written merely to satisfy the public craving for more information about that interesting country. The holiday was taken before the book was thought of. Mr. Waters travelled completely round the globe, going out east and returning from our west. He gives four of his longest chapters to Japan; but there are fourteen chapters in all, and his observant eye and lively style make us keenly interested in his experiences and observations in many places more familiar than Nagasaki and Yokohama. One guesses that he must have been a very pleasant travelling companion; and, certainly, he has produced an extremely agreeable volume for the stay-at-home travellers who have no other chance of eating with chop sticks or putting up at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York, with its fifteen storeys. We are sorry when the four months of travel are over; and, by the way, the last page settles the date of these well-recorded wanderings: the *Campania* from New York was full of Americans coming over to see the King's Coronation. Mr. Waters is not one of those self-sufficient globe-trotters who sneer at everything that they see different from what they are used to in their own country. On the contrary, he goes too far in his impartial tolerance when at page 145 he ends an enumeration of points of difference or contrast between

Japanese usages and those of European countries with the remark that as much can be said in their favour as for our own ways of doing things. Among the items covered by this polite observation are the Japanese methods of shoeing horses with straw, making their thimbles without tops, and their scissors without holes for finger and thumb; beginning their books (like the Hebrews) at the last line of the last page and going backwards, and putting their "foot-notes" at the top of the page. Mr. Waters has wisely held in restraint his fine power of describing scenery, his descriptions being always very brief but very vivid; and he gratifies the curiosity of the untravelled readers so skilfully that they will share a good deal of the enjoyment that he evidently derived from his "Holiday in Japan" and his way "out east and back west."

2. *Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ in usum Adolescentium Seminarii Beatae Mariæ de Mellerio concinnata. Volumen II. Cosmologia et Psychologia.* Dublinii: apud Browne et Nolan.

The author of this excellent class book of Cosmology and Psychology is a professor in the college attached to the famous Monastery of Mount Melleray, near Cappoquin, in County Waterford. We wish that his modesty had not suppressed his name on the title page; for he has furnished students with a very useful text-book, in clear and simple Latin. This is the second of three volumes which will complete the course. The first volume on Logic and Ontology we introduced to our readers a year ago; and we are glad to see the very emphatic praise bestowed upon it by critics of authority in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, the *Dublin Review*, and the *American Ecclesiastical Review*. The third volume (on Natural Theology and Ethics) is promised to us next year. The Mount Melleray professor has exercised very great care and industry in illustrating his subject from contemporary writers who are quoted copiously in the notes, generally English, which help to give the scholar a living interest in his studies. The publishers have produced the work admirably.

3. *My Queen and my Mother.* By R. G. S. London: Art and Book Company.

This beautiful volume is called on its cover, but not on its title-page, "A Jubilee Offering to Our Lady." It is introduced briefly but very effectively by Dr. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford. It consists of devout meditations, which generally take the form of prayer, on each of the titles of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin,

each illustrated by a photogravure of some picture by one of the famous painters of Italy and Germany, with a few moderns like Gagliardi, Bottoni, and Capparoni. These illustrations number more than sixty, and the author gives thanks for help in their selection to several whose names guarantee the artistic merit of the work. It is probably the best tribute that English literature will pay to the Golden Jubilee of the Definition of the Immaculate Conception, except the magnificent volume which Father Kenelm Digby Best of the London Oratory is just now issuing from the press under the title of *Rosa Mystica*, illustrating with exquisite works of art the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary.

4. *Journal of the County Louth Archaeological Society*. Vol. I., No. 1. Dundalk and Drogheda: Printed and published for the Society by W. Tempest. [Price 2s. 6d.]

The recently organised Archaeological Society of County Louth has begun well by issuing an admirable inaugural number of their Journal, which rivals the best of the long-established antiquarian reviews. The articles are full of interest, even for readers who have no connection with Louth. The illustrations set before us the wonderful crosses of Monasterboice, certain souterrains near Knockbridge, a Louth election medal of 1755, and some other local antiquities. These are admirably reproduced, and altogether the Dundalk printer excels in what we have seen called in an old magazine, "the delicacies of typography, and all the varied charms of bibliopoetical art." The only item in which we desire improvement is in the list of members, which must be considerably swollen before No. 2 is ready for the press. We are glad to see four priests in the Council of the Society, and eleven among the members.

5. *Plays for the People*. By W. P. Ryan. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

This well-printed volume contains one play in English and two in Irish. The English play is very sad, the scene being laid in Ireland in the Famine time. There is a good deal of feeling and imagination, but we fear it cannot be ranked high as poetry. Our Irish revivalists seem not to give a sufficiently bright and amiable view of our land and our people; they are too fond of the weird and the gruesome. Our Celtic expert's analysis of the plot of the two Irish plays is still less attractive than *The Wake of the People*.

6. Another Irish book on our table is entitled to less qualified

praise, namely, seventy-five pages of our ordinary prayers beautifully printed in Irish, with a serviceable stiff cover, all for one penny. This little book must receive a wide and permanent circulation. Other penny publications of our zealous Catholic Truth Society are, a "True Tale," by Ymal Oswin, called *The Story of Bridget*—is not now the accepted spelling Brigid?—a learned, almost too learned, sketch of *St. Jarlath of Tuam*, by Mr. Richard J. Kelly, and *A Plea for Fair Play in Irish University Education*, by the Rev. William Delaney, S.J., full of convincing facts marshalled in the most effective manner.

7. The Catholic Truth Society, 69, Southwark-bridge-road, London, S.E.) have recently added to their splendid series of penny publications *Pius X. on Christian Democracy and on Sacred Music*, *A Spanish Heroine in England*, *Donna Luisa de Carvajal*, and refutations of three slanders on the Catholic Church, *Rome's Appalling Record; or, the French Clergy and its Calumniators*, by the Rev. John Gerard, S.J.; *A Tale of Mexican Horrors*, by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J.; and *Are Indulgences Sold in Spain?* (the *Bulla Cruciat*a), by the Rev. Sydney Smith, S.J.

8. The Art and Book Company, Cathedral Precincts, Westminster, have given us this month two excellent shilling's worths. One is a re-issue, fourth edition and twelfth thousand, of Canon Cafferata's *The Catechism Simply Explained*. This is a very wide circulation for a book of this kind published so recently as 1897. It deserves it well. The other shilling's worth is a new book by Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., of Erdington Abbey, *Tyburn and the English Martyrs*. The author has devoted himself with enthusiasm to the study of all the records of that pathetic crisis in the history of the English Church. This is a beautiful and edifying book.

9. *The Auld Kirk of Scotland*. By the Rev. A. Campbell, S.J. Edinburgh: Sands & Co., 13, Bank-street. [Price, 1d.]

This penny book, published by the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland, is a very careful and solid argument showing that the ancient Church of Scotland was united in faith and discipline with the Catholic Church, under the headship of the Pope. This is proved by proving the identity of doctrine and practice between the Catholic Church, or the original Christianity of Scotland, and the Catholic Church of this twentieth century of ours. One of those whom Father Campbell refutes is the Duke of Argyll, whom, being one

of the clan himself, he calls MacCailean, "the Gaelic patronymic for the head of the Clan Campbell." He has condensed into his thirty-two pages a great deal of accurate and well-digested erudition. We are glad to see that even the Duke of Argyll admits that St. Columba and the Church of his time believed in transubstantiation, auricular confession, prayers for the dead, the invocation of saints, the sign of the Cross, and the practice of fasting and penance. Is it not, then, outrageous for modern Presbyterians to pretend that they have not abandoned the faith of those old Catholic times?

10. *Tales for Junior Catholics*. By the Rev. David Bearne, S.J. Messenger Office, Wimbledon, Surrey.

Father Bearne is publishing in penny numbers a new series of his delightful stories for boys and about boys. Six numbers have been already issued in a very attractive form. The pictures, by Mr. T. Barnes, are remarkably good. The stories will, please God, preach their amiable sermon to a very large circle, not of boys only, but of girls and men and women. The postage on two copies is a halfpenny, and twelve copies are sent post free for a shilling.

11. The latest college magazine to make its way to us across the oceans is *Our Alma Mater*, the organ of St. Ignatius' College, Riverview, Sydney, New South Wales. It begins a sixth volume, but is No. 1 of a new series. If we had been on the committee, we should have vigorously opposed the notion of a new series; far better one interminable series. Improve as much as you can, change the form as much as you like, but keep to one unbroken series, like the *Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and—THE IRISH MONTHLY. The other thing confuses booksellers and binders and buyers, and has no compensating advantages. But, at any rate, No. 1 of the new series is a capital number. "A Quick Trip from Sydney to London" is as lively and fresh as if the subject had never been broached before. Father Gartlan's address at the Public Schools Educational Conference is admirable, and the report of a debate on the burning question whether Australian sympathies ought to be with the Russians or with the Japanese in the present deplorable war is more interesting and instructive than most of the debates reported by Hansard. Russia had a majority of eighteen. In the list of prize-winners the names of Desmond Gavan Duffy and John Lentaigne have a

special interest. But God bless them all. The future of Australia depends upon them.

12. We have already given warm praise to the volume just issued from the Dolphin Press, 825, Arch-street, Philadelphia, "designed to guide the teacher through a complete course of religious instruction." The two parts are bound together and furnished with numerous maps and charts. Dr. Shanahan, Bishop of Harrisburg, who has great experience and authority in educational matters, has said that this work "is the most valuable contribution to our pedagogical literature that has ever been made in America," and that "every page attests that a skilled teacher was engaged in the preparation of the work." One small peculiarity has edified us, namely, the care with which very small quotations are credited to their authors. Some purchasers of the book may be glad to know that it is "bound in vellum *de luxe* book-cloth." In the page of "Names Dear to American Catholic Hearts" the first of twenty-five Catholic writers is Bishop England and the last John Boyle O'Reilly. The only women seem to be Mrs. Sadlier and Miss Mary Agnes Tincker—for, of course, it must be the author of *The House of Yorke* and of *Grapes and Thorns*, though the name is misspelled *Tinckner*, probably an unwitting reminiscence of Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, who was not a Catholic.

WITH IT OR ON IT

As erst the mother of the Spartan boy,
 Seeking the conflict's joy,
 Said, "O my Son! bring home thy shield, or be
 Brought home on it to me :"
 So now the Mother, by whose travail's pain
 Our souls are born again,
 Says of the Cross, in manful fight confessed,
 "It is thy Shield, thy Rest."

M.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

THE word *wee* seems to have a pathetic force that its English equivalent *little* lacks. I wish I had preserved some verses that I wrote fifty years ago in praise of flowers, of which I remember only the last line, "God bless you, sweet wee flowers!" Miss Mary M. Redmond in the *Ave Maria* reminds me of the phrase in July, 1904, for the charm of her little poem on "The Wee Birds" lies in the word *wee* itself.

Up in the treetop, rocked by the breeze,
Hid in a world of blossoming trees,
Little birds cheep,
Baby birds sleep,
Lulled by the hum of the droning bees.

Feeling so safe in the wee brown nest,
Snuggled up closely to mother's breast ;
Blue skies above,
Guarded with love,
High in the treetop the wee birds rest.

* * *

One likes to gather flowers in out-of-the-way places where one would never expect to find them. It was in this spirit that I took a note of the following lines in the *Pall Mall Magazine* by A. Capes Tarbolton, whom I never heard of before or since.

"Star of the Sea, all hail!" We, too,
Dear Breton folk, must cry with you ;
For what were life in any clime
But for the Eternal beyond Time—
The fixed beyond the flux and flow
Of ills that come and joys that go ?

* * *

Nathaniel Hawthorne said that the United States were too various and too extended to form really one country. "New England is quite as large a lump of earth as my heart can really take in." Yes, I understand that. But the most lovable size for a country is the size of Old Ireland.

WINGED WORDS

The truth that is not charitable comes from a charity that is not true. [Quoted by someone from "the saint of all sweet gentleness"—of course, St. Francis of Sales.]

There is no better proof that a man is engaged in a great and noble work than that he should encounter difficulties and enmities.—*William O'Brien.*

Every day is a little life, and our whole life but a day repeated.—*Denis J. Scannell O'Neill.*

In all your dealings remember that to-day is your opportunity; to-morrow is some other fellow's.—*George Horace Lorimer.*

There are two things you need never pay any attention to—abuse and flattery. The first can't harm you, and the second can't help you.—*The same.*

Tact is the knack of keeping quiet at the right time, of being so agreeable yourself that no one can be disagreeable to you, of making inferiority feel like equality.—*The same.*

I quite approve of your using non-Catholic sources [in a collection of religious poems]. Parnassus is often within sight of Calvary and Horeb.—*H. I. D. B.*

When I want to cut the leaves of a book, I take a paper-knife and not a razor.—*Sir C. G. Duffy.*

Since it was not too much for Jesus to die in order to conquer sin, can we believe that our uncertain *velleities*, our wavering half-wishes, are enough to prostrate it to the earth?—*Louis Veuillot.*

Nothing seems to me more natural than the supernatural.—*The same.*

The Irish Catholic has suffered so long for his religion that it is in the granules of his blood.—*James Anthony Froude.*

All life is a school, a preparation, a purpose; nor can we pass current in a higher college if we do not undergo the tedium of education in this lower one.—*Alfred Tennyson.*

What matters it how much a man knows and does if he keep not a reverential looking upward? He is only the subtlest beast in the field.—*The same.*

THE IRISH MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1904

GLADSTONE'S COUSIN AND HER ADOPTED DAUGHTER

THIS is a rather cumbrous title for an account of the last years of a girl who is dead some twenty or thirty years; but it has the advantage of linking our subject at once with a name that can never be forgotten. As the cleverest daughter of the Liberator of Ireland was wont, with pardonable pride, to sign herself always "Ellen Fitzsimon, *née* O'Connell," so Mrs. A. M. R. Bennett, who adopted the child of whom there is here question, has of late years wished to be known as Mrs. Bennett-Gladstone.

She and the subject of Mr. John Morley's great biography had the same grandfather. This Thomas Gladstone's eldest son was Sir John Gladstone, father of William Ewart Gladstone; and his younger son, David, was the father of the lady with whom we are concerned at present, not for her own sake, but for the sake of the girl towards whom she filled the part of a true and devoted mother.

And who was Dora? Here, too, we need not go further back than Dora Tyrrell's grandfather, who was a barrister practising on the Western Circuit of England, and who became County Court Judge at Exeter. Her parents, having a large family and not a large income, determined to try their fortunes in a new sphere and to settle at Natal, which, by the way, was then much less familiar than it has since become; so little known, indeed, that Thomas Hood did not know how to pronounce its name, which is accented

on the last syllable, rhyming with *shall*, and not with *fatal*, as "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg" would have it do :—

Into this world we come like ships,
 Launched from the docks and stocks and slips,
 In fortune fair or fatal :
 And one little craft is cast away
 In its very first trip in Babbicombe Bay,
 While another rides safe at Port Natal.

It happened that when this removal to Africa was decided upon, our little Dora, a child of three or four years, was just recovering from scarlet fever, and was on a visit with Mrs. Bennett at her house in London. She had grown very fond of the sweet child, and when the Natal project was broached, she said, half in jest : "Leave Dora behind with me ; you have children enough without her." She was taken at her word, and ever after she found a loving and devoted daughter in Dorothy Tyrrell.

I am not going to tell the story of Dora, but only the passing of Dora ; for it is only of her beautiful death that I have seen a lovingly minute account which was printed for the gratification of her many friends. I have, indeed, had the privilege of reading pleasant diaries kept during long visits to Hawarden Castle, and notes of some of Mrs. Bennett's conversations with her illustrious cousin. These interesting papers are even lying beside me at this moment ; but I hope that the writer of them will herself arrange them for publication ; and I will at present extract only a few passages in which Dora is referred to. One exception I will make. I will cite abruptly an irrelevant passage for the purpose of confirming, from another original source, the testimony here borne to Gladstone's possession of a quality for which few would give him credit.

In her notes of her visit to Hawarden Castle, in 1864, Mrs. Bennett-Gladstone wrote :—

One thing struck me very much at this time—the exceeding deference with which he listened to everything one might have to say : not condescending in the least, showing nothing but a desire to obtain information he wished to have, and of which he was most ready to declare himself ignorant. This trait in his character struck me very much, and I had the opportunity of noticing it frequently.

Many years later, in 1881, a similar testimony occurs in a letter which I received from Lord Russell of Killowen :

The new Governor of Madras, Mr. Grant Duff, kindly asked me to spend from Saturday to Monday at his country house a few weeks ago, and the Gladstones were also staying there. I had on Saturday a long talk with the Prime Minister *solus cum solo*, which lasted full three hours, and in which, strange to say, I had the greater part of the talk to myself and was listened to apparently with an appreciative interest, which certainly astonished me. We renewed our talk next day, Sunday. His power of receiving new views is indeed remarkable. I did not lose the opportunity of expressing roundly the strong opinions I entertain as regards many things in Ireland, particularly its executive, the Government Board systems of management.

Here are two independent witnesses to Gladstone's power of listening to others and taking in new ideas from them, a capacity which few, as I have remarked, would be disposed to attribute to the mighty statesman.

Dora was born in the year 1857, and it has been mentioned that she was about four years old when Mrs. Bennett, who was not childless, adopted her as her own. The earliest allusion to her in the notes that I am consulting occurs in the account of the visit paid to Hawarden Castle in the summer of 1867. Mrs. Bennett was the guest of her cousin, and her adopted child was invited to join her. Gladstone himself drove the little girl over in a waggonette from the railway station.

It was pouring rain, and as they were setting off, he turned round to look at Dora, who had already been placed in the carriage, and whom he had not yet seen, though he had heard much of her. "Lifting up her head," he afterwards said to me, "I thought at the moment that I was looking at the face of an angel." Long after that time, when he was describing her to one of our relatives, he said: "I never met with a more beautiful character nor with any child possessed of so many extraordinary gifts, of which she was quite unconscious. Her innocence and simplicity were shown in all she said and did, and in the expression of her lovely countenance." A day or two after her arrival he called her into his Temple of Peace (his private study), and told her she might go there whenever she liked (a privilege accorded to very few). He made her sit on a low seat beside him and read anything she liked. Every now and then he would address questions to her and was charmed with her answers. Before we left, he gave her his photograph, which she always considered one of her greatest treasures. She was a favourite with every one at the Castle and amused them all by her quaint remarks.

Though it was the first time she had ever been amidst what she must have felt to be very grand surroundings, she seemed as though to the manner born and as free from any embarrassment as she was from forwardness.

When Gladstone lost his seat at Oxford—which at that time was considered a great disaster, but which many regard as a

fortunate crisis in his career, his emancipation from a clique, leaving him free to follow his convictions and his lights—Dora Tyrrell was about nine years old and she had never seen him. She happened to hear about it, and suddenly exclaimed, “Oh, I should so like to write to Mr. Gladstone and tell him how sorry I am.” Mrs. Bennett goes on to tell us :—

I allowed her to do so. She wrote a sweet, affecting little letter, to which I expected no answer. Almost by return of post a most beautiful letter came from Mr. Gladstone, in which he principally dwelt on the duty and comfort of being in all things submissive to the will of God. On the same day, I think, there appeared in the newspapers a paragraph to the effect that Mr. Gladstone found it impossible to reply to the innumerable letters addressed to him, etc., yet he made time to write to a little girl !

I have before me at this moment another proof of the affectionate remembrance that Gladstone kept of this little girl, many years after her death—a testimony which is evidently distinct from the one cited by Mrs. Bennett a moment ago. Mr. Hugh Gladstone, in a letter dated 22, Bath-street, Liverpool, as late as the 23rd of September, 1882, writes to his cousin :—

I have something to tell you now which I am sure will please and interest you. I have just returned from a visit to Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden, and in inquiring in the most affectionate manner after you, he reverted to dear Dora, and remarked that in all his experience he had never come across so wonderful a child in every way. He spoke of her beautiful character, at some length, and it was evident she had won his true affection, as she did that of everyone else who was fortunate enough to know her. Forgive me if I have renewed your sorrow for her loss by this reference to her ; but I only write, thinking that the declaration of such a man as Mr. Gladstone will perhaps prove a measure of comfort in what I know has been one of the greatest trials of your life.

In the autumn of 1869 Mrs. Bennett and Miss Tyrrell (to give her that unaccustomed name by way of variety) went to Rome, where they lived principally for the next three years. The girl learned to speak Italian so fluently and so accurately that people meeting her for the first time in Italian society, and seeing her fair hair and complexion, used often to ask if she were a Florentine. Monsignor Nardi, one of the Roman prelates, assured Mrs. Bennett that it was impossible for even a native to speak with greater accuracy or a purer accent ; and he added that the most surprising part was that she could speak the language of the people with as much ease as she could that of the educated classes.

"French also she spoke with almost equal fluency, but she had not the same affection for it as for the melodious Italian tongue, which, with the people and the country, she dearly loved."

But she made a more important acquisition than a knowledge of languages: she gained the Faith. Like Miss Helen Gladstone, the sister of the great leader of the Liberals, his cousin, Mrs. Bennett, entered the Catholic Church. It was by no means a matter of course that Dora should accompany or follow her in this momentous step. She was a girl of great intelligence, with a very strong will of her own; and Mrs. Bennett tells us that she had always looked upon her before her conversion as an unusually sceptical and incredulous child; but she never seemed to have a doubt after her reception into the Church, which only took place after long and careful instruction. Her first confessor was Dr. Tobias Kirby, successor to Cardinal Cullen as Rector of the Irish College in Rome, over which he presided through nearly the whole of the latter half of the nineteenth century. It is strange that this singularly holy man, who in his last years bore the title of Archbishop of Ephesus, did not, after receiving the young convert into the Church, hasten to prepare her for her First Communion. Yet that great event in her soul's history did not take place in the Eternal City, but at home in an English convent. No doubt Mrs. Bennett deemed it more prudent to make the sacrifice involved in separating for a time from her beloved foster-child, in order that she might be trained and instructed more thoroughly in a convent. They returned to England, and Dora was entrusted to the Faithful Companions of Jesus, in St. Monica's Convent, Skipton. When the Feast of the Epiphany was fixed upon as the day of her First Communion—it must have been one of the earliest seventies—Mrs. Bennett wrote to Monsignor Kirby to engage his prayers for his dear spiritual child. He chanced to be going to the Vatican on the day when the letter arrived, and, mentioning its contents to the Holy Father, he entreated him to send his blessing to Dora. Pius IX remembered "the golden-haired, sweet-looking English child to whom he had addressed (says Mrs. Bennett), in our audiences at the Vatican, many affectionate and never-to-be-forgotten words"—just as his namesake, now happily reigning, is known to single out for special notice the children who accompany some of his visitors. Pio Nono sent a very special blessing to the First Communicant at St. Monica's Convent, and gave Dr. Kirby

an exquisite medal to transmit to her as a memorial of this holiest epoch of her life.

Dora seems to have never been very strong. In 1872 her delicacy caused her devoted "Auntie" much anxiety, and she dreaded particularly for her the east winds of the springtime at Skipton; but the girl had grown so fond of the good nuns and her companions, and they so fond of her, that, with the unselfishness of a true mother, Mrs. Bennett was reluctant to claim her for herself. At the beginning, however, of 1873 the wrench had to be undergone; Dora bade farewell to her beloved convent, and spent the rest of her days under the watchful eye of her more than mother. She never, indeed, as she often said, felt a vocation to the religious state; but she was, nevertheless, nowhere so happy as when living with nuns and joining in the religious exercises which form so large a portion of the blessed routine of their daily life.

I have already stated, but only in a very incidental way, that the devoted affection shown by Gladstone's cousin to her adopted daughter was not a mere natural vent for pent-up yearnings of maternity, not the mere craving of the heart of a woman whom God had left childless. Mrs. Bennett had children of her own and grandchildren; and, indeed, it is very edifying to notice the unselfish sympathy with which her sons and daughters welcomed this gentle intruder into the family circle. Also it is pleasant to see the cordial relations kept up by the Gladstone family with those two deserters to the Church of Rome. This will be evident from the tone of two or three letters, which must be cited presently.

Yet the wonder grows less that everyone was so strongly attracted to "this maiden of seventeen summers" when we become better acquainted with her singularly beautiful character. She described it herself unwittingly in writing her answers in a page of a book of questions such as young people used to be fond of pestering their friends with. Has this nuisance gone out of fashion, like most things of the sort? Her favourite virtues, wrote Dora in this Book of Confessions, were truth and unselfishness; her favourite qualities in men were firmness and gentleness, and in women self-sacrifice. The occupation in which she took most pleasure was cookery; her chief characteristic was contrariness. Her idea of happiness was "never to take cold;" her idea of

misery "wearing rough woollen stockings." If not herself, she would rather be a Sister of Charity. Roses were the flowers she liked best.* Raphael and Mozart were her favourite painter and composer. St. Agnes and Mary Queen of Scots were her favourite heroines in real life, *Fabiola* and *Enid* in fiction. Her pet aversion was a squeaking door, her favourite food bread and butter. Telling a lie to save the life of another was the sin for which she thought she should have most toleration. "Fais ce que tu dois, advienne que pourra," was the motto she would choose.

The young friend who coerced our Dora into making this self-revelation had great difficulty in overcoming the scruple she felt lest in filling in these answers she might be unconsciously untruthful. But I fear she was consciously untruthful in setting down as her chief characteristic "contrariness"—which I hope she pronounced in the proper *contrairy* manner. Others probably would have fixed on a bright, cheerful, child-like purity of mind as her most characteristic quality. Her perfect innocence may be illustrated by an incident that reminds one of St. Stanislaus fainting away with horror when an improper word was uttered in his hearing. One day, in the last year of her life, they were engaging a servant, when the landlady of their Swiss *chalet* came to warn them against poor Marie, who, it seems, had a somewhat unsatisfactory past.

"In order to give us a reason for not taking her," says Mrs. Bennett-Gladstone, "Madame G. began to tell us of some very dubious passages in Marie's previous life. She was so voluble that I could not stop her; but very soon after she commenced her story Dora rose with her cheeks aflame and quitted the room. 'Oh, Auntie!' she said to me afterwards, 'I cannot tell you how miserable it made me when Madame began to talk in that way of Marie. I never knew anything at all about these things till I read the *Home of the Lost Child* which Mrs. — lent me, and I cannot bear to hear about them.' She spoke with unusual energy and earnestness, her cheeks were crimson, and her eyes brimming with tears."

This, however, was near the end, and we have only reached the year 1873, when there were three milestones still to pass on this brief journey before reaching the last milestone of all, the tomb. One who saw her two or three times in London during that year,

* I am afraid she never read a little poem called "Dorothy's Roses," about the legend which connects her name-saint with this flower of her choice. See *Vespers and Compline*, page 92.

and afterwards recalled the impression she had then made upon her, in writing when she had passed away for ever, said :—

I dare not write to you about what has happened. I cannot think of it without tears. She was so young and sweet and childlike that an idea of my own children mixes itself up with Dora whenever I think of it, and I find myself crying over the thought of *that*, and of what you are feeling. There are comforts in your religion denied to ours. I trust you feel something of them. I know you do, and hope time will heal the wound.

But the wound was felt before the blow had actually fallen. Might one here without irreverence think of Simeon's prophecy and the sword which pierced the Mother's heart long before the spear of the Centurion pierced the Son's? So it is in human measure with many a mother who sees her darling child wasting gradually away before her eyes.

Consumption has no pity
On blue eyes and golden hair.

Richard Dalton Williams' lines suit Dorothy Tyrrell exactly, according to the descriptions given of her; but an earlier poet, Malherbe, states her case better from another point of view :—

Mais elle était du monde où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et, rose, ella a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L' espace d' un matin.

But she was of a world too prone to give
Saddest fate to fairest flowers,
And, a rose, she lived, as the roses live,
Through a few bright morning hours.

But to die a holy and gentle death, prepared for by an innocent life and assuaged by all the tender and sacred consolations of love human and divine—this is not the “ saddest fate,” *le pire destin* ; this is the happiest of lots, and this was Dora's. Her *pietissima nutrix* (to antedate very slightly the graceful term of her tombstone) brought her to a milder climate and spared no effort to hold her darling back a little longer from heaven. Often she seemed to be succeeding; God mercifully keeps the future a secret to Himself; and the two Englishwomen, amid the alternations of hope and fear, enjoyed many happy weeks and months together during those last three years in Switzerland, which they diversified by a rather long visit to England in 1875. One of their Swiss

homes was near a spot that Lord Byron's poem has made familiar, the Castle of Chillon. Perhaps it was to humour the wayward restlessness of the most insidious but least loathsome of diseases, that they moved their tent pretty freely from one beautiful spot to another, living at different times at Sepey, at Champéry, at Trois Torrents, at Aigle, and at Leysin.

It was at the last named of these places that the final summons came. They lived at Leysin, in the Chalet Faure, which commanded a glorious prospect of the Dent du Midi and the Glacier du Trient, while on the other side of the house there was a lovely view of the Chamossaire and Diablerêts mountains. When they first came in sight of the Glacier du Trient, Dora exclaimed, "Oh, how glorious! how glorious! It is worth while coming to Switzerland in winter to see *that*."

"And indeed (adds Mrs. Bennett) in happier circumstances I should have said the same. It seemed like the revelation of another world, brighter and more lovely by far than any of which our every-day experience could give the least idea. Ethereal in its beauty, angel-like in its white purity, every peak, every slope was lit up by the radiance of the sun as they rose into the fathomless blue of the sky above them."

But all this was unutterably sad to the companion of the dying girl, who felt that the parting was now very near. They had been living at Aigle, but the kind and skilful physician there thought that the purer air of Leysin would be beneficial for his patient. At Leysin there was no priest, and at that season travelling in that mountain region was not always possible; but the Curé of Aigle, who had made himself their domestic chaplain—the Pope had given them the great privilege of having Mass in their own house wherever they might be—the good old priest managed to follow them just in time to be with Dora through her last day and night. He was amazed at her perfect calmness and cheerfulness. Till the end she was unselfish and thoughtful about others; and with all her weakness and suffering there was never a murmur or complaint, but brightness and almost gaiety. For Dora the Angel Death was like the messenger that came to Mary and whispered, "The Master is come and calls for you." She obeyed the summons gladly. She was conscious almost to the last. There was no struggle; she only breathed a little more faintly, and then a little more faintly still, till exactly at seven o'clock in the morning of the 26th of February, 1877, she breathed her last.

Her death was as sweet as her life. Her grave is at Algie, and the headstone bears this inscription :—

IN PACI ET CUM CHRISTO.

DOROTHEA L. A. TYRRELL

ÆTATIS XX

IN SPE RESURRECTIONIS

ABESSITA AB ANGELIS

XXVI FEB. MDCCCLXXVII.

INNOCENS MANIBUS

ET

MUNDQ CORDI.

AMANTISSIMAE ET OPTIME MERENTI FECIT

NUTRIX PIENTISSIMA.

A. M. R. R.

These last letters are, of course, the initials of that "most devoted foster-mother" who raised this memorial to the most loving and most loved of daughters. The initials in Dorothy's own name stand for Lucy and Agnes, two virgin saints who come just as close together in the canon of the Mass. Of our own young virgin-saint it has been truly written that "she bore a near and beautiful resemblance to that sweet St. Agnes whom she had chosen to be her beloved patroness, and whom she loved with a deep, unwavering, and personal affection."

Among the many beautiful letters of consolation that came to Mrs. Bennett when this sorrow fell upon her, there are two or three that must be quoted. The most interesting of all, perhaps, is from the grandfather of another Dorothy. Gladstone's affection for his daughter's child, Dorothy Drew, has almost found a place in history. To his cousin he wrote thus in her affliction :—

It was indeed kind of you to make known to me from yourself the cropping of this flower which you have tended with such deep and constant affection and which is now taken in all its purity to bloom in the Better Land. I cannot be sorry for her sake that she is added to the company of the just gone

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

For the din of earthly strife waxes louder and more wearying from year to year, and it was much too rude a climate and too harsh a scene for her. As for me, I need not assure you that I have remembered her before God this day, at the most solemn hour, and pray that His abundant rest, light, and peace may be multiplied upon her. I feel for your bereavement, but doubtless you

will be sustained under it, and you will find a prop and consolation in the memories of your offices towards her. She will help to carry you across the stream where you will see

"Those angel faces smile
Which we have loved long since and lost a while."

Gladstone ends here with the "Lead Kindly Light" of Cardinal Newman. Dora seems never to have visited Edgbaston or to have come under the spell of the illustrious Oratorian; but she was cherished by another great English prelate. Cardinal Manning found time to write also his words of comfort after Dora's death.

Your letter of sad tidings has never been off my table since it reached me. I feared that the day which has come at last could not be long delayed. But you have more than one consolation. You may rejoice in the confidence that our Lord had marked out that good child for His own. To you it must be a great and hourly loss which nothing can fill up. But we must look onward and upward, not downward or back upon the past. The love of our Divine Lord does everything for us, and if we trust Him fully, He will never fail to give us strength and consolation for every day. May God be with you.

After quoting these two great and good men I refrain from citing other witnesses whose touching words I had marked. Everywhere she went, she had won the hearts of all who knew her, and their love followed her. Surely her tombstone speaks the truth. Surely she is in peace and with Christ. *In pace et cum Christo.*

MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

ST. FIACRE

On a slope beside the Nore,
 St. Fiacre built his cell,
 Raised his Church and by the door
 Found and blessed his holy well.
 In the summer near the gloaming,
 Should your footsteps there go roaming,
 You would think that down he passes,
 While a hush comes, in the air,
 You could hear the tender grasses
 Rustling as he knelt in prayer,
 For he lived in days of yore
 At Kilfera by the Nore.

Still the spot is calm and fair,
 Though decayed is his sweet cell,
 And he's half forgotten there,
 By the banks he loved so well.
 But the faithful river stealing,
 When the years brought men less feeling,
 By the Hermitage once holy,
 'Mid a silence most profound,
 Seems to sigh and whisper slowly,
 All around is sacred ground—
 For Fiacre years before
 Blessed Kilfera by the Nore.

Did he hold the place so dear
 That the Lord who watched above
 Filled his heart with tender fear,
 Exiled him with jealous love?
 Solitude he sought more lasting,
 Calmer days for prayer and fasting,
 And across the parting ocean,
 At Breuil in alien land,
 He, with tears and deep emotion,
 Built a cell with his own hand :
 Still he loved as years before
 Lone Kilfera by the Nore.

Sorrows came and centuries,
But his Irish heart has rest
At Breñil beside the trees,
And the flowers he once loved best—
Till the Angel's trumpet calls him,
While the joy of Heaven enthalls him,
Where a thousand years go faster
Than the moments of a day,
In the Presence of the Master
Who has wiped all tears away.
Still we hope he watches o'er
Calm Kilfera by the Nore.

ALICE ESMONDE.

NOVEMBER QUATRAINS

I

I SCARCE can pray for her, for surely she
Long since, dear Lord, is safe at home with Thee.
My prayer for her soon changes to the cry,
"Oh ! mercy, mercy, Lord, on such as I !"

II

If soul so high and pure can still have need
Of earthly prayers, O God ! for him I plead,
Though tears of love and grateful gladness start,
As I recall his noble, manly heart.

III

As Austin prayed for Monica, I too,
O best of mothers ! still may pray for you.
But you are happy in our home above,
With many round you whom I know and love.

M. R.

ALICE'S ROMANCE

CHAPTER I

"**W**HAT is the matter with Mary, Nurse?" I asked, going into the nursery one morning after breakfast, and finding the aforesaid Mary, red-eyed and woe-begone, shedding showers of tears over the brown holland pinafore she was making.

"Her new jacket is spoiled, ma'am," said Nurse. "Sure it's a shame for her to be crying like that for such a trifle. I'm just after telling her that by the time she's my age she'll have had plenty of real troubles, worth crying for, an' she'd better keep her tears for them. An' the mistress'll tell you the same," added Nurse, turning to the girl.

Mary did not seem to get much comfort from this assurance, but sat bending over the sewing machine, as if trying to hide her tear-stained face. She was a girl of seventeen or eighteen who used to come to the house certain days in the week to do needle-work, and who for the few months she had been in my employment had given me every satisfaction. She was a pale, insignificant-looking girl, her one good point being what she herself regarded as the greatest drawback to her good looks—a quantity of dark red hair; hair which, had it been left in its natural waves, unspoiled by crimping and pomatum, would have made her the envy of many a girl with far greater pretensions to good looks than herself. She was, it is needless to say, fond of dress, and my daughter and I were often amused by her little attempts at finery, generally imitated from something she had seen Alice wear; for it was a well-known fact in the house that Mary had the most intense admiration for Miss Alice, and the latter had to submit to a good deal of chaff from her brothers on the subject of her red-haired adorer. We had noticed the jacket in question only that very morning as its owner stood on the doorstep waiting for admission, and had wasted some speculation as to its origin. It was far too plain to have been Mary's own choice, and although worn and shabby it bore, in the eyes of experienced judges like Alice and myself, unmistakable evidence, in the excellence of its cut and

general finish, of having come from the hands of a fashionable milliner.

"What happened to the jacket?" I asked.

"One of them bottles of Master Philip's got spilt over it, ma'am," answered Nurse; "he brought it up yesterday to show the children some of his conjuring tricks [it was just as well that Philip was not present to hear his chemical experiments so designated], an' he forgot it after him when he went away; so I just put it away atop of the chest of drawers there, an' what does Mary do, when she comes in, but flings her jacket up there, too, instead of hanging it, as I always tells her to do, on that nail behind the door; an' it knocked down the bottle, an' some of the stuff spilt over the jacket an' took the colour out of it. An' it's just her own carelessness that she has to thank for it," finished Nurse in a consolatory tone.

"I am afraid the carelessness was more on Master Philip's part than on Mary's," I said, as I took up the jacket and examined it to discover the extent of the injury. The "stuff" in question was apparently some strong acid, and the colour had been discharged from a large patch of the jacket just over the pocket. No other portion had been injured, however, and I thought that it would be easy to remedy the mischief by inserting a fresh piece of cloth in place of the damaged one. I accordingly went to look for something that would answer the purpose, and soon returned with a bit of blue serge, which matched the jacket in colour, though not in texture, I began explaining to Mary, who had by this time dashed the tears from her eyes and was watching my proceedings with much interest, the best method of executing the repairs; but she did not understand me, for though able to manage a sewing machine and to finish quickly and well such work as was made ready for her she was not an adept in the art of altering and contriving. I was; having had much practice on the wardrobes of my six children, and I now took up Mary's scissors and began to give her a demonstration lesson on the subject. As I cut and snipped, I thought I felt something stiff between the lining and the cloth, and, pursuing my investigations a little further, I drew out a sealed letter, which had apparently slipped down from the pocket, and remained unmissed and undiscovered in its hiding place. The acid with which the jacket had been saturated had soaked through, and had obliterated the address, so as to make it

impossible now to distinguish for whom the letter had been intended.

My first conjecture was that Mary had been entrusted with the letter to post by some of her employers, and that she had forgotten to do so, but she denied all knowledge of it, saying that the jacket had been given to her only a few days before by one of the nuns in a neighbouring convent.

"Sister Veronica noticed, ma'am, that I had on a thin jacket, the same that I was wearing all the summer, so she told me to wait while she went to look for a warmer one, and in a few minutes she came back with this. Ladies often sends their old clothes to the convent, ma'am, for the poor, an' sometimes there do be a good thing like this among them."

So, then, it was the former owner of the jacket who was to blame. It would only be right, however, to make some effort to restore the letter, so, finishing my lesson on patching more quickly than I had intended, I went down to the drawing-room where Alice was practising. Together we examined the letter more carefully than I had yet done. The acid had not spread over the whole envelope, so that a few letters of the address were still legible—too few, however, to enable us to form any conjecture as to the name. We could distinguish the letters *Ge* at the beginning, and *ell* at the end of the name; the post town was clearly Queens-town; but, as the remainder of the address was quite illegible, that did not help us much. Alice grew very much excited over the matter, and immediately wove a romance concerning it, deciding that the loss of the letter had been the cause of a misunderstanding between lovers, whose whole lives would be rendered miserable in consequence; a theory which afforded considerable amusement to her father, who came in at that moment, and who was as astonished as I was myself at the knowledge of the manners and customs of lovers which Alice displayed. Of course he utterly ridiculed the idea, maintaining that the letter, which was obviously in a lady's handwriting, contained nothing of more importance than the account of some ball, or particulars of commissions executed for a friend in the country.

"Now, father, you are quite wrong there," said Alice. "If the letter were to a lady the direction would begin *Miss* or *Mrs.* whereas the first letter here is plainly *G*."

Alice was right so far, although somewhat premature in

deciding that there was a romance in the case, having in her eagerness lost sight of the fact that people do occasionally write to men who are merely fathers, brothers, or sons. As for myself, while regarding the sentimental theory as too wildly improbable, I still thought it quite possible that the loss of the letter might have entailed some inconvenience or annoyance which might still be rectified by its restoration, and I was therefore unwilling to let the matter drop without further investigation, and follow Dr. Hewson's advice—to put the letter in the fire and think no more about it. I made one more ineffectual effort to decipher the name. *Ge* must be *George*, but the surname might be any of the somewhat numerous ones ending in *ell*—O'Connell, Mitchell, Purcell, Farrell, or a host of others. The attempt to discover the name of the person to whom it was addressed was clearly hopeless. All that could now be done was to ascertain the name of the writer.

"Do you think I should be justified in opening it?" I asked.

"I almost think you would," answered my husband. "Suppose, however, that before taking such a decided step you see the nun who gave the jacket to Mary, and ask her if she remembers from whom she received it. The original owner of the jacket was, in all probability, the writer of the letter. If you fail in identifying that careful young lady, you may then open the letter."

This being decidedly sensible advice, I determined to follow it, although I was not prepared to do so with the promptitude which Alice seemed to consider necessary. A few hours added to the weeks, or, more probably, months, during which the letter had lain hidden in the pocket of a cast-off jacket, could make no difference in our chance of discovering the writer, and although Alice was prepared to cast her usual occupations to the winds, and devote her whole time and energies to the cause of the mythical lovers, I saw no need of such a sacrifice. I am afraid, though, that she did not profit much by the uninterrupted morning's study secured to her by my firmness; at least if I am to judge by that portion of her work which came under my own observation. Indeed had I known that the poor child's patience would have been so severely tried, I should hardly have put it to such a severe test; visitor succeeded visitor throughout the afternoon, and it was so late when I was released that the gloom of an October

evening had set in, before we found ourselves in the oak-boarded convent parlour, waiting for Sister Veronica.

The room was lighted only by a large fire, sufficient, however, to show me, when Sister Veronica entered, that the face under her white *cornette* was a pleasant and sensible one. The ready grace with which she answered my apologies for troubling her would have shown her to be a Frenchwoman, even without the slight foreign accent perceptible through her usually correct English. She listened attentively to my statement of the case, but shook her head at the idea of looking to her for assistance in unravelling the mystery.

"No," she said, "I am afraid I cannot help you. I have only been a few weeks in charge of the clothing for the poor, and the jacket which I gave Mary Byrne formed part of the stock given over to me by my predecessor, who is now on her way to the East. Even if she were here, it is unlikely that she would know from whom it was received. Parcels of cast-off clothing are constantly sent here for distribution among the poor; they are immediately sorted and laid aside until wanted, all trace of the donors being lost in the process of sorting."

"Then you can give me no help. Will you at least give me the benefit of your advice?"

"If I may venture to give an opinion, it would be the same as that already expressed by your husband—to allow the matter to drop."

"Oh!" exclaimed Alice, who had not spoken before, "that would be too bad; just for want of a little exertion on our part, some one's whole life is to be spoiled."

Sister Veronica turned quickly round. "I see that mademoiselle has quite made up her mind that this is *une affaire de cœur*"—I had carefully kept this possibility in the background when telling my story. "Now, I also have a theory of my own on the subject, and strongly incline to the opinion that the letter is neither more nor less than a bill."

"If so, why was it found in the pocket of a lady's jacket?"

"A milliner's bill, mademoiselle; entrusted to one of her workwomen to post?"

"You are very ingenious, madame," said Alice, somewhat impatiently, "but you forget that the letter is directed to a man."

"A lady's bills are occasionally sent to her husband, mademoi-

selle. My dear child, you must forgive me for trying to destroy your *chateau en Espagne*, but by the time you have seen as much of the realities of life as I have, you will find that the commonplace view of a question is the one that naturally comes uppermost."

"I hope you will excuse her, madame," I said. "You and I must remember that once upon a time we also were seventeen."

"I remember that time very well; and 'a very good time it was,' although far distant now. I much regret that I can give you no help in the matter, madame, but you see yourself that it is impossible."

"Horrid woman!" muttered Alice, as we walked quickly along the dimly-lighted street. "What do you mean to do next, mother?"

"Go home to dinner as quickly as we can."

"About the letter, I mean."

"I hardly know, Alice. I see no resource but to open it. However, we shall wait until after dinner and speak to your father about it."

The Doctor's reiterated advice was to put the letter in the fire. But he admitted, when hard pressed, that he thought we should be justified in opening it so as to ascertain the writer's name.

"That is," he said, "if you are prepared to accept the responsibility. I think, if you once open the letter and find it to be of importance, you are bound to spare no exertion to discover the owner. I do not, however, expect that such will be the case; the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that one glance at this mysterious letter will prove it to be so trivial that even Alice will be content to see it put into the fire."

"I think you are somewhat hasty in coming to that conclusion. Without by any means adopting Alice's extreme views, I still think it possible that the letter may be of importance. Suppose, for instance, that it contains a bank note."

"I retract; open the letter by all means. The mere suggestion of the bank note has vanquished me. Besides, if Alice is not allowed to satisfy herself about the matter, she will be haunted all her life long by the thought of the unhappy lovers, parted by rolling oceans."

The letter was soon lying open on the table before me, and

two or three pairs of eager eyes, to say nothing of the dignified Doctor's spectacles, were helping me to decipher it. It was so much stained by the acid as to be nearly illegible; some few words and phrases, however, stood out clear amidst the confusion, and these were such as to show plainly that Alice's conjecture had even fallen short of the reality, and that the letter was a girl's acceptance of an offer of marriage, expressed in simple and affectionate terms. The signature, which was at first given up as hopeless was at length pronounced to be "Dora Lestrangle."

I think I was at first even more surprised at the fact of Alice's guess turning out to be correct than at the strangeness of such a letter being so carelessly forgotten. Alice herself was so breathless with astonishment at finding herself in the right as to be unable to speak, and she could only stare with round, dilated eyes, alternately at me and at her father, who was watching her with much amusement.

"So Alice was right after all," he said, "But I give you fair warning, Alice, that you must not set up a character for infallibility on the strength of it. The chances are that, having been right this time, you will be wrong the next time, and the next and the next. But meanwhile," turning to me, "what are we to do about Miss Dora Lestrangle? If we are to form an estimate of her character and habits from the specimen before us, I should say that the unknown lover has had a lucky escape. I, for one, should not care to assist in recapturing him."

"We have nothing to do with that," I said. "Our duty is merely to restore the letter to Miss Dora."

"Can you make out the date?"

"Last April twelve months."

"I mean the place."

"Fitzwilliam S——. I cannot make out whether it is street or square. The number is illegible."

"Philip, bring me the directory. Yes; here it is. Lestrangle, Robert, 200, Fitzwilliam Square, North. Miss Dora must be his daughter."

"Then I suppose I had better go there to-morrow, in search of the young lady."

"I prophesy that, when you arrive, you will find that the mistake has been rectified without your assistance, and that the young people are married."

"If I find that she is married, I shall certainly maintain a discreet silence on the subject of the letter. I shall have no possible means of ascertaining that her husband is the right man ; and if he is not, the discovery of the letter might be awkward."

"Alice, imagine what a *dénouement* it will be, if, when mother goes to Fitzwilliam Square, to-morrow, she meets a wedding party returning from the church, and finds that Miss Dora, urged by cruel parents, has just bestowed her heartless hand on the rich rival."

"I am not going to imagine anything so horrid, father ; I know quite well how it will all happen. Poor Dora, who has been miserable all this time, thinking that her lover has forgotten her, will understand it all at once at the sight of the letter, and will kiss mother, and thank her, with tears in her eyes, for having discovered it."

"And are you to be a spectator of this affecting scene ?"

"Most certainly not," I interposed. "I am sorry to disappoint you, my dear," I added, as I saw the blank look which overspread poor Alice's face at this announcement, "but you see yourself that what must of necessity be an awkward interview would be made ten times more awkward by the presence of a spectator, even a sympathising one. You must be satisfied to let me go alone, Alice, but you may be sure that if I do find the young lady, I will tell her that she owes the recovery of her letter to you rather than to me."

"Never mind, Alice," said her father. "You and I must only picture the scene to ourselves. The reality might be too harrowing. I am going to Bray immediately after breakfast to-morrow, and you may come with me in the brougham if you can get mother to let you off some of the lessons."

And with this very inadequate consolation for the disappointment visible on poor Alice's round face, the Doctor went off to his study.

Twelve o'clock next morning found me waiting on the steps of Mr. Robert Lestrangle's house in Fitzwilliam Square. The door was presently opened by a respectable, middle-aged woman, looking like a better-class servant. I asked if Miss Dora Lestrangle lived there.

"Miss Dora Lestrangle—no, ma'am. There are no ladies living here ; only the master and the servants."

"Do you know if the young lady I speak of was here at any time within the last two years?"

"I never heard tell of any one of that name, ma'am. The only lady that ever comes here is the master's sister, Mrs. Barrett; she comes here whenever she do be in Dublin, which isn't very often. The master is an old gentleman, an' seldom stirs out of his room. He never sees visitors."

"Can you tell me if there is any other family of the name in the neighbourhood?"

"I'm sure there is not, ma'am. I'm living here now going on ten year; I know the name of every family in the Square a'most, and I don't think there's been a Lestrangle in it except the master in all that time."

"Do you think your master can have any relative named Dora Lestrangle?"

"The master have no relation of his own name in the world, ma'am. I often heard him say so."

There was clearly no help to be had in that quarter, nor from the postman, whom I met and questioned on leaving the door, and who confirmed the woman's statement as to there being no other family of Lestrangles in the neighbourhood. I was obliged to return home somewhat crestfallen, and poor Alice had to listen to a tale of commonplace failure, instead of the romance in real life she had been expecting.

It would take too long to tell of the many efforts, some of them rather quixotic ones, which we made to trace Dora Lestrangle. We did discover a lady of that name living in the country, and sent her the letter; receiving in reply a half amused and half indignant statement that it was fifty years since she had written such a letter. I tried to console Alice by persuading her that the mistake had been found out long ago, and that the lovers were happily married by this time; and by degrees we abandoned our fruitless efforts, the last, I think, being made by the Doctor, who acknowledged to having spent a whole hour in pursuit of a young lady whom he heard addressed as Dora, and who, he said, resembled the idea he had formed in his own mind of the unknown Dora. His quest was at length ended by his hearing the object of it give her name in a shop as Miss Higgins; but he was so much laughed at for the adventure at home, that he lost patience, and forbade the name of Dora Lestrangle to be mentioned in his

presence. We soon ceased to speak of her at all, and home affairs resumed their prominence in our thoughts, to the exclusion of those of the unknown girl, the blotted record of whose loves and hopes lay forgotten in a corner of my davenport.

CHAPTER II

One evening, late in the spring following the events just related, my husband received an unexpected summons to the bedside of an old and valued friend, from whom he had received many kindnesses in the days when he was a young man, struggling into practice. It was, therefore, with sincere regret that, on Dr. Hewson's return, I listened to his decidedly expressed opinion that his patient could not live through the night.

"The accident would have been serious in any case" he said, "but to a man of Colonel Devereux's age it is certain to be fatal."

"Is he aware of his own danger?" I asked,

"Perfectly aware of it. He begged me so earnestly to tell him the truth that I had no choice but to do so. His mind is quite clear, and in the directions which he gave me about his affairs he displayed even more than his usual clear-headed foresight."

"I wonder who is to succeed him. Do you know if he has any relatives?"

"Did it ever occur to you that he had been married?"

"Certainly not. I always looked on him as a typical old bachelor."

"Such was my impression also. Even now that I have heard the contrary from his own lips I can scarcely realise the identity of my old friend and the hero of the melancholy story to which I have been listening."

"The story of his married life."

"He can scarcely be said to have had a married life. His wife was the daughter of a respectable farmer, near Templemore, where his regiment was stationed some fifty years ago. Though he said little about her, he was evidently sincerely attached to her, and the memories connected with her appear to be the brightest of his life. Her family knew of the marriage, although it was kept a profound secret from his, and she remained with her father and mother, patiently awaiting the time when Captain Devereux could summon courage to acknowledge her as his wife. It would seem that

he deferred doing so in the fear of offending an old uncle from whom he had expectations, and who would, undoubtedly, have disinherited him had the fact of his marriage come to light. This old man's death being daily expected, Captain Devereux only waited for that event, to declare the truth, and put his wife in her rightful position. His only other relative a married sister, would, he hoped, be kind to Ellen, and welcome her for his sake. But the course of events seldom runs in the groove marked out for it by human anticipations, and the release from his perplexities came, not as he had hoped, through the death of his paralytic uncle, but through that of his young wife. She died in giving birth to a daughter; her husband, who had been hastily summoned, arriving too late to see her alive. Overwhelmed though he was, with grief and remorse, he still seems to have had sufficient prudence to keep his secret from his uncle, who died soon after, leaving him the hoped-for inheritance, and in the course of the following year he sailed for India, leaving his infant daughter to the care of her grandmother who could not bear to part with her.

"He rose rapidly in his profession, distinguishing himself at the time of the Indian Mutiny, but he never married, fancying, I think, that constancy to her memory would in some measure atone for the wrong done to his unacknowledged wife. The grandmother dying when the little girl was about ten years old, she was sent to a French convent, and from that out her father began to look forward to the time when she should be old enough to come out to India to him. He used to get letters from her, written generally in French and filled with little conventional school-girl phrases, which he believed to be the spontaneous expressions of affection. When she was old enough to leave school, she was sent to her father's sister in London, there to await an opportunity of going to India.

"After some time, such an opportunity offered; an old friend of Colonel Devereux, who was returning to India with his wife, consenting to take charge of her, and all arrangements were made. Her father went to meet the steamer by which she was expected, and found Major Carson, who broke to him the news he had in store. Ellinor had run away from her aunt's house in London, with a young man whom she had met on her journey home from Dieppe. They had kept up the acquaintance, and even a correspondence for some time, without being discovered, but it

had at length come to the knowledge of her aunt, who was much shocked, and somewhat injudiciously threatened the girl with her father's anger. She appears to have represented the unknown father in so stern and unforgiving a light that poor Ellinor was terrified, and yielded, perhaps, more readily than she would otherwise have done to her lover's proposal of a private marriage. They eloped in the orthodox fashion, and were married almost before the timid aunt had roused herself to take measures for the prevention of such a step. Major Carson, to whom she finally applied for help, made all necessary inquiries, and ascertained that the marriage was perfectly valid, and that the bridegroom, though not overburdened either with money or brains, belonged to a respectable family and bore a good character. Major Carson had seen the young people, and was the bearer of a penitent letter from Ellinor, asking her father's forgiveness; which letter he supplemented with strongly expressed advice to his friend to make allowance for Ellinor, who could scarcely be judged by the same standard as girls who had been brought up in daily association with their parents. This Colonel Devereux decidedly refused to do, sending back poor Ellinor's letter unopened, and sternly forbidding the very mention of her name. He relapsed into the bachelor habits which he had partially laid aside while making preparations for his daughter, and tried, as he said, to forget that such a person ever existed.

"This, however, was out of his power to do, and after some years he gave up the attempt, and yielded so far as to make some inquiries concerning her in a quiet way. He heard of the births and deaths of several children and of a hard struggle with poverty, and he began to relent a little. Hearing that his present property, which had originally belonged to his mother's family, was for sale, he returned home to buy it, having also, I think, a latent hope that, once in Ireland, he might find some pretext for forgiving Ellinor.

"The property was secured with some difficulty, and he was busy with arrangements concerning it, when he received an unexpected blow in seeing in a newspaper the announcement of his daughter's death. He had literally never seen her, as he had been unable to bear the sight of the baby which had cost its mother's life during the few days he had been in the house with it. He thought at the time, and for long after, that none of her children had outlived her; but two or three years ago he met at some public place a

young officer whose name, Gerald Maconnell, his own Christian name and his daughter's married name, coupled with some strange likeness to his dead wife, had attracted his attention ; and on inquiry he found that it really was poor Ellinor's only surviving child. A rooted dislike to the young man's father, who was then living, had prevented any advances on Colonel Devereux's part ; but he never lost sight of his grandson, and he has now made a will leaving him everything he possesses. He has asked me to write, as soon as he is gone, to young Maconnell, who is with his regiment in Canada, to tell him of the property which has fallen to him, and to convey to him his grandfather's dying request that he will leave the army, and devote himself altogether to the management of the property."

"No very hard condition, when Coolnahinch is in question."

"It is not even a condition ; it is merely a request. I hope the young man will comply with it. The property is not what it was once, of course ; but there is no lack of means. Colonel Devereux did not spend a third of his income, and I fancy his money is well invested."

"Poor Colonel Devereux ! Who would have thought that his life had been such a sad one ?"

"His misfortunes were in a great measure his own fault. Had he been less cowardly in acknowledging his wife, less harsh in his treatment of his daughter, things might have been very different."

"The knowledge that our misfortunes are our own fault by no means lightens their burden. Anyway, now that the persons concerned are all gone, or going, we may let the question of who was most to blame rest."

"You are right there, Anne. At any rate, Colonel Devereux is one of the last persons whom I should care to criticise."

Colonel Devereux died that evening, I believe at the very time at which we were speaking of him ; and in the course of the next few days the letter to Captain Maconnell was written and posted. The answer, when it came, pleased us much, it was so straightforward in its tone. He had known all along, he said, that Colonel Devereux was his grandfather, but a feeling of pride, both on his own part and his father's, had prevented his making any advances to him. He had never expected to inherit the property ; but now, that it had come to him, he would do his best to carry out the old man's wishes respecting it, and he trusted that

Dr. Hewson, who had been, he believed, his grandfather's intimate friend, would have the great kindness to advise him as to the best manner of doing so. He concluded by accepting gratefully the invitation we had given him to spend some time at our house on his arrival, as we thought it would be lonely for him to go straight to Coolnahinch.

There was great excitement among the young people at the prospect of his visit, and the disappointment was, of course, proportional when, instead of the expected guest, there came a telegram stating that Captain Maconnell had met with an accident on board the steamer which would oblige him to remain for some time in Queenstown, instead of coming straight to Dublin, as he had intended. The effect of this telegram was to send the Doctor off by the next train, to look after his *protégé*, and in a few days he brought him back with him regardless of the young man's reluctance to inflict, as he said, a disabled [soldier, who had not even the excuse of being wounded in action, upon me to be nursed. I do not generally take quickly to strangers, but there was something in Gerald Maconnell which won my heart at once, and I was able to assure him, in all sincerity, that I would have been quite grieved had he been allowed to carry out his own plans, and remain in hospital at Queenstown.

The accident, a fracture of one of the small bones of the ankle, kept him a prisoner to the sofa for some weeks, and he endured this somewhat severe trial to his patience very well, exerting himself to give as little trouble as possible; but, after the first earnestly expressed regrets, not boring us with apologies. He soon became confidential, telling us many things concerning his father, to whom he seemed to have been much attached, and who, I strongly suspected, was by no means the worthless adventurer Colonel Devereux believed. His mother he scarcely remembered, but he showed me a beautiful miniature of her, taken just after her marriage. It represented a bright-faced girl, with a quantity of fair hair and most lovely dark-blue eyes. These same eyes were the only part of his mother's beauty which Gerald inherited, his other features being somewhat insignificant; the eyes were, however, sufficient to redeem a far plainer face.

The children fell in love with him at once, and he on his part took a great deal of trouble to amuse them, telling them long stories of his Canadian adventures; stories which he illustrated

with clever sketches of men, animals and scenery. This power of drawing was a source of the greatest wonder to the young people; both Alice and Philip had learned drawing, and could make fairly accurate studies of simple objects, but Gerald's skill was something quite new to them, and their wonder was increased when they found that he was self-taught. He himself was much amused at the admiration his talents excited, and strongly objected to any attempt at copying his sketches, saying that they were very inaccurate, and to be admired rather than imitated. I think the very first use he made of his new possessions was to send for some large portfolios of valuable prints and photographs from his grandfather's library to show us, thereby affording the keenest delight to Alice, who had never before seen such treasures. She and Gerald used to spend evening after evening turning them over and discussing them, and I am ashamed to confess that the idea sometimes crossed my mind that it would be very pleasant if Alice's future life were to be spent at Coolnahieh. I never breathed a word of this, however, even to my husband, knowing as I did how much he disliked such speculations, and I rejoiced in my forbearance later on.

One evening Gerald had got into a discussion with Alice and a friend who was spending a few days with her, concerning the history and meaning of Christian names. From this they got to the conventional ideas associated with particular names, illustrating their views chiefly by reference to fiction. Mabel Day, who had some pronounced opinions on the subject, maintained that persons named Dora were always either silly or deceitful, quoting in support of her assertion David Copperfield's Dora, and two or three other heroines of the name in recent novels. Gerald demurred.

"What do you say to George Eliot's Dorothea?" he asked.

"Dorothea. Oh, I never thought of her as Dora."

"And yet it is the same name. What about Dolly Vanborough in *Old Kensington*? She was sometimes called Dora."

"Only by her priggish cousin Robert. She is certainly nice."

"And Tennyson's Dora," said Alice. "Don't you like her?"

"You are forgetting your own private and particular heroine, Dora Lestranger," said Philip, joining in the discussion for the first time. "I think you may rank her among the silly ones, though; judging from the specimen we have had of her business-like habits."

At the mention of Dora Lestrangle Gerald started violently.

"Dora Lestrangle!" he repeated in a voice which was evidently kept steady only by a strong effort. "Do you know her? I wonder if it can be the same."

"We don't know her," answered Philip, "but we hope to make her acquaintance as soon as we can discover her whereabouts."

"What do you mean?" said Gerald impatiently.

"You see," said Philip in an explanatory tone, "Dora Lestrangle was a young woman who lived in Fitzwilliam Square; and she wrote a letter to her young man saying that she would marry him of course, and glad to get him; and she put the letter in her jacket pocket to take to the post. Being an absent-minded young woman she forgot the letter, and it slipped down between the pocket and the lining. Then she pawned the jacket," continued Philip, drawing on his imagination for the details which had slipped from his memory, "and it was bought by another young woman who comes here to make the children's pinafores, and the letter was found, and the Mater and Alice have been acting as amateur detectives ever since trying to find the absent Dora."

"But to whom was the letter directed?" asked Gerald eagerly.

"We can't make out. Oh, I forgot; some one spilt a bottle of nitric acid over the jacket before the letter was discovered, and the direction is all blotted. The chap's name begins with *Ge* and ends with double *l*. George Mitchell probably. I know a George Mitchell myself, an engine-driver on the Midland; a very nice fellow, but the Mater says the letter can't be for him. To be sure he's married already. I say though," cried Philip suddenly, "your name begins with *Ge* and ends with double *l*. I say, Mater, here's Dora Lestrangle's young man. Hand over his long lost letter."

I looked at Gerald. His eyes were dilated, his fingers trembling.

"I think the letter is for me, Mrs. Hewson," he said, in a carefully guarded voice. "Could you let me see it?"

I took the letter from the corner of my davenport in which it had so long reposed in peace and gave it to Gerald without a word. I sent Alice and her mystified friend to the piano in the back drawingroom, and gave Philip a message for his father in the study so as to release Gerald from the scrutiny of the eager young

eyes. I kept my own fixed upon my work, bravely resisting the temptation to steal even a glance at my companion. After a time he spoke.

"If you were to know," he said, "how I waited and watched for this letter during the few days I spent in Queenstown while my regiment was being embarked, and how desolate and despairing I felt when I had to sail without having received it! I must thank you for having kept it for me, Mrs. Hewson."

"But for Alice I hardly think I should have done so," I said. "It was she who opposed all suggestions that the letter was of no importance and should be burned unopened."

"God bless her for that."

"I hope the letter is satisfactory now that it has reached you."

"It would have been all I could have hoped, had I received it at the proper time; but that was three years ago, and who knows what may have happened since. I think I understood from Philip that you were unable to find her?"

"All our efforts to trace her proved useless," and I told him of my unsuccessful expedition to Fitzwilliam Square.

"You could not have found her," he said, "by asking for Miss Lestrangle. She lived with a family named Harding, to whose children she was governess. They were good, kind people and seemed very fond of Dora, but her pupils were almost grown up at the time, and she was to leave in a few months. I suppose, however, that they will be able to tell where she is to be found."

"I wonder you did not write again."

"I had said something foolish in my letter about not expecting to hear from her if the answer was unfavourable, and I supposed she had taken me at my word. There was another man too, dangling after her—in short I was a fool."

"I trust it may not be too late yet."

"Mrs. Hewson, will you fill up the measure of your goodness by going to Mrs. Harding and finding out where she is now?"

This, of course, I promised to do, and he went on to tell me of Dora; of her goodness and sweetness, and the brave fight she had made against misfortune, working for herself and her little sister when the bankruptcy and death of their father had left them penniless. A very few questions sufficed to elicit the whole story of his courtship, and its abrupt ending in consequence of the sudden transfer of his regiment to Canada. I listened and

sympathised, and drew hopeful enquiries for the future ; and all the time Alice's music was audible from the back drawingroom as she played lieder and sonatas, dreamy waltzes and brilliant fantasias sitting alone in the darkened room, her companion having stolen off to bed. I knew that she must be devoured by curiosity to hear the *dénouement* of the story in which she had taken so decided a part. I could only hope that she was not suffering from any more painful feeling, and that no shadow of my foolish castles in the air had been thrown across her girlish mind.

When, however, the Doctor and Brian the butler had carried Gerald upstairs and I was able to give Alice a hurried outline of the state of affairs, my mind was set at rest. Her delight was so frank and genuine as to convince me that no thought of Gerald as a possible lover for herself had ever crossed her mind. She would not believe any farther *contretemps* could occur, and prophesied that everything would certainly come right in a few days. I was not quite so sanguine ; not trusting much to the constancy of a girl who had reason to believe herself slighted, but I kept my doubts to myself, thinking that the next day would resolve them one way or another. Their solution was, however, not yet at hand. My mission to Fitzwilliam Square was again a fruitless one, the Hardings having left their house and gone, no one knew whither.

Dr. Hewson, on making inquiries of Mrs. Harding's solicitor, learned that that lady was dead, and her eldest daughter married and in India, while the two younger girls were living with relatives in England. A letter from me to the elder of these young ladies elicited a polite reply, to the effect that they were ignorant of Miss Lestrangle's present address. They had kept up an intermittent correspondence with her for a year or two, but it had then died out, owing to family troubles. They now regretted it very much, and begged that, when I had ascertained her present abode, I would kindly communicate with them.

And so we were again at a standstill. Gerald, however, would not give in, saying that he felt sure when he himself was able to go about he would be able to discover her. And, in fact, as soon as the state of his ankle rendered it possible, and much sooner than was at all prudent, he did go to England and spent many weeks following up every clue which could by any possibility lead to the

discovery of Dora Lestrangle. But it was in vain. He returned wearied and dispirited, and had to pay with interest the arrears of rest of which he had deprived his injured foot. He was in his own house by this time, and felt, I think, rather lonely. He was always asking the boys to go down and see him, sparing no pains in finding amusement for them ; and two or three times he found a pretext for begging a visit from Alice and me. Once it was to see the gardens, which were, he said, specially lovely just then ; another time he wanted to consult us as to some improvements he thought of making in the house. He and Alice were on the friendliest and most affectionate terms, and I think whenever he had an opportunity he used to talk to her about Dora. The thought would sometimes cross my mind, however, that if Dora Lestrangle when discovered were found to be happily married to some one else, Gerald would be easily consoled. I hated myself for even thinking of such a thing, but the idea was not easy to dislodge.

Meantime, although Alice was genuinely eager and interested in the romance of which she had constituted herself the guardian genius, I dreaded lest some unexpected touch should cause her undoubted liking for Gerald to crystalise into love. I was therefore very glad when her aunt and uncle, who were about to make a short tour in Brittany, invited her to accompany them. She herself was much delighted at this invitation which promised her her first glimpse of any country other than her own. But even in the midst of her excitement she did not forget her friend ; she left a message with me for Gerald, saying that she would look out for Dora in every hotel, every train, and every steamer she entered, and that she had a presentiment that she would be successful in her quest.

"How will you recognise her even if you do meet her?" I asked.

"Gerald has shown me her photograph, and described her colouring. I know I shall recognise her the minute I see her."

"You are determined that you will meet her," I said.

"Well, mother, you know people are always remarking how small the world is, and how people are constantly running against one another. At any rate I mean to keep my eyes open, and I feel certain that it will not be in vain."

CHAPTER III

Strange to say Alice's presentiment came true. About three weeks after her departure, while busied with the two younger children's lessons, I heard a hurried knock at the hall door, followed by a quick step on the stairs, and Gerald came into the room.

"I beg you pardon, Mrs. Hewson. I know I ought not to disturb you, but I thought you would be glad to hear the news. Alice has found her."

"Found whom? Dora?"

"Dora!" And he pulled out a telegram and handed it to me. It was dated St. Servan, and contained the words: "Dora is at Dinan. Come at once!"

I looked at the crumpled pink paper in amazement. Alice was a witch; as far, at least, as her romance was concerned. She seemed not only to possess a faculty of clairvoyance, showing her things hidden from other people, but to be actually able to bring what she wished to pass.

"You are going?" I said.

"Of course. I shall cross by the mail boat this evening. I will write as soon as I know anything more myself; but I suppose you will hear particulars from Alice before then."

I spent the next three days in a perfect fever of curiosity, which was at length appeased by Alice's letter, giving full particulars.

The only witchcraft she had used was her strong interest in the affairs of the parted lovers, which had led her to seize on the most trivial facts if she thought they could be utilised in her quest. During her stay at St. Servan, the travellers had met an artist who was known to friends of Alice's uncle, and who joined their party for a few days. He had looked over Alice's drawings and given her many hints, and in so doing had come across a sketch of Gerald's which she had been copying. The sketch was that of a little dog, whose name, "Fenella," was written underneath. A remark of Alice's as to the singularity of the dog's name caused Mr. Blake to say that he had once known a dog answering to the name. Alice, remembering that the original of Gerald's sketch had been a little pet dog of Miss Hardings, questioned him further, and soon found that he had known the Hardings, having often

been at their house in the course of a winter he spent in Dublin three years previously.

"Then," said Alice, "you must have known Miss Lestrangle."

His face changed. "Yes," he said, after a moment's pause. "I do know Miss Lestrangle."

"Then you can tell me where she is at present."

"She is at Dinan, living with an English family as governess."

Alice told me afterwards that the sudden shock of finding herself close to the attainment of her long-cherished wishes made her feel so giddy that she was afraid of falling, and deprived for the moment of the power of speech. She was compelled to rouse herself, however, and give some explanation to Mr. Blake of her interest in Dora Lestrangle. She did this in what she considered a guarded manner, merely saying that an important letter concerning Miss Lestrangle had accidentally come into our possession, and we had long wished to communicate with her. I think myself, however, that she must have betrayed more of the true state of affairs than she was quite aware of. At any rate Mr. Blake presently told her that he had himself been attached to Dora Lestrangle almost ever since he had known her, and that he had gone to Dinan a few weeks before for the purpose of asking her to reconsider her refusal of him. She had been grieved by his persistence, and had told him that she was attached to some one else, from whom she had been parted by circumstances, and that she did not intend ever to marry. Her manner was, he said, so serious and decided as to put an end for ever to his hopes, and he had left Dinan, feeling that he could never be happy again. He appeared, however, to have in some degree recovered his spirits when Alice met him, thereby scandalising that romantic young woman not a little. Her first impulse was to go to Dinan, see Dora, and make sure that all was right before sending for Gerald; but her aunt, for whose co-operation she was obliged to ask, pointed out to her that it would be better to allow the young people to come to an understanding in their own way. Once Gerald knew where Dora was, he might be trusted to bring the affair to a speedy, if not a satisfactory, conclusion. So Alice's energies had to find vent in the telegram to Gerald, and the aforesaid letter to me.

After this letters and telegrams followed one another in quick succession. First, a telegram from Gerald containing the words "All right"; then a perfect avalanche of letters from him, from

Alice, and from her aunt and uncle, giving various views of the state of affairs. Gerald had been, at first, anxious that the wedding should take place at Dinan, with as little delay as possible; but there were found to be so many legal difficulties in the way that that project had to be abandoned, and it was decided that Dora should come home. Then it was that Alice wrote to me, begging that I would invite Dora to stay with us and be married from our house. I would be sure to like Dora, Alice wrote, she was such a pretty, quiet, affectionate girl, and it would be a fitting conclusion to the romance in which I had taken such an active part.

I was averse to the plan at first, but when I found that not only had Alice set her heart on it, but that the Doctor was anxious that it should be carried out, on Gerald's account, I gave way. So, when Alice came home, I had also to welcome the strange girl whose name had so long been familiar to us, and in whose affairs we had taken such a lively interest. And if I was not quite so enthusiastic as Alice in my admiration for Dora I soon grew to love her very dearly, and to understand Gerald's constancy to her, even when he had believed that his love was despised and his letter left unanswered. And with regard to the letter: Dora was able, to a certain extent, to solve the mystery of how it had come to be forgotten in the jacket pocket. The jacket itself, the threadbare remains of which were still extant, Dora recognised as having belonged to Miss Harding, who had been she knew in the habit of sending her half-worn clothes to the convent from which Mary had received it. The day on which Dora had written her answer to Gerald was wet, and she, having a cold, had been strongly advised by Mrs. Harding to remain indoors.

She was about to disregard this injunction, however, and slip out to the nearest pillar-box with her letter when she encountered Miss Harding, bent on the same errand. That young lady, a somewhat fussy, good-natured person, was much shocked at the risk Dora was about to run in going out, and took the letter peremptorily from her, placing it, without looking at the address, among the bundle of letters she held in her hand. Dora did not like to attract attention by objecting, and any misgivings she may have felt were set at rest by Miss Harding's declaration in answer to a question put

on her return, that she had posted the letters. She must, however, have put them into the pocket of her jacket, not knowing that it was torn, and, having posted her bundle without looking it over, was quite unconscious of the fact that one letter, probably the most important of all, was quietly reposing within the lining of her extremely fashionable garment, instead of speeding towards the man who was so anxiously awaiting it. Miss Harding would be much grieved, Dora said, if she knew the result of her carelessness. After all, the only difference it had made was that she and Gerald had been made needlessly unhappy for the past three years, and this unhappiness, now that it was at an end, would only render them better able to appreciate the present state of affairs.

I found both the young people determined that their marriage should be a very quiet one, which determination was a great relief to my mind, as I had dreaded the trouble and confusion of a wedding with many guests. Still even the quietest of weddings entails a certain amount of preparation, and Alice and I were very busy. In the midst of the bustle, a few days before the wedding, I was surprised by a visit from Mr. Blake, the artist, who had been the connecting link between us and Dora. Considering his former relations with her, I was somewhat surprised at his adopting the rôle of the moth. However, a little observation soon convinced me that he had by this time accepted his fate with resignation, if not with equanimity. He was an attractive young man, with far more pretensions to good looks than Gerald; while the fact of his having read and travelled more made him more amusing as a companion. Indeed, Alice somewhat naïvely remarked that she thought Gerald was very lucky in winning Dora from such a rival, as most people would prefer Mr. Blake. On hearing this I considered the advisability of nipping in the bud the Doctor's intention of inviting Mr. Blake to dinner. However, on second thoughts, I determined to let matters take their course. Mr. Blake, I knew, was an artist of considerable promise, an A.B.A. whose pictures were always well hung, and I had heard a good deal about him personally from my brother and his wife. The Doctor had his way, therefore, about the invitation to dinner, which was accepted, while one to the wedding was declined; rather, I think, from an innate sense of the fitness of things than from any real dislike to seeing his old love become the wife of another. Would Gerald, I wondered, have been so quickly consoled?

The young people were married in the late autumn, and went abroad immediately. They returned to Coolnahinch for Christmas, however, and a very bright and pleasant home they have made of the old house, which had been for so many years untenanted save by a melancholy invalid.

"Well," said the Doctor, as he and I were returning by a late train after a day spent at Coolnahinch, Alice having been detained at the last moment by her friend Dora, "Mrs. Macdonnell is a charming young woman, and seems very much attached to her husband; but, if I were Gerald, I would not care to have that young Blake so much about the house."

"My dear," I said, "you need not be the least uneasy. Gerald knows perfectly well what he is about."

KATHARINE ROCHE.

EL KHALIL*

OPEN to me! the wakeful moon looks down
 Upon the still, white town;
 Each dome and minaret stands dazzling-bright
 Against the wall of night,
 Watching me too; dogs, stealthy-footed, crawl
 Where the jagg'd shadows fall
 Greedy of midnight; but thy casements stare
 Wide-eyed and unaware
 Into my face: the lattice of thy gate
 Is blind to me who wait.

* "The Friend," the name given by Mahometans to Abraham the Friend of God. A traveller, so runs an Eastern legend, knocked one night at the door of a friend and begged for shelter. "Who is there?" asked a voice. "Your friend," he answered. But the door remained closed. He knocked again, and the same question was put: "Who is there?" This time he answered, "Yourself." The door at once opened, and he was admitted.

"As Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us . . . I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one."—John xvii. 21.

Let me come in ! At last a tiny spark
Advancing through the dark :
The crimson folds of silk are drawn apart—
How near to me thou art !
What need for thee to ask me, who am I ?
What need to make reply,
" 'Tis I, thy friend." But lo, the hinges grind,
The curtain drops behind—
Thy face was there a moment, but the light
Is quenched and vanished quite—
And I am left as lonely as before
Outside thy silent door.

Ah, let me in ! Would not the bravest quail,
Should the white moonlight fail,
To watch the waves of blackness flooding down
And blotting out the town ?
Ah, let me in ! Had then our love an end ?
Am I no more thy friend,
Thy dearer self ?—And hark ! his step once more
Down the cold corridor
And the dim square of crimson on the dark,
And by the feeble spark,
Across the twisted iron I can see
His face—so close to me
That I can guess my image where it lies
Dark in his questioning eyes,
And now no more I make the old reply
" Lo, 'tis thy friend, 'tis I . . ."
With humble steadfastness I answer now
" 'Tis Thine own Self—'tis Thou
Art waiting here before Thy closed door."

Closed ? Ah, never more !
Or rather, closed behind us, and within
Thy house, the hours begin
To pass upon our silence, and I stay
Careless of dawning day,
Holding Thy hands, Thine eyes intent on mine,
And my heart hid in Thine.

CYRIL MARTINDALE, S.J.

ABOUT SELF-SACRIFICE

A CLEVER man may be a merciless critic, and show both originality and depth in the views which he sets forth to justify his opinions ; but we sometimes find persons not endowed with more than mediocre talents, who exhibit a similar censorious spirit ; for it is much easier to condemn, to ridicule, to indulge a cynical humour than to seek out good points and accord discriminating praise. The cleverness of the latter is superficial, and its most successful efforts scarcely rise above the commonplace. An habitually carping disposition cannot wed with a magnanimous mind that overlooks defects and feels a pleasure in appreciating what is praiseworthy. Between minds and characters, indeed, there is natural likeness and kinship, and it is not to everyone that a story of pure self-devotion appeals. When such a narrative stirs the blood and thrills the heart, it is at least probable that the man who can be thus moved, has a nature of generous strain, which leads him to sympathise with lofty principle and noble action. It has been well said that great thoughts come from the heart ; and great thoughts produce memorable sayings and heroic achievements. Wherever a noble mind encounters nobility of aspirations or of conduct, it at once recognises it, and, while it is inevitably repelled by what is mean and base, it feels itself at home with the gallant spirits of every race and clime.

Selfishness, which always acts from the low motive of its own interests, is the foe of the self-devotion to a great cause, whose essential basis is self-sacrifice. Self-sacrifice itself must, to be sterling, spring from pure and elevated principle and steadfastness of purpose ; and, however some persons may be inclined to smile or to sneer at the acknowledgment, I confess my belief in the existence of such self-sacrifice as the motive power of many lives, not only in past ages, but even at the present day. It is no doubt, true, that as we look upon mankind and contemplate the never-ceasing struggle for wealth and power, we cannot deny that self-interest is the dominant influence, self-advancement the god that men worship.

The sacrifice truly of one's interests to secure the good of others has, to all appearance, scarcely a place in this work-a-day world. Practical materialism is rushing like a spring-tide over many intellects and hearts, and instances of disinterested self-denial are growing rarer from day to day. In the fight for the prizes which the world offers, business knowledge and smartness and success are much in evidence and are highly esteemed, and the old heroic virtues attract but slight regard.

Yet it was the stern virtues of our ancestors, necessitating, as they did, the abandonment of much that men hold dear, that make the pages of history luminous with great and illustrious deeds and names. The examples of courage and endurance, which those virtues have created, call to us with eloquent voices across the ages to withstand the debasing influence of luxury and sloth, to cherish a strong sense of duty and of honour, and to emulate what our fathers dared and did. The spirit, when freed from the thralldom of selfishness, responds easily to such an appeal. However it may be overlaid and concealed by habits born of life's worry and conflict, it is still capable, in a sudden emergency, of leaping out as a sword flashes from its scabbard, and of showing itself in its native nobility and power.

Even men who toiled for their daily bread and seemed to have no thought higher than "the trivial round, the common task" of their obscure lot, have often proved heroes in unexpected danger that challenged their manhood. When the trial came, they neither blenched nor hesitated, and by a deed of duty nobly done, made the world richer for all time.

The soldiers who kept their ranks on shipboard, near the South African coast, and sank with the "Birkenhead," that the women and children might be saved, are a case in point. The act of the Irish railway porter in America, who, by the sacrifice of his life, preserved a mother and her child from being killed by a train, is another. A Vincent de Paul becomes a galley-slave to take the place of a father of a family. A Father Damien shuts himself up for life with outcast lepers to help and console them, and finally dies a leper himself. These are deeds that cannot die.

It may be asked, can such deeds be done in the humdrum life of to-day? Are men and women, in the midst of the buffeting waves of care and toil, of ambition and pleasure, still capable of

heroic action? Or is such heroism the appanage of only choice spirits of the human race, of those

Whose hearts are beating high
With the pulse of Poesy,
Heirs of more than royal race,
Fram'd by Heaven's peculiar grace?

The answer to this question depends on what is meant by a great deed. A reckless act of daring done on a sudden impulse or for mere daring's sake has not the true ring of heroism. Nor can it make good its claim to be regarded as such, even when united with deliberation and full knowledge of the risk incurred, if it proceed from a low motive, like greed or vanity. The action, in addition, to being one that excites universal admiration, must spring from a motive that is noble and disinterested. Such a motive is duty.

Duty may take a higher or a lower level according to the ideas which accompany and direct its resolves. The obedience that owes its being to the obligation of submission to secular power will be, when exercised without special reference to God, an act of natural virtue, such as an atheist, for instance, may be capable of; but an act of that nature is inferior to an exactly similar act done in obedience to the will of our Creator and in imitation of Christ, the Man-God. Heroic deeds attain their highest level when they are performed for God's sake through pure love and in a Christ-like spirit, or for the sake of our fellow-men as the children of God and the representatives and brethren of Christ. "Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friend." Christ loved us and delivered Himself for us; and in the spirit of Christ, the true Christian will, if necessary, die, out of love of His Master, for his Master's brethren. "As long as you did it to one of the least of My brethren, you did it to Me."

Constant fidelity to the principle of duty, understood in this highest sense, trains men and women to walk the path of heroic virtue and fits them to do, when the occasion arises, heroic deeds. It is not, then, a few chosen spirits only, who are capable of such heroism: that privilege is not restricted to the high-born and the educated to any sex or age or condition. All who have acquired (as all may acquire, if they wish) the habit of accomplishing unswervingly their Father's will, who have been true to themselves and Divine

grace, and know how to put their trust in Divine power, will act heroically, even without perceiving it, when heroism is necessary to maintain their principle of duty in the doing of God's will.

All may have,

If they dare choose, a glorious life or grave.

Whoever is acquainted with the inner life of the Catholic Church knows that that Church is the home of true virtue, of virtue vivified by the purest love of Christ and exercised out of the desire to copy the perfect example of His life and death. Such virtue becomes golden self-sacrifice when it is necessary to dare all things, even death itself, to succour or to save our fellow-men.

It was in the spirit of that rare self-devotion that the great Cardinal, Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan, refused, during the plague that desolated his diocese, to abandon his people. He was urged by his clergy to retire to a remote country district where he would be in comparative safety. But he declared that the hireling alone would desert his flock in time of danger, and so he made the nobler choice of facing disease and death. With his clergy, who were animated by a like spirit, he fearlessly ministered to the sick during the four months that the plague lasted; he heard their confessions, gave them the last rites of the Church, and with moving and affectionate words prepared them to enter eternity. For their relief he ordered gold and silver vessels to be melted and sold; he disposed of his furniture, not sparing even the poor straw bed he used (he slept afterwards on bare boards); and going in solemn procession with his clergy and people, a halter around his neck, he offered himself as a victim that his flock might be spared. It was his self-sacrifice—we may well believe it—that stopped the plague; but God did not take him from earth; He left him to be still the defence and the comfort of his afflicted people. Is it any wonder that in Milan, and indeed all the world over, the name of Carlo Borromeo has, age after age, been held in benediction?

Again, it is related that during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 a French Sister of Charity was following the retreating army. As she crossed the battle-field, a groan from one of the wounded attracted her attention. Moved by pity, she disregarded the imminent danger which she incurred, and stopped to staunch his flowing blood and bind up the wound. The bullets were still whistling through the air and the shells hurled and burst round

her, but she paid no attention. At last, as she calmly proceeded with her work of charity, a bullet struck her and stretched her lifeless form among the heaps of the dying and the dead.

But it is not alone those who leave all things to follow Christ by the practice of the Gospel counsels of voluntary poverty, virginity, and obedience, that have bequeathed to the world the priceless heritage of an example of fearless self-devotion. Men and women in the ordinary walks of life have done great deeds and have shown themselves capable of heroic self-sacrifice.

When in the year 451 the north of Gaul was in the utmost consternation at the approach of the Huns under Attila, the "Scourge of God," the people of the country around the town of Lutetia (now known as Paris) fled panic-stricken from their homes and hastened to place the broadstream of the Seine between themselves and the enemy. There was but one bridge over the river, and in the centre of it a simple peasant girl, named Genevieve, took her station, and at manifest peril to her life opposed the terrified people in their flight. She reproached them for abandoning their homes, and exhorted them to take up arms, and fight for their country and firesides. "If you repent of your sins," she said, "and put your trust in God, you will have nothing to fear." The people in their rage were about to stone her, but she never flinched, and her bravery at length made them ashamed. They returned to their dwellings and, taking weapons, joined the army that advanced under Count Aëtius against the Huns. On the plains of Chalons, Attila and his host were routed and driven out of Gaul. Some years later the Franks, issuing from the forests of Germany, besieged Lutetia, and during that time of sore affliction, Genevieve was the support of the distressed inhabitants. She kept up their courage, she even managed to leave the town and return with a store of provisions for the besieged; and when the Franks proved successful, she did not hesitate to appear, while everyone trembled for her life, in the presence of their fierce leader, Hilperik. Her fearlessness made a favourable impression, and Hilperik, at her request, stopped further bloodshed and had mercy on the despairing townspeople. For many years afterwards she led a holy life, revered and loved by everyone, and died at the age of eighty-nine, in the year 512. Paris has ever cherished a grateful remembrance of her services, and to this day she is honoured as St. Genevieve, the patron and protector of the city.

So, too, when in the year 1347, Edward III, King of England, had determined to put the people of Calais to the sword for their obstinate resistance to his besieging army, but afterwards relented and declared that he would be satisfied if six of the chief citizens offered themselves for punishment in place of the rest, some of the richest men at once stepped forward and declared themselves willing to die. It is related by Froissart that when the conditions were announced to the assembled citizens of Calais, the richest burgher of the town, Eustace de St. Pierre, said : " It would be a great pity to leave this people to die, by famine or otherwise, when any remedy can be found against it ; and he who should keep them from such a mishap would find great favour in the eyes of Our Lord. I have hope to find favour with Our Lord, if I die for this people ; I would fain be the first herein, and I will willingly place myself, bare-headed, bare-footed, and with a rope round my neck, at the mercy of the King of England."

When the six citizens appeared before the King, he at once ordered them to be beheaded. But his wife, the good Queen Philippa, fell at his feet, weeping, and besought him to spare their lives. She said, " Ah, gentle sir ! I pray you humbly, as a special boon, for the sake of Holy Mary's Son and for your love of me, to be pleased to have mercy on these six men." The King was most unwilling to grant the request, but, at last, yielding to her entreaties and sore distress, gave the men to her that she might do with them what she pleased. She then rose up joyfully, and after having the men clothed and feasted, she gave to each a present of six nobles and sent them back in safety to their friends in the town.

The secret of the wonders wrought by Catholic charity in every age and in every land is to be found in the strength springing from that Christian love and self-denial which the Catholic Church knows how to impart to the soul. Wherever the heart is docile to the Church's teaching and is moulded by her in supernatural principles, the seed of heroism is lodged in a fertile soil, and will, in due time, produce its fruit. In this truth we find the explanation of the self-devotion of nuns and priests on the battlefield and in the service of lepers and the plague-stricken.

" I wonder," says Cardinal Newman, " that the self-devotion of our priests does not strike a Protestant from this point of view

. . . What is their reward for committing themselves to a life of self-restraint and toil, and perhaps to a premature and miserable death? . . . What could support a set of hypocrites in the presence of a deadly disorder, one of them following another in long order up the forlorn hope, and one after another perishing? If they did not heartily believe in the creed of the Church, then I will say that the remark of the Apostle had its fullest illustration: 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.'"

No adequate explanation can be given of this phenomenon except the true one, namely, that such self-devotion is based on a hearty love of Christ and of His brethren for His sake. No earthly prize, no temporal reward could produce, in all ages and all climes and among such a multitude of persons, this rare and heroic devotion. It cannot be bought or sold, it cannot spring from earthly fear or hope, or any mere human love. "Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of them that live in delights. The depth saith: It is not in me. And the sea saith: It is not with me. The finest gold shall not purchase it, neither shall silver be weighed in exchange for it. . . . Destruction and death have said: With our ears we have heard the fame thereof."

OLIVER OAKLEAF.

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

I NEED thy help, Almighty Love!
Clouds frown along the sky;
The lightning flashes from above,
And winds are raging high.
How can I hope my life to save
In storm, so dread and dark,
Unless Thou rescue from the wave,
That fills my sinking bark?
Come, lest I perish, Lord, for aye!
Weeping, I cry to Thee:
Full sore my need—Oh! be my stay!
Come in thy might to me!

M. W.

THE SENSES

I THANK Him for my eyes that see
The wondrous world He made for me ;
Such beauty spread on hill and lea,
That I might feast perpetually.

I thank Him for my ears that hear
The lark, that heavenly traveller ;
All the blithe birds when spring is here,
And winds and waters shrill and clear.

I thank Him for the fragrance shed,
Airs of delight, on hill and mead ;
Woodruff, sweet-briar, and roses red,
And wild thyme 'neath the passing tread.

I thank Him for my palate fine,
Flavours in fruit and meat and wine,
That bid my hunger sit and dine,
And praise the Giver most divine.

I thank Him for my feet that run,
Bear me abroad in wind and sun,
By woods and fields and waters lone
That are His mercies every one.

I thank Him for my hands so feat.
" Now write ! " He said ; and they have writ,—
That know the feel of roses sweet,
And the child's cheek so exquisite.

The Lord of Love their Master is,
And all their diligence is His ;
Who run to serve Him on their knees,
And do His bidding with great ease.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE POET MOORE

THERE are very few living in Ireland who ever saw our national poet, Thomas Moore. The writer of this short paper saw him once under rather striking and pathetic circumstances.

In the year 1836 Moore paid a week's visit to his friend Mr. Boyse of Bannow, in the County Wexford.* His host was one of the landed gentry, very much esteemed, especially by Catholics, though not one of themselves, for he was a good landlord and had favoured Catholic Emancipation. Bannow is an interesting locality, not far from Dunbrody and Tintern Abbeys. There is a tradition that beneath its lake, as under Lough Neagh, a city was once submerged. Mr. Boyse had a beautiful residence near the lake, and his family, I believe, still hold the property.

Moore's reception at Bannow was of the most enthusiastic kind. Crowds came from all the adjoining districts to welcome and honour him. Wexford and New Ross, the chief towns of the county, though a good many miles distant from Bannow, besides sending deputations to present addresses, almost emptied themselves of their inhabitants, every one being eager to see the poet himself. When he had come within a short distance of Bannow, he was obliged to leave his travelling coach, and to enter an open carriage decorated with laurel boughs and flowers of every kind and hue. This carriage was drawn by two rows of young men, and was followed by nine peasant girls who were attired to represent the nine Muses, wearing chaplets of flowers on their heads. There was no end of triumphal arches and banners bearing words of welcome and love. When the evening closed in, bonfires blazed on all the surrounding hills.

When the enormous crowd arrived in front of Mr. Boyse's house, there were, of course, speeches and addresses. Moore, in his reply said, in his own exquisite way, a great many compli-

* This worthy Irishman has been mentioned already in our pages (*IRISH MONTHLY*, vol. xxxi., page 193) in the account of Miss Emily Hickey. Her grandfather, the philanthropic parson who wrote on agriculture and popular subjects under the name of "Martin Doyle," was aided in his benevolent labours for the bettering of the condition of the poorer classes by the generosity and public spirit of Thomas Boyse of Bannow.—*ED. I. M.*

mentary things about the country, and about the comfortable and happy appearance of everything around his host's demesne: "For your kindness to myself, my dear friends, I know not how to attempt to thank you. It is by no means too strong a phrase to say that I am overwhelmed, absolutely overwhelmed, by the kindness of the reception that has greeted me."

In replying to an address presented to him by the people of Wexford, he said: "It is peculiarly gratifying to me to receive this mark of regard from the town of Wexford, because it is to me more than my native place as having been the birthplace of my beloved mother. I was, indeed, delighted with the thought, during my triumphal entry into Bannow (for triumphal it was in the best sense of the word), that so many Wexfordians were present to whom it gave pleasure to witness the honourable eminence to which the grandson of their humble but honest fellow-townsmen, old Tom Codd, of the Corn Market, has been exalted by his kind countrymen."

The present writer was not at Bannow that day. What, then, were the pathetic circumstances under which he got sight of Thomas Moore? When the poet's visit to The Grange was over, he drove to Wexford, in order to travel to Dublin by the night mail coach. Hearing that the coach was to stop in the Bull Ring to take up this illustrious passenger, I mounted to the box-seat just before the coach started. This gave me a good view of Moore when he came to take his place, passing over from the Corn Market, where he had just visited the house in which his mother was born. He stood for a few minutes in the Bull Ring, bidding good-bye to his friend, Mr. Boyse. He had a bright, pleasing face, I well remember, and wore a high shirt collar and a cloak such as is associated with O'Connell. He was small of stature, and this was often alluded to playfully by his friends, as when Mr. Boyse said in one of his speeches: "He is every inch an Irishman, though, to be sure, his inches may not be very many."

One rests with pleasure on a noble characteristic of Moore's, of which this incident reminds us, namely, his devotion to his parents. It may be said that this is happily very common, but Moore showed his filial devotion in a remarkable degree and under exceptional circumstances. It is well known that he was born in Aungier-street, Dublin, where his father carried on business as

a grocer. He began to write the *Irish Melodies* when thirty years old, and he published *Lalla Rookh* before he was quite forty. He was then at the height of his fame, and mixed in the highest society in London, sought after and courted by rank and fashion. Was he not said to be "the idol of all circles, the delight of his own"? He had great social gifts, and he enjoyed the most brilliant opportunities of exercising them. Yet, in the blaze and whirl of fame and fashion, he never lost his head, he was never ashamed of his lowly origin. Once, when he was the guest of the Prince of Wales, the latter, with less than his usual tact, questioned him as to which of the distinguished families of the name of Moore he belonged; but the poet replied that he was the son of one of the honestest tradesmen of Dublin.

In the year 1818, Moore was entertained at a public dinner in Dublin. O'Connell had the chief part in getting it up; he and Sheil, Cloncurry, Maturin, and other celebrities were present, and Lord Charlemont was in the chair. Moore's father was in a place of honour, and, when the old man's health was proposed, his son answered for him:—

"My Lord Charlemont and gentlemen, I am deputed by my father to thank you, and I must say I feel this kindness even more than that which was conferred directly on myself. I have read of a dumb youth in ancient times to whom the sight of a sword uplifted over his father's head gave the power of utterance, and he spoke and saved him. What fear effected in that instance, gratitude could, I feel, produce in the present, and, though I had been dumb all my life, words would, I think, have burst forth to thank you. In the name of that venerated father and myself, I offer you, gentlemen, my most deeply felt acknowledgments; and allow me to add that, on this day of cordial recollections, there is no one who deserves to be remembered more ardently than he; for, if I deserve (which I cannot persuade myself) one half the honours which you have this day heaped upon me, to him and to the education which he struggled hard to give me, I owe it all. Yes, gentlemen, to him and to an admirable mother, one of the warmest hearts even this land of warm hearts ever produced—whose highest ambition for her son has ever been that independent and unbought approbation of his countrymen which, thank God, she lives this day to witness."

Here again, as we have already heard him when replying to

the Wexford deputation at Bannow in a later year, our poet showed his great love and admiration for his mother. At another time he tells us that the strongest stimulus of his early exertions was the desire to please "a most amiable father and a mother such as in head and heart has rarely been equalled." During his London life, his mother received letters from him twice a week, some say oftener; and in the heyday of his glory he wrote these lines in her pocket-book:—

They tell us of an Indian tree
Which, howsoever the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free
And shoot and blossom wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth.
'Tis thus, though wooed by flattering friends
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends
With love's true instinct back to thee.

One to whom his own words could most truly be applied—Lord O'Hagan—said of Moore:—"He was faithful to all the sacred obligations and all the dear charities of domestic life. He was the idol of his household. He clung to his humble parents with as reverential an affection in his day of greatness as when he prayed at his mother's knee." This trait in Moore's character shows he was a good man, and does him more honour than his poetry or his patriotism.

He was born and reared in the Catholic faith, and was in his early years at least a practical Catholic. He speaks of his confessor, and describes humorously his feelings when the slide was pushed back on his side of the confessional. Somewhat lately the Protestant clergyman of the parish in which Moore died has borne testimony that he remained faithful to the creed of his childhood though unfortunately he married a Protestant. Anyone who reads his *Sacred Songs*, published in 1816, when he was thirty-seven years of age, must be convinced that he was a man of deep religious feeling. If he were not, a man of his wide poetical range would never have chosen such themes, nor could he have sung them with such fervour and devotion. Nay, even in his *Irish Melodies*, one of the finest, "The Irish Peasant to his Mistress,"

is in reality the passionate outpouring of the love of an Irish Catholic for his Church in the penal times. As it is not often sung, it may be quoted here :—

Through grief and through danger thy smile had cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay ;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd ;
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, whilst thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd ;
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd ;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves ;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas ! were slaves ;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale.
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains.
Oh ! foul is the slander—no chain could that soul subdue—
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too !

But Moore's greatest act of faith was *The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion*, written and published in the maturity of his genius and in the height of his fame. It is a wonderful book to have been written by a man of Moore's peculiar bent. It furnishes the strongest, clearest, and most convincing arguments to prove that the Catholic Church is the Church founded by Jesus Christ, and, therefore, the only true Church. The author represents himself as a Catholic student of Trinity College, eager to attain a position in the world from which his faith debarred him, and only restrained from abandoning his faith by a principle of honour, because such a change would be attributed to unworthy motives, and would be to pass from the weaker and persecuted side to the strong side—the side of the oppressor. Things also that he had read in Protestant pamphlets had made him at least somewhat ashamed of his religion as one that no gentleman should belong to. Still, as long as the Church was persecuted, he would give up his life sooner than abandon her. In such a frame of mind he is sitting in his room when word is brought to him that the Act of Parliament emancipating the Catholics has received the royal assent. He at once “strode

across the room, as if to make trial of a pair of emancipated legs," and exclaimed: "Thank God, I may now, if I like, turn Protestant." Before doing so, however, he desires to have some sound reasons to present for the change; but to his amazement his researches show him that the distinctive dogmas of the Catholic Church were held from the beginning. His texts of Scripture and quotations from the Fathers are marshalled with consummate skill. Franzelin, who perhaps never heard of Moore, and certainly never read his book, follows exactly the same lines, developing his authorities of course more fully and more perfectly. The book ends with this apostrophe:—

Hail, then, to thee, thou one and only true Church, who alone art the way of life, and in whose tabernacle alone there is shelter from all this confusion of tongues. In the shadow of thy sacred mysteries let my soul henceforth repose, removed alike from the infidel who scoffs at their darkness, and the rash believer who vainly would pry into their recesses; saying to both in the language of St. Augustine: "Do you reason while I wonder; do you dispute while I believe, and, beholding the heights of divine power, forbear to approach its depths."

N. WALSH, S.J.

PIGEONHOLE PARAGRAPHS

THIS item has not figured often in our programme of late. We began the series in our sixth volume (1878); but we find among our manuscripts some pages which date back to 1864, nearly ten years before the IRISH MONTHLY began, and which contain some Pigeonhole Paragraphs, called, however, by the purposely absurd name of *Observatiunculae Miscellanissimae*, which was meant to be funny (though correct) Latin for "very miscellaneous little observations."

* * *

The *Saturday Review*, referring lately to the movement for the revival of the Irish language, spoke of "the tiresome pose of certain men of letters who are ready to express any amount of enthusiasm for the cause, provided that no one expects them to learn

Irish themselves." That has not been the attitude of this magazine, which has hardly done more for the cause than to announce to our readers such Celtic publications as asked it to do so. This makes it more incumbent on us to give the Irish language the benefit of testimony, which came under our notice lately.

* * *

Among divers manuscripts which lurk in the editorial archives, is the diary kept by Judge O'Hagan when he was a very young barrister and went off with Gavan Duffy and Denis Florence MacCarthy, in the summer of 1844 to the south of Ireland and the following summer to the north. On this second tour an incident occurred which is thus recorded.

* * *

"ARDARA, *Sunday, August 19.*

"Left Killybegs immediately after the breakfast which interrupted my journalising. Got a car to about a mile beyond Kilcar, so called from the badness of the road. 'Kilcar' by a figure of speech for 'Kill-horse.' Wanted to get some oaten bread to eat on the mountain. None to be had. Got a few biscuits which turned out very tolerable. Going up the hill towards the mountains, met a damsel in distress, to whose succour we came. She was a fine, healthy, breezy, and, indeed, pretty mountain maid, who was riding a pony with a straw pad for a saddle and a little rope for bridle. The halter had broken, and the girth tying the pad had given way, and down she slipt, laughing. We addressed her, but not a word of English she spoke, so we had to manage by signs. Her gear was made all right, but the task was to get her mounted again. After a little modest shying, it was managed by bringing her horse close to our cart, and making her jump on from the seat. She rode off, bowing and laughing a farewell to us. She was right well dressed. And here I once for all remark what I observed in the South as well as in the North, that the Irish-speaking population, who generally live in the mountains, never present the same aspect of destitution as we see in the English-speaking lowlands. I suppose they are not ground down by high rents or eaten up by too large a population. I have no doubt but the Irish-speaking districts would be found the most virtuous in the country."

* * *

Cardinal Newman did not consider himself, as many of his

friends would have him to be, a trained theologian. While Father O'Reilly, S.J., lived, he submitted to his judgment everything theological that he wrote. Once Father O'Reilly said there was nothing against faith or morals in the essay, but he did not like it. Dr. Newman wrote back that the essay was in the waste-paper basket, and would never be published; and he begged Father O'Reilly to tell him always his real opinion.

* * *

Father Cattaneo, S.J., begins his meditation on the Agony in the Garden by saying that as Jesus Christ had not, and could not have, sins of His own, He adopted the sins of others, He took upon Himself the sins of all men. This suggests a view of our Redeemer's relations to sin which seems to me to have a pathetic significance. I knew a little child, left utterly desolate by the death of father and mother, who left only a few rather distant kindred in distant lands, and these did not seem at the time to have been aware of the child's existence. But God put it into the heart of a good young lady in the village where the child's father, a country doctor, had died, to pity the forlorn baby and to ask the P.P.'s leave to adopt her, partly out of love for her only brother who had recently died at the beginning also of a medical career. She has ever since taken as much care of that orphan girl as if she were her own child—has kept her at an excellent convent school for years, given her every advantage, shown as much devotion as the best of mothers, perhaps borne her faults as patiently (I hope she has not had much to bear). If the girl had done wrong, my friend would have felt the shame as deeply as a mother.

But I have strayed too far after my illustration, which only came into my mind as an instance how completely "adoption" identifies a person with what does not naturally belong to him. Jesus had no sins of His own. We, alas! have many. They are our children; Jesus has adopted as His own the sins of all the world, and He feels the shame of them, that is, when He was in a passible state, He felt, once for all, all the shame and pain that were due to such an inconceivable mass of human iniquity.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *At the Feet of Jesus*. By Madame Cecilia, Religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham. London: Burns and Oates. [Price, 2s. 6d.]

This is, we think, the newest of many pious and pleasant books by which Madame Cecilia has tried to help her readers to take a pleasure in thinking about holy things. The twenty-four chapters discuss at considerable length, and without much formality, certain aspects of our Divine Redeemer's life and character, with some other spiritual subjects, and each of these devout and unmethodical essays ends with a page or two suggesting the divisions of a meditation, grounded on the facts or doctrines thus put forward, the preludes and points and colloquies. It is a holy and interesting book, and will be a help to many souls.

2. *Letters of Blessed John of Avila*. Translated and selected from the Spanish by the Benedictines of Stanbrook, with Preface by Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. London: Burns and Oates.

The title-page of this holy book very judiciously mentions the preface, for these first fifteen pages are the most interesting portion, perhaps, of the whole. Abbot Gasquet gives a very thorough, though brief, account of the holy Spanish priest, who was only beatified by the predecessor of our present Pope, though he was a contemporary and friend of St. Ignatius of Loyola. Blessed John of Avila was the revered spiritual guide of St. John of God, St. Theresa, St. Francis Borgia, and St. Peter of Alcantara. One is glad to have from such a one letters of advice, consolation, instruction in many of the emergencies of life—vocation, death of friends, scruples, afflictions, etc. The book may be procured direct from Stanbrook Abbey, Worcester.

3. The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland (27, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin), has added considerably to its interminable series of wonderful pennyworths—*Sacerdotalism*, by the Rev. Walter MacDonald, D.D., Prefect of the Dunboyne Establishment, Maynooth; *An Aged and a Youthful Confessor*, St. Alphonsus Liguori and St. Aloysius Gonzaga, by Canon Sheehan; two anonymous stories, *The Downward Path*, and *A Little Faded*

Flower ; Devotion to our Blessed Lady, from the Italian of Father Pio De Mandato, S.J. In this last case the translator, F. J. W., very wisely got leave to adapt rather than to translate some portions of Father De Mandato's excellent little book.

4. *On Public Speaking : What Eloquence is and how to acquire it*. By a Public Speaker. Dublin: James Duffy & Co., Ltd. [Price, 2s.]

This very well printed but unbound book of nearly two hundred pages is really much more pleasant and more useful than we expected. The author has given a great deal of attention to his subject, and has gathered together the opinions of a great many authorities, old and new—Cicero and Carlyle, Fénelon and Emerson, William Ellery Channing, Rufus Choate, Goldsmith, David Hume, Blair, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Hazlitt, [and many another. He has no scruple quoting two or three pages at a time. His own connecting remarks are good. Such a book will not go very far towards making a man eloquent; but a youth who has a turn that way will read these pages with pleasure and with profit. In the list of books published by the firm whose name is on the title-page we notice that our amiable Maynooth professor of long ago is called "the Rev. Matthew Kelly, S.J." The last two initials ought to be "D.D." *Talis cum sit, utinam noster esset*—but he was not.

5. *From Doubt to Faith*. By Father Tournebize, S.J. Herder: Freiburg, Vienna, Strassburg, and St. Louis, Mo. [Price, 1s. 3d.]

We are told on the title page that this book has been "*adapted from the French by the Rev. J. M. Leleu*." We think that a priest in the United States (where the translator seems to live, from his use of the words *enthuse* and *antagonise*) could easily compose a little treatise of this sort more suitable for the wants of his country. All the persons named are French, and out of ninety pages half a dozen is too many to devote to such a man as Renan. Of course there is excellent and edifying matter in the little book as it stands, though we cannot consider it quite as suitable for these countries as it might have been made.

6. The publisher of the preceding volume has issued also a very peculiar prayerbook under the title of *The Catholic's Manual*. Though it gives most of the ordinary devotions, it furnishes much more than usual of original instructions on dogma and counsels on moral conduct. It has had a great circulation in Germany.

Father Tilmann Pesch, S.J. (1836-1899), is the author of excellent works on Logic, Natural Philosophy, and Psychology. We do not know what variation from the original is covered by the phrase "free English version"; but it seems to us that the compiler of the English book might have omitted some of the contents of an ordinary prayerbook which will hardly be sought for here. In the appendix we have vespers and compline in Latin and English, and then the two pronouncements of Pope Pius X. on Sacred Music and on Popular Catholic Action.

7. *Rosa Mystica*. By Kenelm Digby Best, of the Oratory of St. Philip Nevi. London: R. & T. Washbourne. [Price 15s.]

The Golden Jubilee of the proclamation of the Immaculate Conception is not likely to receive in any country or in any language any more beautiful tribute of this sort than Father Best's splendid volume. We have only given the most striking words of its title, which begins by describing the book as "*Immaculatae Tributum Jubilaeum A.D., M.CM.IV.,*" and which also explains that it treats of "the fifteen mysteries of the Holy Rosary and other joys, sorrows and glories of Mary, illustrated with copies of the Rosary frescoes of Giovanni di San Giovanni and other artists." The Oratorian Father furnishes a very devout exposition of each of the Gospel events commemorated in the Rosary; and in the second part, which is much longer, he does the same for the festivals and titles of the Blessed Virgin. This second part also will interest readers even more than the first, for it is illustrated by the pictures of artists much better known than the author of the frescoes which are reproduced in the first part. Would it not have been well to mark each picture by the painter's name? Many will never enlighten themselves on this point by consulting the table of contents. The printing and the mechanical production of the illustrations are admirable, and the binding is exquisitely appropriate—white vellum with blue and gilt lettering. This fine quarto is indeed a beautiful offering of filial love.

8. *Sequentia Christiana, or the Elements of the Christian Religion*. By Charles B. Dawson, S.J., B.A. London: R. & T. Washbourne. [Price 3s. 6d. net.]

This book is intended to be specially useful for the instruction of converts, whose needs the author may be supposed to understand, being himself a convert. A vast quantity of solid matter has been condensed into these three hundred pages, and a good

index enables us to refer readily to the various points with which we may be particularly concerned. The *New Ireland* [Review of September points out a few inaccurate expressions, of which the author ought to take account with a view to a second edition. His reply to those who think we have already enough of these controversial books and explanations of Catholic doctrine seems to have a great deal of force in it. Each of them has its own circle of readers and admirers who would leave older books unread. Fortunately for living writers, people forget quickly what has already been written.

9. Messrs. Burns and Oates have issued a second edition of the beautiful and holy little book, *A Daily Thought from the Writings of Father Dignam, S.J.* (price, 2s.) and a new edition of Mr. Edmund Waterton's translation of the *Little Office of the Immaculate Conception* (price sixpence).

10. *Poems from the Works of Aubrey de Vere*. Selected and edited by Lady Margaret Domville. London: Catholic Truth Society, 69, Southwark Bridge-road. [Price 1s. net.]

Very great skill and loving care have combined to make this admirable selection of a great deal of the best and most characteristic poetry that Aubrey de Vere left behind him at the end of his long and beautiful life. In nearly two hundred pages of very pleasant type, as even after a brief but very good sketch of the poet's life and character, the anthology begins with the best of his early poems, the "Ode to the Daffodil," and three others; then, thirty-one of the "May Carols" to form a poetical *Mois de Marie*; then half a dozen other religious poems, and a dozen or so of the poems founded on incidents in Irish history, the collection ends with twenty of the best of his many sonnets and some miscellaneous poems. Lady Margaret Domville has succeeded perfectly in her labour of love. We hope that Mr. Wilfrid Ward has done his duty to the poet as satisfactorily. As we have mentioned that the price of this treasury of true poetry is one shilling net, we may add that for two shillings net it is furnished in suitable cloth binding; and the judicious purchaser will greatly prefer this form.

11. From the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Roehampton, London, S.W., there is issuing at present a series of historical plays for schools which possess very considerable merit indeed, even when read as plays for the closet, and which (Father Roche,

S.J., assures us in an interesting introduction) have proved extremely effective in representation. The first two have come into our hands. Has "a Religious of the Sacred Heart" chosen a good name for the first of the series? Perhaps *Christians under Trajan* might serve as a subtitle, but it ought to be preceded by a more catching, more dramatic name. Father Michael Mullin, author of the *Celtic Tongue*, contributed to an early volume of the *New York Catholic World* a romance of the same period which he called the *Two Lovers of Flavia Domitilla*. Domitilla figures now in the play, but not her lovers. This and No. 2, *St. Catherine of Alexandria*, are in blank verse, and very good blank verse. The three that are to follow belong to more recent times, and seem to be written in prose. One of them ought to be named differently. *Some Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers* seems a very bad name for a play. The two plays before us are well written and well constructed, instructive, and entertaining, of a higher order than most of the convent theatricals that we have seen or heard of. The price of *Christians under Trajan* is one shilling net; of *St. Catherine of Alexandria*, sixpence net.

12. *A Christian Educator: Brother Burke and his Work*. By a Christian Brother. Dublin: Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, 27, Lower Abbey-street. [Price One Penny.]

This is the newest and freshest of the many biographical sketches published by the admirable Society which to-day (October 12) assembles in the Rotunda, Dublin, for its second annual Conference. James Burke was born in Limerick in 1834. Though it is not mentioned by his biographer, he must, of course, have been trained as a boy in the Christian Schools of that city, under Brother Walsh, who himself deserves to have a similar record. Brother Burke's half century of splendid work was spent in Cork. He was devoted chiefly to mathematics, to chemistry, and natural science, and to technical instruction. He was an able organiser and exercised a very wide influence. Though he had reached the Scriptural limit of three score and ten, he seemed to have still plenty of work to do when he was run down by a car in Patrick-street, Cork, on St. Patrick's Eve, 1904, and, after giving great edification by his patience and holy disposition, he died on that day week, and was buried with great honours.

13. Messrs. Burns and Oates have issued new editions of two books of the same price (1s. 6d.) but of a very different kind, and each

very good in its kind. *Holy Confidence ; or, Simplicity with God*, is taken from a very solid spiritual treatise by Father Bogacci, S.J., entitled *Unam Necessarium*. This new and extremely neat edition is made more attractive by the information that the translator was Mother Magdalen Taylor of holy memory, Foundress of the Servants of the Mother of God, who in Ireland are doing admirable work at St. Joseph's, Portland-row, Dublin, and also at Carrigtwohill, Co. Cork, and in the Rathdown Union. Many will study this treatise on "Holy Confidence" with more confidence when they read also on the title-page that the translation was revised by the late Father James Clare, S.J. The other book is *Memories of the Crimea*, by Sister Mary Aloysius, who is a Sister of Mercy at Gort, in Co. Galway. She is the only survivor of the brave band who went out, under Mother Bridgeman, just fifty years ago. The narrative is very edifying and entertaining, and very pleasantly written. Many interesting names turn up, among them one that we have just mentioned, Mother Magdalen Taylor, then a Protestant, as was also the sister of Dean Stanley. We cannot hear too much about such earnest, devoted souls. It makes us ashamed of ourselves, and *that* is wholesome.

14. The Music Publishers, Cary & Co., Oxford Circus-avenue, 231 Oxford-street, London, W., have sent us a number of pieces of sacred music, which are guaranteed as complying with the latest requirements of the Roman authorities by the name of Mr. R. R. Terry, who is Musical Director to the Westminster Cathedral. He is himself the composer of "A Short and Easy Mass," No. 3, on the theme *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, for four voices, with or without organ; and also of "Short Mass in C," No. 4, for voices in unison, with organ accompaniment. Each of these costs one shilling net. Mr. Terry is the editor of "Downside Motets, a Collection of Compositions by Masters of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, as sung in the Abbey Church of Downside, near Bath." The first volume consists of twelve motets in honour of the Blessed Sacrament by Tallis, Byrd, Farrant, Allegri, Palestrina, etc. These beautiful compositions cost twopence each.

THE IRISH MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1904

THE LOTTERY TICKETS

A PLAY IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ :

MR. MORAN, *a Farmer.*

ANNE,
KATHLEEN, } *his daughters.*

DAVID, *his son.*

MILES, *Kathleen's lover.*

MR. BERNARD FFRENCH.

SCENE—*The kitchen in the Morans' house. ANNE making cakes at table in the centre; KATHLEEN sitting in the window, trimming a hat.*

KATHLEEN (*holding up her work*).—Look, Anne; what do you think of that?

ANNE (*doubtfully*).—Well; it looks very pretty in your hand, but I don't quite know that I'd like it on your head.

KATHLEEN.—Why, what's the matter with it?

ANNE.—It seems bright like; what with the poppies, an' the primroses, an' the blue ribbons. Besides, poppies an' primroses don't be in flower at the one time.

KATHLEEN.—Oh! What matter for that? Sure I wouldn't want people to think it's real flowers I'd be wearing.

ANNE.—I don't know. It don't seem to me right, somehow.

KATHLEEN.—Didn't you see the hat Miss Theresa Ffrench had

on a' Sunday? I'm sure there were just as many flowers in that.

ANNE.—There were poppies, an' them blue corn flowers, an' ears of wheat; just the things you'd see growing together in the fields. Besides, they were not so dreadfully bright as yours; an' there was a lot of black lace mixed in with them. I like the way Miss Theresa dresses. She seems always to wear what matches the time and the place, somehow.

KATHLEEN.—'Tis easy for her, that has hats and dresses for every day in the week.

ANNE.—She has not so many hats at any rate. I only know that one you're talking about; an' the sailor hat; an' the black felt she wears of a wet day.

KATHLEEN.—Oh, she could have plenty more if she wanted them. I wish't I had even that many.

ANNE.—Well, when you have the new one done, you can sponge an' iron the ribbons on the old, an' then you'll have two at any rate.

KATHLEEN.—'Two indeed; it's two dozen I'd like to have.

ANNE (*laughing*).—Where in the world would you keep them if you had? I'm sure the press in our room is as full as 'twill hold as it is. . . . I wonder if Miss Theresa an' Mr. Bernard are really going to be married. People are saying that they are.

KATHLEEN.—Miss Theresa an' Mr. Bernard? Not they!

ANNE.—'Twould be a nice match, I think; an' they seems fond of one another.

KATHLEEN.—Oh, that's only because they've known one another since they were little things. I don't believe he cares one bit for her the other way.

ANNE (*laughing*).—You seem to know all about it.

KATHLEEN.—Hush; there he is at the door.

MR. FRENCH (*looking over the half door*).—Good morning, Miss Anne. May I come in? I've a message from my mother for you. (*Enters.*)

ANNE.—Sit down, sir, you seem tired (*pushes forward a chair*). I suppose you were walking all the morning?

MR. FRENCH.—Yes. I've been to Lisclare after the partridges. I'll be glad of a rest. Hallo, Kathleen, is that yourself? What a stunning hat!

KATHLEEN.—I'm glad you like it, sir. Anne doesn't. She says there are too many colours in it. But, sure, the one Miss Theresa had on a' Sunday had just as many.

MR. FFRENCH.—Oh, my cousin's wasn't in it with that one. You'll look quite fetching in it. What Mass are you going to on Sunday, that I may come and see you in it?

KATHLEEN (*fluttered*).—I don't know, sir. What one were you thinking of going to?

MR. FFRENCH.—I'll go to all three, one after the other, until I see you.

KATHLEEN.—Then I'd better wait till the last Mass: the sermon 'll may be do you good.

MR. FFRENCH.—What an unkind speech! Miss Anne, my mother told me to ask if you could spare her a couple of pair of chickens. Her own are not quite ready for killing yet.

ANNE.—I can, to be sure, sir; will it do if I send them up the first thing in the morning?

MR. FFRENCH.—That will do quite well, thanks. I say, what jolly cakes you're making. Might a fellow beg for one?

ANNE.—Indeed then you might, sir; an' welcome. Wait till I get you a bit of butter an' a glass of milk to take with it. (*Exit.*)

MR. FFRENCH.—Let us have another look at the hat, Kathleen. Undyed rainbows, by Jove! I'm longing for Sunday that I may see it in its proper place.

KATHLEEN.—Isn't it the ten o'clock Mass you'll be going to, sir? 'Twas to that you went last Sunday.

MR. FFRENCH.—Oh, I don't know. Perhaps I'd better trust to chance for seeing the hat. I wouldn't like to make Miles jealous, you know. Miles is a right down good fellow. I met him just now.

KATHLEEN.—Miles has no call to be jealous, sir.

MR. FFRENCH.—I know that, but men in love are sometimes unreasonable. (*Enter Anne with plate and glass of milk on tray.*) You are really too kind, Miss Anne. I am ashamed of giving you so much trouble.

ANNE.—It's no trouble at all, sir. (*Puts tray on the table and takes cakes off the griddle.*) Pull over your chair an' eat the cake while 'tis hot.

MR. FFRENCH (*sitting down*).—I don't know any cakes like

yours, Miss Anne. They never make any such as these at our place. By the way, when did you hear from Jem Daly, and how does he like London?

ANNE.—He doesn't like it all, sir. He says he do be longing for a sight of the river an' the mountains, instead of the houses and the people.

MR. FFRENCH.—'Twas a pity he ever went away.

ANNE.—Sure what could he do, sir? The father wouldn't let him alone, but was always at him to marry old Clancy's daughter up at Coolgreina. He'd have given him a share in the business at once if he'd do that; but sure, Margaret Clancy's a good ten year older than Jem, an' plain at that; so that 'twould be hard on the poor boy to make him marry her, even if there was no other reason.

MR. FFRENCH.—And in view of the other reason it would be doubly and trebly hard. Clancy's daughter is to have money, I suppose?

ANNE.—She is, sir; a thousand pound. If she was the least bit younger or better looking, 'tis I'd be the one to advise Jem to try an' please his father, an' not mind me; but sure it wouldn't be right to advise him to make such a match as that. They say, too, that she have a temper.

MR. FFRENCH.—Of course, it wouldn't be right; it would be very wrong to advise such a thing. Don't fret, Anne; depend upon it he will be back in a year or two with enough of Saxon gold to buy a share in the business for himself.

ANNE.—I don't see how he is to get it, sir. His pay is small, an' it costs a deal to live in London. But I oughtn't to be troubling you about it.

MR. FFRENCH.—I'm always glad to hear about Jem; many's the day's fun he and I had together, when he used to be staying with his grandmother over at Kilmain. I wonder do I know anyone in London that could put him in the way of better paid work? I'll see. But I must be off now. Many thanks for the cake, Miss Anne. Well, wear the new hat, Kathleen. (*Raises his hat, and exit.*)

KATHLEEN.—Oh, dear! 'tis fine to be him; doing nothing but streeing about all day with a gun in his hand.

ANNE.—That's only just for the present, while his holidays last. Miss Theresa told me he do be working very hard when he's in Dublin.

KATHLEEN.—Working hard, indeed ; just reading and writing, and talking to the judge and jury. That's all them barristers do be doing. 'Tisn't real work like what father and David has to do. An' then he gets a deal of money for his work.

ANNE.—'Tisn't always that he has the work to do.

KATHLEEN.—The more time he has for amusing himself then. *(Pauses and turns the hat round and round on her hand.)* Anne, I wonder when that bazaar is to be ; the one father gave us the tickets for.

ANNE.—The bazaar for finishing the church at Clashmore ? 'Twas to be some time this month, but I don't remember the day.

KATHLEEN.—There's a prize of a thousand pounds in it.

ANNE.—What matter if 'twas ten thousand ; 'tisn't you or me that'll get it.

KATHLEEN.—Why not ? Haven't we as good a chance as anyone else ?

ANNE.—An' little enough that same. Didn't you hear Father Farrell saying that there was thousands an' thousands of tickets sold.

KATHLEEN.—But someone must win it, an' why not me as well as another ?

ANNE.—Or me. If I win, I'll share with you, Kathie.

KATHLEEN.—Oh ! if I could only win it !

ANNE.—'Twould do nicely to stock a farm for you an' Miles.

KATHLEEN.—Miles ! If I win the thousand pounds——
(Enter David with a newspaper in his hand.)

DAVID.—Well, girls, here's the paper with the news of the bazaar in it. Let us see did either of you win anything. There's a fine heifer among the prizes ! What's the number of your tickets ?

ANNE.—Oh, David, we can't get the tickets till father comes home. He's got them locked up in his desk.

DAVID.—That's a pity. Couldn't either of you make an attempt to recollect the numbers ?

ANNE.—I don't think I ever looked at the numbers. Never mind ; father'll soon be back.

KATHLEEN.—'Tis well there is someone here that has a little common sense. I took down the number of my ticket before I gave it to father to keep, just for fear he might be out of the way when the news would come. Wait an' I'll get it. *(Goes to a work-*

box on a table in the corner, and comes back with a card in her hand.) No. 99. Look if I've won anything, David.

DAVID.—99. Are you sure? (*Looks at paper.*) By the powers! If you haven't got it after all!

KATHLEEN.—Got what? What is it? What did I get? Speak, David. (*Shaking his arm.*)

DAVID.—The big prize, the thousand pounds! Well, you *are* in luck's way.

KATHLEEN (*clapping her hands.*)—I'm an heiress; I'm an heiress. Anne, Anne, don't you hear? I'm rich—I'm going to be a lady; a real lady. (*Dances about the room.*)

(*Enter MILES.*)

MILES.—God save all here. Why, then, Anne, what in the world has come over Kathie that she's lepping about that way?

ANNE.—Kathie has heard some good news.

DAVID.—She has won the thousand pound prize in the lottery.

KATHLEEN.—Maybe Miles won't think it such good news.

ANNE.—Of course he will, Kathie. What else would he think of it? You an' he'll be able to get married at onces now.

KATHLEEN.—Maybe so. How do you know that I won't be married before Miles after all?

ANNE.—Before Miles! Why, how can you be married at all without Miles?

KATHLEEN.—I might contrive to manage it. There's more men in the world than Miles. I'm an heiress now; I can pick and choose.

MILES.—Pick an' choose! An' aren't you after choosing me, I'd like to know?

KATHLEEN.—I don't know that. It was more your doing than mine.

MILES.—Did not you promise?

KATHLEEN.—Did I? I think 't was you that promised. Any way a promise of that sort can be broken, easy enough.

MILES.—Break it, then, if you want to: it's all one to me. (*Turns to go away. ANNE goes up to him, and takes him by the arm.*)

ANNE.—Miles, Miles, don't go off like that. Shure it's only joking she is. She's that upset by the news of the fortune that she don't know what she's saying.

KATHLEEN.—I know well enough. I'm an heiress now, like

Miss Fitzgibbon at Kilcullen, an' it's a gentleman I'm going to marry.

MILES.—So that's the way with you, is it? A gentleman! I hope you'll get him; an' much good may it do you. I'm thinking I'll go an' look for a lady myself. Why shouldn't I? (*Exit.*)

DAVID.—Well, of all the donkeys I ever met! An heiress! like Miss Fitzgibbon. Why, the money Miss Fitzgibbon have by the year is more than twice your whole fortune, great as you think it. An' to treat Miles that way!

KATHLEEN (*sobbing*).—You're very ill-natured, David. I believe it's jealous you are of my good luck.

DAVID.—I'm right down glad of your good luck, my girl; I'm only sorry that you don't seem inclined to make a proper use of it. But as for marrying a gentleman, put that notion out of your head.

KATHLEEN.—Well, even if the money is not so much after all, there are other things—I'm sure Mr. Bernard —

DAVID.—Whew! Mr. Bernard! Is it him you're thinking of? Of all the idiots I ever heard of you're the biggest! Anne, can't you knock a bit of sense into her head, at all at all?

ANNE.—Let her alone, David. She has as much sense as yourself; an' she'll be all right to-morrow, an' able to use it, if you'll only let her alone.

DAVID.—I'll let her alone fast enough, never fear. If she wants to make up to Mr. Bernard, let her. 'Tis he that can take care of himself. An' then Miles can have a try for Miss Theresa.

KATHLEEN.—Miles!

DAVID.—An' why not? Wouldn't Miles be as fit for Miss Theresa as you are for Mr. Bernard?

KATHLEEN.—It's me that has the money.

DAVID.—Money! One would think 't was a million you had instead of a thousand. Do you know how much a thousand pounds brings when it's invested?

KATHLEEN.—I don't know, I'm sure. I'm not going to invest my money. I'm going to spend it.

DAVID.—Faith, 'tis you can do that same. An' how long do you think your money is going to last, an' you spending it?

KATHLEEN.—All my life, of course

DAVID.—Whisha, did anyone ever hear the like of her for an omadhaun? 'Tis a lucky escape poor Miles had of her, anyway. (*Enter MR. MORAN.*)

MR. MORAN.—Well, girls ; is the tay ready ?

ANNE.—'Twill be ready in one minute, father. I'm sorry for being late ; but we had such a surprise, an' it upset me like.

MR. MORAN.—Anything the matter ?

KATHLEEN.—Something good's the matter, father. How would you like to have an heiress for a daughter ?

MR. MORAN.—Whey then, what 'd she be heiress to, I'd like to know, if she was my daughter ?

KATHLEEN (*patronisingly*).—An heiress means a young lady with a large fortune, father.

MR. MORAN.—An' its little fortune e'er a daughter of mine will have, Kathie ; just enough to get her a decent husband, an' not a penny more.

KATHLEEN.—Perhaps I might get some money without asking you for it.

MR. MORAN.—Hello ! what rich old lady is going to adopt you, Kathie ? Mind you don't send her to me for a character of you.

KATHLEEN.—No ; I know you'd rather 't was Anne had the luck than me. But my fortune is not depending on any lady, young or old ; or gentleman either. It's my own. It's a prize I got in the lottery.

MR. MORAN.—A prize in the lottery !

ANNE.—Yes, indeed, father ; she's got the thousand pound prize. Is not it grand ?

MR. MORAN.—Are you sure ? Do you know the number of her ticket ? I've got the tickets themselves upstairs.

KATHLEEN.—I wrote down the number of mine on a bit of card, an' kept it when you took away the tickets.

MR. MORAN.—Show it here. (*KATHLEEN takes the ticket to her father*).

MR. MORAN.—No. 66.

KATHLEEN.—No, father ; 99. That's the winning number.

MR. MORAN.—But this is 66.

KATHLEEN.—You have it turned wrong, father. You're holding it upside down.

MR. MORAN.—Am I ? Wait a moment. (*Exit MR. MORAN.*)

KATHLEEN.—As if I didn't know how to read.

DAVID.—So does father.

(*Enter MR. MORAN with tickets in his hand.*)

MR. MORAN.—Here they are. Now, let us see. I wrote your names on the backs of the tickets. Anne, Kathleen. (*Unfolds one of the tickets.*) What did you say was the winning number?

KATHLEEN.—99.

MR. MORAN.—I'm sorry to disappoint you, my girl, but your ticket is 66; not 99.

KATHLEEN.—Not 99! But it is, father; look at the card.

MR. MORAN.—Look at the ticket, child, an' don't be a fool; 66 as plain as it can be printed.

(KATHLEEN *drops into a chair and covers her face with her hands*)

KATHLEEN (*sobbing*).—Oh! oh! Was ever anyone so used? To have my fortune taken from me that way. I'll have the law of them; I will.

MR. MORAN.—Don't be silly, Kathleen. The mistake was all your own, an' you're no worse off than you were this morning. 'Tis a shame to be crying that way about nothing. One'd think every beast on the farm was dead by the way you go on.

KATHLEEN.—I'm sure I wish they were, sooner than that my fortune was taken from me.

MR. MORAN.—You'd soon know the difference if they were, I can tell you. Come, stop that noise, an' don't be crying for the loss of what you never had.

ANNE.—'Tis a great disappointment to her, father. Sure, I'm sorry, too. I thought that she, at all events, would be rich an' prosperous.

MR. MORAN.—She 'll be more prosperous than she deserves, with a good husband like Miles.

DAVID.—She's sent Miles away.

MR. MORAN.—Sent Miles away! That beats all I ever heard. One'd think that if she'd really come in for the bit of money 't would be on account of Miles that she'd be glad of it.

DAVID.—She said she wanted to marry a gentleman.

ANNE (*angrily*).—David, don't be making mischief; repeating every silly word a person do be saying. I wonder don't you ever talk nonsense yourself.

MR. MORAN.—Marry a gentleman! Why didn't you say a lord while you were about it? To send away a decent man like Miles for a piece of nonsense like that.

(*Walks angrily about the room. KATHLEEN sobs louder.*)

DAVID.—Come, Kathie, stop crying. Sure you're no worse off

than you were this morning, or than Anne is. Here, let's look at the prize list. Maybe you've won something, though you didn't get the fortune.

KATHLEEN (*through her sobs*).—Yes; the haifer or the sewing machine. I don't want *them*, thank you.

DAVID.—Well, maybe Anne got one of them. You wouldn't be too grand to take it, would you, Anne?

ANNE (*laughing*).—It's glad I'd be to get either one or the other, Davie.

DAVID (*taking up newspaper*).—Wait till I see. Which is your ticket, 65 or 67?

MR. MORAN.—'Tisn't likely to be either. I got the tickets from different people: one from the Reverend Mother up at the Convent, an' the other from a girl in one of the shops in the town.

DAVID.—Well, what's the number of the ticket, anyway?

ANNE (*unfolding it*).—99.

DAVID.—99 did you say? Show me? Why, 'tis *you* are the heiress after all, Anne. Good luck to you! (*kissing her*). Father, look here. Sure 'tis Anne that has the prize after all.

MR. MORAN (*kissing ANNE warmly*).—An' 'tis glad I am of that same, Anne. 'Tis you that 'ill make the sensible use of the money. I suppose Jem Daly 'ill be having a share in the father's business now.

(*Enter MR. FFRENCH, while MILES appears at the half door and stands looking over it.*)

MR. FFRENCH.—I beg your pardon, Miss Anne. I think I left my tobacco pouch behind me. Oh, yes, I see it over there. Why, what's the matter with Kathleen?

MR. MORAN.—Don't mind her, sir; 'tis all foolishness. It's disappointed she is about a prize she thought she won. It turns out to be all a mistake; she did not know the number of her own ticket.

MR. FFRENCH.—I heard about the prize. I am sorry that it turns out to be a mistake. Unless—I have no right to interfere of course; but I'm sorry for Miles.

DAVID.—Oh, Miles has had enough of her, sir; he wouldn't look at her now that he sees the kind she is.

MR. FFRENCH.—Perhaps he understands that she was a little bit out of her senses with joy; just for the moment. Make it up

with him, Kathleen; there's no better fellow going. (*Beckons to MILES, who enters and goes over to KATHLEEN.*)

MR. MORAN.—But the queer thing is, sir, that it's Anne that has really got the prize after all. Her ticket is 99, the winning number; and Kathleen's is 66. That was how the mistake came about. Kathleen wrote the number of her ticket on a bit of card, an' then what does she do, but turn it upside down to read it. But Anne has the right number, sure enough.

MR. FRENCH.—I cannot tell you how delighted I am, Anne. You deserve good luck if ever anyone did. And 'twill be luck for Jem Daly, too, won't it? I tell you what; write him a telegram, and I will take it over to the office for you before I go home.

ANNE.—I'm afraid the money won't be enough to satisfy his father, sir. You know I must share it with Kathleen. It seems like as if I was getting what really belonged to her.

MR. MORAN.—Did Kathleen offer to share with you when she thought the money was hers?

DAVID.—Not she. Such a thought never come into her mind. It was all the fine clothes that *she'd* have, and the fine gentleman that *she'd* marry, an' never a thought at all of Anne.

MR. MORAN.—Then Anne, asthore, I won't let you give one penny of your money to her or to anyone else. 'Tis your own, an' now Jem can have a share in his father's business, an' you an' he can be married without delay.

ANNE.—But poor Kathie, father.

MR. MORAN.—Kathleen will be the better of your good luck in this way that, seeing you are otherwise provided for, I can give the few hundreds I had put by for you both altogether to her. I don't suppose she'll be an heiress, or you either, for the matter of that; but she an' Miles can be very comfortable. Have you and she made it up, Miles?

MILES.—We have, to be sure, sir. 'Twas all a mistake from beginning to end. An' now can't we all be married the same day?

MR. MORAN.—You can, faith, if you like, though 'tis more than Kathleen deserves.

MR. FRENCH.—And you must ask me to the wedding. Shall I send that telegram, Anne?

ANNE.—I think, sir, if you don't mind, I'd rather write.

MR. FRENCH.—And tell him the whole story of the lottery

tickets. Well, Anne (*shaking hands with her*), I wish all happiness to you and him, and just as much to Miles and Kathleen.

ALL.—Thank you, sir.

MILES.—An' I hope you'll soon be following our example yourself, sir.

Mr. FRENCH.—I hope so, too. It depends on Miss Theresa.

(CURTAIN.)

KATHARINE ROCHE.

A PRAYER

(*Written in my Twentieth Year.*)

MERCIFUL GOD! the drop by drop that wears the stone
I cannot face. Such trial suits the strong alone.

And I am weak, failing to keep my armour's shine
When only ^{my} "little foxes" come to spoil the vine.

When persecution fell like hail and grief was near,
I stood serenely at Thy side and knew no fear.

But now that frowns are changed to smiles, and duty's light,
My sluggish soul no more essays an upward flight.

Give me Thy work to do—not light as children's play,
But such as strains the nerves and burns the dross away.

If now Thy waiting angel bends to drop a-down
On some devoted mortal brow the martyr's crown,

Behold, my forehead waits the thorn, my heart the sword,
Accept my life for truth's dear sake, Father adored!

But grant me only through the storm Thy voice to hear,
And in the darkness hold Thy hand, and know Thee near.

Then shall my sleeping soul awake, steadfast and true,
If only Thou wilt give to me Thy work to do.

M. A. T.

MARIA IMMACULATA

I.

THROUGH the trackless Atlantic, there flows a great river,
 Whose banks are as chill as the dews of the dawn,
 The waves, o'er its cool bed (strange mystery!) ever
 In warm genial currents roll changelessly on.

It fails not in droughts, (be they wide-spread, severest) ;
 It never o'erflows in the mightiest flood ;
 It springs from the Southlands where flowers bloom fairest,
 To die in the Arctic seas' bleak solitude.

Through billows majestic, it courses, swift-moving,
 Though ne'er with the surges its blue waves combine,
 Like stream mythologic, the famed Arethusa,
 Ne'er mingling its flow with the emerald brine.

Rich-laden, its currents dash fearlessly northward,
 Rare woods from the tropics they wash on the sand ;
 The hearths of the fishers blaze bright in the Norseland
 With palm-branches, cast by the GULF-STREAM a-strand.

II.

O purest of streams, that e'er sprang from Eve's daughters !
 Thou flowest, O Mary, through Life's ocean wide.
 Unmoved by the brunt of its green, bitter waters,
 Unchilled by its breath on thy warm, glowing tide.

No drought ever drains thine exhaustless abundance,
 No riotous flood ever breaks thy deep peace.
 'Mid the lilies of Eden arise thy pure currents,
 In Death's arctic solitudes only to cease.

The blue of thine azure cloak colours thy waters ;
 They hasten, grace-laden, across their white bed,
 For rare are the treasures from heavenly quarters,
 Thou bringest ashore in our winter of dread.

Sweet spices thou sendest to kindle Faith's fires,
 Rare woods on Hope's cold hearth rejoicest to toss,
 But the best thou bestowest to inflame Love's desires,
 Immaculate Queen ! is the Wood of the Cross !

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

THE FORTRESS OF JOUX

IT was a long time ago, when we were children—a party of us spent the day on Dalkey Island. It was hot; the sea lay beautifully blue around. We sat under the shadow of a rock, and one read to us passages out of *The Hour and the Man*, that most touching novel by Miss Martineau concerning the life and death of Toussaint L'Ouverture—his life of striving for the freedom of his race in San Domingo, his capture and imprisonment by Napoleon, then First Consul of France; his slow death from the severities of imprisonment and the climate in one of the dungeons of the fortress of Joux, in the Jura mountains. Our tears fell as the close of the story was read. It was most probably this passage especially that affected us—the account of his last night on earth :—

During the day some faint sounds reached him from the valley, some tokens of the existence of men. During the two last nights of his life his ear was kept awake only by the dropping of water, the old familiar sound, and the occasional stir of the brands upon the hearth. About midnight of the second night he found he could sit up no longer. With trembling hands he laid on such pieces of wood as he could lift, lighted another flambeau, and lay down on his straw. He raised himself but once, hastily and dizzily, at the dawn (dawn to him, but sunrise abroad). His ear had been reached by the song of the young goatherds as they led their flocks abroad into another valley. The prisoner had dreamed that it was his boy, Denis, singing in the piazza at Pongaudin (in San Domingo). As his dim eye recognised the place by the flicker of the expiring flambeau, he smiled at his delusion, and sank back to sleep again. His last sleep.

It was, perhaps, about the same period as our visit to Dalkey Island that we were made familiar with Whittier's beautiful poem on Toussaint. Since then everything relating to him has had an especial interest for me. And later my interest in the great coloured chief was renewed by meeting with a work replete with authentic information regarding him and his family—M. Gragnon-Lacoste's *Memoirs of Toussaint L'Ouverture*. I determined upon the first possible occasion to visit the fortress of Joux: and the time appeared opportune one summer when returning with my wife from Italy by the Simplon.

The information given by the guide books was meagre. Our best plan appeared to be to stay over Sunday in Pontarlier on our road from Geneva to Paris—for we had gone on to Geneva to look for letters instead of taking the direct route by Lausanne.

On a clear afternoon it is a magnificent railway journey from Morgues to Pontarlier, and such we had. The deep blue lake of Geneva in all its loveliness—then, as we wound up and up the Juras among ravines and pine woods, unsurpassed views of the Mont Blanc range—then the Lake of Neufchatel. It was growing dusk when we had crossed the highest gap in the mountains, and passing down the Val de Travers with its saw mills, and through a narrow defile we reached Pontarlier. The Hotel National was not particularly comfortable; but on the Continent it is seldom indeed that one does not find at least a good bed.

Next morning after breakfast our host's daughter showed us the way to the Protestant Church. It was a very plain and simple building. The doors were closed. "Doubtless the minister would soon be there." We waited about. Finally a solitary worshipper appeared, and he said "that evidently there would be no service that day—most of the Protestants in the place must have gone off to a gathering at Geneva."

We ascended a little tower at the water-works, and the fortress appeared so near that we decided to accomplish the visit before dinner. The caretaker at the works pointed out to us a short cut through the woods, on one bank of the ravine, above the railway and the river. It was a pleasant walk amongst larch and birch—the river brawling on our left, opposite, another wooded hillside—little to show us that we were not in parts of the County of Wicklow. At the end of a mile we came upon a triangular piece of meadow land. To the right the river came down from mountains—opposite rose the walls, chimneys, casements and bastions of Joux, upon the summit of a conical mass of rock, a few hundred feet above the valley; to the left rose another fortress in ruins (probably blown up by the Prussians)—between the two fortresses, under a covered way ran the railway by which we had travelled the previous evening,

We crossed the railroad and river and took to the broad high road. A granite monument, "To the last defenders of their country" told of the re-re guard of Bourbaki's army, who fell here in the winter of 1870, in the vain effort to combat the

Germans, before they were obliged to cross the frontier and surrender themselves to be interned by the Swiss.

Occasionally meeting groups of soldiers, and passing through a village, we toiled by a narrow path up the sides of the fortress. When we reached the draw-bridge, which was strongly guarded by a body of soldiers, I gave my card to the outlying sentry and requested permission to see the dungeon wherein Toussaint had died. "That was impossible"—but he would send in my message to the commandant. We then saw a soldier sent off from the guard-house into the fort. In a few minutes an officer appeared. The guard turned out and presented arms as he passed over the draw-bridge. The commandant (for it was he) could not be more polite. He listened to our request, asked if we knew anyone in Pontarlier, and then said it was quite impossible for him to permit any stranger, without an order, to see the place. His instructions were explicit—so many Germans were going round. France had suffered much already from spies. I showed my passport. It was of no use, which he very much regretted; but how was he to know that I was the person mentioned therein? "Was it likely a spy would travel with a lady?—we had come so far." He shrugged his shoulders. "We only wanted to see the dungeon in which Toussaint had died." "One could not see it without seeing the rest of the works." It was evident he was acting in accordance with stringent orders, and that it would be as impolite as useless to press the matter further; and how much of the sting of the refusal was taken away by his courtesy and kindly manner. Yet it was hard, to swallow down our annoyance, at such a rebuff, however reasonable. The sun shone as brightly, yet the day did not seem as fine on our path back to town.

We were rather late for table d'hôte, but room was found for us at the corner of a table crowded with company, some of them in blue blouses. We found our neighbours agreeable. We learned that the dismantled fortress had been brought to its present condition, a few months before, by an accidental explosion of dynamite, in which several men perished. An old gentleman was in despair regarding the manufacture upon which Pontarlier is rising in importance—absinthe—which he declared should be properly called "human death."

We spent the afternoon walking about the neat little town, with its pretty bridge at one end and its picturesque archway at

the other. Not an untidy house to be seen. A fine modern Catholic church, large barracks, a fruit market—but the fruit how different from the luxurious abundance we had left south of the Alps!—nothing to be had but half-ripe apples and pears.

Was it imagination that made me think the tricolor before the Mairie drooped rather sadly? France was then in the agonies of political uncertainty. The official notice board, under the flag, was crowded with reactionary extracts from public news, tending to frighten the people and make them lose all trust in constitutional rule. Was Freedom again to go down before the ballot-boxes in France? If not, was it again to go down in blood?

About four o'clock we heard music, and bands and banners led the way to a little park by the river. From a platform under elms, from which were hung tricolors, the young men of the town played excellent music for a couple of hours, while the citizens promenaded round—gentlemen and their wives dressed in the height of the fashion, with silk hats and long trains; bloused men and neatly dressed peasant women, with their caps and short gowns; soldiers, nurses, children, all happy and self-respectful; civilisation of the best sort—no rags, no rowdyism.

It was growing cold and dusk at the close. We had coffee at the hotel, and then ample time to reach the station and take our luggage out of the cloak-room before the train for Paris drew up.

We had spent a pleasant day at Pontarlier; but we had not seen the Fortress of Joux.

* * * * *

Winter came and went; so did the Spring flowers. We were again in the heat of Summer. Switzerland was in prospect. Why not make another effort to see the fort? It would be as easy to travel *via* Pontarlier, as by any other route.

A note to the British Minister in Paris brought the answer that if I would call at the Chancellerie of the British Legation, on our way through Paris, an order from the French Minister of War to see the fortress would be handed to me. So the last day of our sojourn in Paris found us in the Rue St. Honoré under the royal arms of the British Legation. The portress (who, I was rather astonished to find, spoke only French) directed us to the Chancellerie. There a clerk appeared, and, in reply to my question, desired I would have the goodness to speak French. Now that was encouraging! I had often been asked when speaking what

I called "French" to speak English; but I had seldom before been asked to speak French when addressing a person I supposed could speak English—and in the British Legation too! Could he be an Englishman so "high-toned" that my "French" was not so painful to him as my Irish accent?

Next evening we were in the train toiling up amongst the pines of the Juras. We had left Ireland parched with drought. In France there had been rain, and the country never looked to better advantage.

This time we put up in Pontarlier at La Poste, in the main street, a better inn than the Hotel National. Next morning was fine. The town looked bright and cheerful. The flag at the Mairie waved over an assured Republic. A blue sky was overhead—a bright sun, whose heat was tempered by the high position of the town. There were four of us this time—three ladies and myself. The walk was most enjoyable. Under the monument we sat down to rest, and look at the pine trees, listen to the river, and amuse ourselves by watching the grasshoppers. How strange it was too to be again in sight of Joux! There was little change in the appearance of things, except that the work of restoration was going on at the ruined fortress.

What was our surprise upon climbing up the path and coming in front of the gateway, to find everything apparently deserted—not a sentry—not a guard! Leaving the ladies, I crossed the draw-bridge, and pushing aside the door of a guardhouse, found two soldiers in undress. One said he would accompany me to the under commandant. The governor and garrison were away taking part in military manoeuvres—they would not return for some days. Crossing another draw-bridge, under a portcullis, and through devious ways between crenelated and loop-holed walls, commanded at every turn by guns, we reached the inner square of the fort; my guide knocked at a door and I was ushered into an office where an elderly gentleman in spectacles was deep in accounts. "As bold as brass," I presented my order, signed by the Minister of War. The old gentleman perused it, and then appeared considerably excited. What did I want to see the place for? How did he know the order was genuine? Had I any passport? I had left it behind, "That was strange." If I had one, it would be different; he did not see that he was at all justified in showing me the dungeons. And there were ladies! It was

curious altogether. I did what I could to calm his suspicions. But it appeared hopeless. Here I had penetrated into the centre of one of the strongest and most important forts in France on what was probably a forged order. Finally he went off to consult some one else, leaving me in charge—in fact in custody—of a couple of soldiers.

Shortly he returned with an officer in undress. He was a pleasant looking man, and took a different view of the situation. "Have not you the gentleman's order to preserve and show in case of any questions being asked? It is genuine; look at the signature." The chief allowed himself to be persuaded by the new arrival—a major, I think. The keys were sent for. I brought in my party. They were wondering what had happened. Most of the occupants of the fort (amongst them some ladies) were collected in the court to see such an unwonted incursion. We set off with the officers; a man with a lantern, and a little dog, wild with delight at the prospect of hunting up mice in the dungeons.

We went up stairs and along passages; behind rows of guns in position; by piles of shot and shell; through sundry doors and up ladders. At length the lantern was lit, a heavy door was opened, and we entered, through some dim passages, the arched cell in which Toussaint had died. It was high up, almost on the summit of the fort, and the narrow window commanded a magnificent view. We saw the fire-place before which he had breathed his last. The officer pointed to the spot. Perhaps the traditions of the event had been handed down by successive occupants. There were no signs of actual damp; flour was stored there; but the place must be deadly cold in winter.

Our interest in the spot and the unfeigned ignorance I displayed of military matters rather reassured our conductor, who became more and more polite. We were taken to see where Mirabeau had been imprisoned, and were carried round to the best points of view. A bunch of the campanulas, growing beside some of the guns, were the only memento we carried away. Below, we parted on the most amiable terms, and were handed over to a non-commissioned officer to be shown the burial place of Toussaint, under the floor of the sacristy of the old chapel of the fort. There was nothing to show that the bones of so great a man reposed beneath. A few days before, we had visited Napoleon's tomb. Who, that has

thought seriously of life, and time, and of what constitutes true greatness would not rather be Toussaint in his unmarked grave in Joux, than Napoleon amidst the glories of that matchless sepulchre by the Seine? The lower portion of a skull was shown us as Toussaint's. The remainder was sad to be in the Museum in Dijon.

A brisk walk back to Pontarlier left time to settle our bill at La Poste, and reach the train. This time, our faces were set southwards. Switzerland and its charms were before us—the Fortress of Joux but a memory.

ALFRED WEBB.

THE BORDERLAND

I HAVE been to a land, a borderland,
Dimly seen in the fading light,
Where shadows and dreams in a spectral band
Seemed true to the aching sight.
I scarce bethought me how there I came
Or if thence I should pass again;
Its morning and night were marked by the flight
Or coming of woe and pain.

But I saw from this land, this borderland,
With its mountain ridges hoar,
That they looked across to a wondrous strand,
A bright and unearthly shore.
Then I turned me to Him the Crucified
In most humble faith and prayer
Who had ransomed with blood my sinful soul,
For I thought He would call me there.

But no!—for a while on the Borderland
He bade me in patience stay
And gather rich fruits with a trembling hand
Whilst He chased its gloom away.

He had led me amid those shadows dim
And shown that bright world so near,
To teach me that earnest trust in Him
Is "the one thing needful" here.

And so from the land, the Borderland,
I have turned me to earth once more,
But earth and its works were such trifles, scanned
By the light of that radiant shore !
And oh ! should they ever possess me again
Too deeply in heart and hand,
I must think how empty they seemed and vain
From the heights of the Borderland.

The Borderland had depths and vales
Where sorrow for sin was known—
Where small seemed great, as weighed in scales
Held by God's Hand alone
'Twas a land where earthly pride was nought,
Where the poor were brought to mind,
With their scanty bed, their fireless cot,
And their bread so hard to find.

But little I heard in the Borderland
Of all that passed below—
The once loved voices of human life
To the deafened ears were low.
I was deaf to the clang of its trumpet call,
Deaf alike to its jibe or its sneer ;
Its riches were dust, and the loss of all
Would scarce have cost a tear.

I met with a Friend in this Borderland
Whose teachings can come with power
To the blinded eye and the deafened ear
In affliction's loneliest hour—
Times of refreshing to the soul
In langour oft He brings,
And leads it on to meditate
On high and holy things.

O Holy Ghost ! too often grieved
 In health and earthly haste,
 I bless those slow and silent hours
 Which seemed to run to waste.
 I would not but have passed those depths
 And such communion known
 As can be held in the Borderland
 With Thee, and Thee alone.

I have been to a land, a borderland :
 May oblivion never roll
 O'er the mighty lessons which there and then
 Have been graven on my soul.
 I have trodden a path I did not know,
 Safe in my Saviour's Hand ;
 I can trust Him for the future now—
 I have been to the Borderland.

S. M. E.

IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL

I NEED Thy help, Almighty Love !
 Clouds frown along the sky ;
 The lightning flashes from above,
 And winds are raging high.
 How can I hope my life to save
 In storm, so dread and dark,
 Unless Thou rescue from the wave
 That fills my sinking bark.
 Come, lest I perish, Lord, for aye,
 Weeping, I cry to Thee ;
 Full sore my need—oh, be my stay ;
 Come in Thy might to me !

M. W.

WITH ST. STANISLAUS IN ROME

ON the 25th of October, 1567, a travel-worn and weary¹ trio, bound to the Eternal City, passed over the Milvian Bridge, which spans the Tiber on the Flaminian Way, some two English miles from Rome. The bridge over which their road led them was great with history. Here Constantine and the Cross of Christ for ever triumphed; here marched the invading armies of the North that hurled their furious waves against the walls of Rome; here swept splendid pageants, processions of emperors and princes, to be received at the Flaminian Gate with all the honours that Rome could lavish on them. Little did this humble company of travellers, consisting of two black-robed Jesuit scholastics, one nearing middle age, the other young, and the third a boy not yet seventeen years old, clad hardly better than a beggar, dream that their coming should be reckoned among the memories of the Milvian Bridge, and for the sake of one of them cast to this day a hallowed spirit about the spot. For the youth who, in his weather-stained and poverty-stricken garb, would have passed unnoticed, save, indeed, for the marvellous spiritual beauty of his pure face, was St. Stanislaus Kostka.

Time and wanton destruction have done much in destroying the precious stepping-stones of the Flaminian Way; they have been powerless to touch nature's enduring features. Therefore, the sleepy river, flowing down to ancient Ostia; the green stretches and slopes on either bank, the blue, distant mountains, frequently snow-tipped, that frame the scene over which seems to brood an everlasting afternoon peace, are the same that met St. Stanislaus' eyes three hundred years ago from one side of Ponte Milvio. But on the other, among the trees beyond the river and the meadows, towers, alone visible of an invisible city, the dome of St. Peter's, which in St. Stanislaus' day had not yet risen to be the great landmark of the centre of the Christian world, to stand out mighty, dominating, awe-inspiring, for miles across the desolate Campagna from the horizon beneath which all but itself has sunk. As we tarry, gazing from the bridge, did St. Stanislaus, we ask ourselves, gaze, too, towards the hills, or did he turn to the point where his Italian companion, the young ecclesiastic, may have told

him lay venerable St. Peter's, with his heart beating for exultation, not only from the joy of the pilgrim drawing near to the shrines of the Apostles, but also because he knew that he had at last attained his soul's desire, for which he had much dared, much suffered? Or, exhausted as he was after the thousand miles that he had walked through the summer heats and the piercing mountain cold, did he note nothing by the wayside, but press, faint and footsore, on to Rome? Be that as it may, let us follow him as, sinking with fatigue, he went down the Flaminian Way in the steps of the countless famous throngs who had gone there before him. There is nothing now to distinguish the great northern road of the city whose empire was the world from any other squalid suburb. Past houses of a wretched description, and over the painful cobbles that make so many of the Roman pilgrimages perhaps not merely an empty form of speech, we reach the picturesque old walls, where stands the Flaminian Gate, the present Porta del Popolo.

Much has been destroyed and added to the gate itself since the arrival of our saint; but the outer arch with its mouldings and inscription of Pius IV., its builder, crowned by the tiara and balls of the Medicean Pope, were those beneath which St. Stanislaus entered the Eternal City whose pavements he was to tread as though with the footsteps of angels visitant and for hardly less brief a space than they. We will not pause at the convent flush with the Flaminian Gate which had probably even then acquired a name of doubtful distinction as having been the temporary abode of Luther. We prefer the sweet company of Stanislaus, and threading our way through the crowds by the side of his simple, recollected figure, down the gay and narrow Corso, past the huge Venetian palace, now the Austrian Embassy to the Holy See, we will only halt when he does at the rooms of St. Ignatius.

If in many of the Roman shrines much reconstructive imagination is necessary before the saints stand in the flesh beside us in the dwellings they knew upon this earth, the rooms of St. Ignatius require comparatively little of such effort. They are still peopled not only by the great founder of the Society of Jesus, but by the bands of saints who here came and went on business or devotion. The glorious procession throng before our vision while in the ante-chamber, which of all the four *stanze* from its very simplicity breaks down most completely the barrier between time and us, we await

with St. Stanislaus the summons to St. Francis Borgia who will receive him into the arms of the Society at last. Little has here been changed. We enter with the saint by the old door, now screened by a grating from the kleptomania of the relic-hunter, and sit with him in the long, low passage-chamber. Had St. Stanislaus looked through the window, he would have seen across the little garden masses of stone and building which was to become some few years after his short life had run its term the great Gesù. But in the room itself, nothing hinders us from being alone with our saint, three hundred years ago. The same low raftered roof is above our heads. The same brick floor, now somewhat regrettably covered by a carpet beneath our feet : St. Ignatius' rude fireplace : his shutters still in their post before the window : the door leading to his private study opposite that by which we have entered. The memories of the room naturally belong more directly to the great Ignatius ; and yet the fair perfume of St. Stanislaus' brief presence still clings about it more sensibly perhaps than in any other spot in Rome, except his own chapels on the Quirinal.

But by now, the travelling companions of St. Stanislaus have finished their audiences with St. Francis, and it is time for us to pass, not through the modern door, as we must do when in less holy company, but through that used by St. Ignatius and the saints who visited him, and whose threshold may not be profaned since by any other feet, into the tiny chamber where St. Ignatius and St. Francis Borgia lived and died.

More reconstruction will be necessary here than in the room we have just left. We must remove the altar and the ornaments with which devotion has enriched the chapel, and stand a space in the lowly room which St. Stanislaus beheld. He trod upon the brick floor, now also concealed by carpets. He saw the bare walls without their crimson hangings, the low rafters overhead, innocent of the arch cut for the sake of convenience over the present altar. Before his eyes was the door, only since guarded by the wire netting, that St. Ignatius opened and shut, and which led to the room beyond of his attendant lay-brother. There also hung the pictures which St. Ignatius loved, and which we may see to-day over the altar and the modern door into the antechamber, namely, a dark Madonna before which he prayed and offered the Divine Sacrifice, and a Crucifixion which consoled his dying eyes. Likewise, two

presses of his stood there, as now. Hardly would St. Stanislaus, in his humility, have foreseen the later addition to the furnishing of room, that his name would be the first to be read by the pilgrim among the inscriptions, his own face smile among the pictures of the saints, that run round the venerable sanctuary in record of its holy and glorious memories. Mortals cannot choose but envy these ancient walls and rafters, for what, in their time, they have beheld, and utter the vain wish that for one moment they could give tongue and tell their story ;—tell how here Peter Faber, in the last days of his life, and Francis Borgia came to see their beloved Father and Founder ; how here St. Philip Neri and Canisius held burning talk with St. Ignatius ; that here came to bid farewell to their respective Generals, Campion before turning his steps to the country to which he owed his birth, and which was now to give him a bitter heritage of peril, pain and death, and Azevedo, as he too started on the voyage where he found no earthly port but a martyr's crown ; how here were received into the Society St. Aloysius, the martyrs Rudolph Acquaviva, Cottam, and our own sweet singer, Southwell ; how here took place the meeting of St. Francis Borgia and the youngest of the Jesuit Saints.*

Years are not, for we are gazing on the thin ascetic face of the gentle Spanish saint, of him who won all hearts to himself. That figure, worn with austerity, was once the friend and companion of the Emperor, Charles V, and the ornament of the brilliant Spanish court ; yet here he is in a humble religious habit, with a poor cell for his home, and before him kneels the little blue-eyed saint, no less gentle and all aflame with the ardour of generous youth. It was in this room that, three days later, on his seventeenth birthday, St. Stanislaus signed his admission to the Society in the book used for the purpose, and which is at present preserved in the Jesuit Noviciate at Castel Gandolfo. Through the kindness of the Jesuit Fathers we were permitted to see and handle this priceless object. Turning over the leaves of the old brown leather volume with, beneath the windows, the wonderful earth-sea of the still Campagna, bounded by the tideless Mediterranean, sweeping at our feet, signature after signature of the novices of the heroic days of the Society of Jesus start out from the ancient page, and being

* *Rooms and Shrines of the Saints of the Society of Jesus*, by P. J. C. Rome : Salesian Press, 1901.

dead, yet speak ; names that have made themselves heard throughout the world ; names that have long since passed into the great silence and are known no more, save in the records of their Order. Here an Aloysius in a cramped, thin handwriting ; here something like a hieroglyphic standing for Rudolph Acquaviva, and here, low down on the left-hand side of the page, is that for which we have made our pilgrimage to the Alban lake, Stanislaus Kostka. Every stroke of the clear, youthful, ornamental characters attests the painstaking care with which the young saint, noted during his short religious life for his perfect performance of even trifling actions, fulfilled his task.

In the time of St. Stanislaus, the number of the Jesuit novices being too great to allow of their accommodation under one roof, they were quartered between three different houses. St. Stanislaus, therefore, spent his noviciate successively at Santa Maria della Strada, the Roman College, and Sant' Andrea on the Quirinal. Of Santa Maria della Strada, where he served Mass and read in the refectory, nothing remains, superseded as it is by the Gesù, except the rooms of St. Ignatius and the celebrated representation of Our Lady honoured under that title, which is still the object of a special veneration in the Gesù and in the Society of Jesus.

Owing its name to the fact that it was once one of those wayside pictures, those road-shrines so much beloved in Catholic lands, and which even in those changed days sanctify here and there the streets of Rome, it was held particularly dear by St. Ignatius and by many other saints beside those of his own Order, and is connected with the scope of this sketch, inasmuch as St. Stanislaus, following the example of his father, Ignatius, was wont to pray before it. Go into the Gesù at what hour you will, the tiny Chapel of Our Lady, rich with gorgeous marbles, richer still in the ex-votos that proclaim the power of Mary from roof to floor, is crowded with devout and silent worshippers. Out of the religious twilight, but slightly relieved by the cluster of lights burning constantly upon the altar, the Madonna and Child shine forth with tranquil dignity, with tender pity, upon those prostrate at their feet imploring help, even as upon the saints of old whose prayers have enriched the picture with a setting of yet more priceless jewels than the gems that sparkle from it. The little sanctuary is redolent of the mercy and compassion of her who is mighty to save the sinner and console the suffering.

From Santa Maria della Strada, St. Stanislaus was sent to what was then the Roman College. The present Roman College he never saw, and all traces of the older building, the scene of some of the best known among the scanty anecdotes of his noviciate, have been swept away. We must therefore pass on to Sant' Andrea in Quirinale, the spot in the Eternal City that may be called St. Stanislaus' own. As we wend our way thither through altered streets and altered times, perchance *en route* meeting with one thing at least unchanged since our saint too walked the city—a party of Dominicans, Franciscans, the scarlet robes of the German College, chosen for them by St. Ignatius himself,—we would fain linger a little on the road to catch those fleeting glimpses that we may of St. Stanislaus in the streets of Rome. Leaving our saint's side for a moment, let us join that confessor of the Faith, James Bosgrave. We read that as the latter was walking once about the town, he met St. Stanislaus, surrounded by a band of Jesuit novices—such a group of young religious as we may see any day in Rome, and which gives so distinctive a feature to the capital of Christendom. Bosgrave's companion drew his attention to the youthful novice. It was only one passing glance; but such was the impression made upon Bosgrave by St. Stanislaus' face that, imprinted indelibly on his heart, it dwelt there till his dying day, the living influence of his life. He left Rome to labour on the terrible English mission of those troubled times and to endure the horrors of the rack and the hardly lesser martyrdom of long imprisonment; but the memory of the saint whose face he had only seen for that brief moment and to whom he had never even spoken, haunted him through all his sufferings and hourly perils, and when he had found his way to our own saint's native land, to spend his last years there, it was the example of St. Stanislaus that he kept before his eyes as the model for his imitation.* Would that we knew in which street that meeting had taken place!

Another vision of St. Stanislaus in the ways of the Eternal City, and we shall have few more:—That on his first Maundy Thursday in Rome, and the last he was to spend on earth, he went round visiting the Sepulchres with the burning devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of one who had twice been miraculously

* *Story of St. Stanislaus Kostka*, by Rev. Francis Goldie, S.J.

refreshed thereby. One of his brothers in religion, enraptured as he was together with all his fellow-novices by the charm, natural and supernatural, with which the sanctity of Stanislaus had been endowed with a peculiar attraction, simply owns, in his testimony for the canonization, that never had he experienced a greater joy than on this occasion when he was allotted as Stanislaus' companion. And if any would follow Stanislaus a spell on the country ramble taken by the novices of his days, let them go beyond the walls down the Nomentan Way. It was then guiltless of the unsightly modern buildings that disfigure it between the Porta Pia and the church of Sant' Agnese; but still there stretches on either side the same silent, green, memory-haunted Campagna, sweeping up to the cold blue Sabines, mournful with the poetry and the pathos of eternal Rome, as in those long past hours of the sixteenth century when St. Stanislaus and the noble company of men and youths, martyrs, apostles, theologians—of whom it has been said that never was a grander band gathered together in the novitiate—took innocent recreation on the ancient Roman road.

Returning to the city, we reach the last earthly home of the saint who was lent to this world for so short a while. It was at Sant' Andrea that he spent those closing months of ecstatic absorption in his God, of ever-increasing mystic rapture which culminated at length in the loving force that compelled its Creator to call to Himself the pure soul, whose craving, too mighty for its frail dwelling-place, could not be otherwise satisfied. It is at Sant' Andrea that St. Stanislaus' mortal remains tranquilly await beneath the altar the day of resurrection.

Sant' Andrea formerly stood among convents and quiet gardens. It is now almost the centre of United Italy. The eye is dazzled by the great white block of the Quirinal that fills the opposite side of the narrow street, the Government buildings surround the church, and below it runs the modern Via Nazionale. Above all, the Government has seized the house of the Novitiate, hallowed by the hourly presence of the young St. Stanislaus, where, far nearer the heaven which indeed he was fast approaching than the earth with which he had no concern, he worked and prayed and did penance, joyous always, loving and beloved of God and man. Bitter is the pain and indignation that the Catholic heart must feel at the profanation of this house of holy memories in which St. Stanislaus spent the greater part of his life in Rome.

Here were the rooms and the corridors which he swept ; which he walked as one, say his biographers, who was lost in God ; the kitchen where, on the morning before he went to his bed to die, he worked, calmly, with the trust of a favourite child, awaiting the summons for which he had begged to go home to his God ; the chapel, the scene of so many of his burning prayers and seraphic Communion. Not even the cell whence his innocent soul was translated has been spared, but of that we will speak more later.

The room in which St. Stanislaus slept looked on to the apse of Santa Maria Maggiore. That noblest of basilicas dedicated to the Immaculate Mother of God was especially beloved by the young saint, so devout to Our Lady that it was a well known fact among his fellow-novices, doubly proved by the circumstances of his death, that to him she could refuse nothing. His last action every night, his first every morning, was to turn towards the church, and prostrating himself ask, with the simplicity of a child, his heavenly Mother's blessing. From his example, this custom spread through the Novitiate and continued till long after its originator had passed to his glory. To the pilgrim following in the footsteps of St. Stanislaus, it is grateful to reflect upon entering the venerable basilica that here, at least, are comparatively few of the changes that one needs must deplore in so many of the Roman sanctuaries and that, save for the domed papal chapels to right and left of the transept, which little alter its general aspect, we behold the mighty building, not only as it was in the days when St. Stanislaus loved to go there to pray, but far before his time. With him we tread the glorious coloured pavement beneath the same roof, ablaze with the first gold carried across fresh discovered seas from the New World by the pioneer galleys of conquering Spain ; with him make our way past the colonnades of colossal pillars topped the whole length of the far-stretching nave by the glittering mosaic frieze, and which, from being dedicated in the temple of Diana, now stand in solemn and silent majesty to proclaim that the worship of demons has yielded to the triumph more enduring, more immovable than even their own giant strength, of Jesus and Mary ; with him stand before the triumphal chancel arch, which declares with the Council of Ephesus Mary as Mother of God, and the gorgeous mosaics of the apse bearing witness in their turn to the love of the faithful Middle Ages for the Queen of Heaven. Thus far with

Stanislaus; and now we must turn aside to the rich Borghese chapel which, though posterior to his epoch, is the point in all the church that is most closely connected with his history, because over its altar is now enshrined the famous picture of Our Lady *ad Nives*, said to be painted by St. Luke, which has been the treasure of Santa Maria Maggiore for more than a thousand years, and which St. Stanislaus so singularly loved that his devotion to it has remained a living tradition to this day in Rome. The picture is so black with age as to be scarce discernible, but the copies that meet the eye on all sides in devout Rome give ample proof of the grave and dignified beauty of the Byzantine original. Of all the Roman Madonnas Our Lady of the Snow is that of the most venerable associations and that to which the saints of all ages have borne the greatest devotion. Long might the roll-call be made; many and many are the names that rise to our lips as we gaze upon that much loved picture, from the great Gregory down to Ignatius de Azevedo, who fell in martyrdom, embracing with the last strength of his dying hands the copy given him by Borgia. and our own St. Stanislaus, delighting to pour out at the Madonna's feet his pure heart on fire with heavenly love.

Santa Maria Maggiore was one of the last, if not the very last, of Rome's sanctuaries that St. Stanislaus visited. Let us mingle with those devout throngs as in the burning heat of an early August day, three hundred years and more ago, the feast of Our Lady of the Snow, they pour out of the mighty church. Do you notice that pair in the Jesuit cloak and soutane—that grave theologian and a seventeen year old novice whose sweet face is radiant with purity and joy? Do not part with them yet awhile but follow them on their short homeward road to Sant' Andrea, for in but ten days' time the earth will know Stanislaus no more, and he has prayed for the last time in his favourite shrine. Listen as he answers with his own inimitable charm some question anent the approaching feast of the Assumption put him by the Father who loves him very dearly and delights in his conversation, especially when it turns on Mary; hear him describe her glory in the glowing accents spoken out of the fulness of his heart, and then distinctly state that on her feast he himself will be the witness of the great joy of Paradise. No sign of approaching death is about him, and the Father only smiles. On the same occasion Father Sà asked St. Stanislaus if he loved Our Lady. "Father,"

replied the saint in impassioned accents, "how can you ask me? She is my Mother." So moved was the good priest, not so much by his companion's words as by the manner in which he uttered them, that he afterwards repeated the story to St. Francis Borgia, to that holy man's great delight.

But we have one more point of topography, and that a very precious one, before we can accompany St. Stanislaus in his last hours on earth and to his resting-place in Sant' Andrea. A small garden, now divided from the street by an open railing, instead of the sheltered wall of old, stretches next to the Church of Sant' Andrea, which forms a picturesque, irregular back-ground to the tender green of its spring-clothed trees. Any characteristics it may once have possessed of a Roman garden—those old-world, ilex-shaded, grass-grown wildernesses, where roses are left to clamber at their own sweet will, and in which, beneath the transparent blue (and was ever blue translucent as a Roman sky?) one may wander on and on to one's heart content till far into the past—have been done away with, and it is now a commonplace attempt at an English plot, bright with flowers and carefully kept paths. But no secularizing government can prevent its being anything but holy ground, for here St. Stanislaus was wont to walk, and in its cool retreat he sought relief from the consuming flames of divine love that, burning in his heart as a living and scorching heat, brought him many a time to the brink of death. In this garden his Superior found him one day at an unusual hour, when, moreover, there was blowing one of those bitter Roman winds that carry the chill of the snow-covered mountains upon their wings, and in answer to his astonished inquiry, Stanislaus, constrained by obedience to discover the heights of mysticism, where, despite his tender youth, he dwelt no less than St. Francis of Assisi or St. Teresa, confessed that he had been unable to stand up against the overwhelming ecstatic fires of love that had swept over him while praying a short while before, and had been obliged to find alleviation in the icy air. Part of the novices' garden extended behind the railed off portion we now see, and is at the present moment, since the Government seized it, an ugly mass of scaffolding and building, blotting out by its discordant sights and sounds the gracious figure of St. Stanislaus as he trod its once cloistered garden-ways. Behind planks and palings, in a wretched yard, stands, robbed of the loving veneration that once

enveloped it, torn from its harmonious surroundings, the ruined fountain of St. Stanislaus, now little more than a dilapidated block of stone, in whose refreshing waters he used to bathe his breast, burning after his mystic paroxysms. A fresco depicting the Madonna and Child with Stanislaus kneeling at their feet in his ecstasy formerly adorned this holy object, but an impious hand having desecrated the picture, it was considered expedient to totally erase it. All that remains to recall the fact that we are looking upon a memorial of one of God's saints is its inscription, now sadly out of keeping with its environment :—

Olim Kostka meis ignem lenibat in undis
 Illum Divinus quo peredebat Amor.
 Ite alio, juvenes, alius quos ignis adurit :
 Accede huc simili quisquis ab igne cales.

From its position, it is improbable that even this battered wreck will long escape total destruction ; and we can only turn sorrowfully away from a spot, where, far from being able to satisfy devotion, it is with difficulty that we may take one hurried glance, and bend our steps to the rooms of St. Stanislaus in the house adjacent to Sant' Andrea which tells the same sad story of spoliation and wilful outrage.

It will be remembered that the original room in which St. Stanislaus died was destroyed in 1839, in the teeth of the indignant protests of the whole Catholic world, and of the entreaty presented to Queen Margherita by ten thousand Polish ladies, that this additional pain should be spared to their many sufferings. Not only, however, the ornaments, but as far as possible, the components of the sacred spot were saved, removed to their present site, and built up again in exact imitation of the original. Consequently, to all intents and purposes, we are still in the place where the saint lived the last few days of his life and whence his soul was rapt to God. This rafted ceiling, then, these walls, looked down upon the ecstatic passing of the child-saint whose purity was whiter than that of lilies, whose love shortened his brief earthly tarrying ; held his virginal body dying, at his own request, humbly as a penitent upon the ground, saw that wonderful supreme moment when, smiling, he gazed upon Our Lady and the virgin martyrs, and in that smile died. The tiny cell—for the two wings were the addition of a later piety—shorn and mutilated though it be, breathes out an indescribable peace and purity. It

seems as if the winning presence were still here, still living, still casting its blessed influence over the space of more than three hundred years, of the saint whose face alone was found by those who saw in him their certain cure against temptation, and who won to Christ, by the very beauty of his life, even those among whom he dwelt only for days.

The ornaments in the room are commendably few and are of a nature that takes nothing from the simplicity that is so suitable to the character of its saint. In the middle of the chamber is the life-sized statue by Le Gros of the dying Stanislaus, a vivid presentment of the saint at the moment of his death. The figure reclines upon a couch. The religious habit, slightly opened at the throat, is draped loosely about his form. The head, in a lovely attitude expressive of the eternal rest into which the young saint had hastened to enter, has gently drooped towards the crucifix which, partly fallen from the hand too weak to hold it, across the arm, still reposes there, instinctively encircled in a last loving embrace. In the other hand is a picture of Our Lady which, if not an actual copy of the original which St. Stanislaus looked upon while dying and which is now in Cracow, yet brings to mind how the only way by which the Fathers who surrounded Stanislaus at his death could tell, so softly did he breathe away his soul, if he were really gone, was that no smile greeted the picture of his cherished heavenly Mother that they placed before him. Serene peace and joy are stamped on the exquisite face. It is as though we had actually before us the saint himself who, beautiful in death as he had been alive, seemed, as he lay dead, wrapped in a slumber sweeter far than that of life. Over the statue is a picture of the vision in which Stanislaus' soul was caught to Paradise, that, namely, of Our Lady, and the saints he had loved—Barbara, Agnes and Cecilia—welcoming him for all eternity.

In the right wing of the chapel stands the altar of St. Stanislaus where hangs what is called his portrait. As it was painted from memory, many years after his death, the resemblance is not likely to be a very close one; but, taking its general style, it is no difficult task to idealize the face into the unearthly beauty to which every one who saw the saint bears unanimous testimony. At this altar when it stood in the original room of St. Stanislaus, Leo XIII said his first Mass: and it is touching to recall the devotion of the aged Pontiff who bore the weight of the spiritual

universe beyond the term of years allotted to mortal man, to the Benjamin of the Church's confessors. The second altar facing it beyond the further arch is dedicated to Our Lady, and here has appropriately been placed the first copy ever taken of the Madonna *ad Nives*, painted at the request of St. Francis Borgia, and before which he used to offer Mass.

We have seen our saint safe to heaven; but we can still mark some few steps of his glorified life, far longer than his years on earth. Round the antechamber to his room hang eight pastels representing the chief episodes in his history from the brush of the Jesuit lay-brother, Pozzi. Their delicate charm and soft colouring, together with a certain old-world atmosphere about them, are admirably in harmony with their subject. We would especially note the beautiful oblong of St. Stanislaus' death.

Making our way down the stairs, we enter the church of Sant' Andrea in Quirinale—the shrine of St. Stanislaus. The curious little church is oval, and remarkable for the beauty of its marble walls of red and white. Dating from the seventeenth century, it has supplanted the old church of our saint's time where his body was first laid to rest, and which possessed an additional interest from the fact that as it was building during his noviciate it is probable, as Father Goldie in his life of the saint observes, that the novices were employed in the works, and that St. Stanislaus therefore helped in the fashioning of what was to become his temporary shrine. Much that to the outward eye honoured the saint in his own church has here too been robbed from him. His novices have ruthlessly been driven forth, and the precious jewels and ex-votos with which his chapel was enriched disappeared during the dark days of the French Revolution. But even so the sanctuary is still the centre of a fervent devotion, especially when the pilgrims from harassed and faithful Poland gather each year round the tomb of their own dear saint who has saved their beloved land in many a peril.

The chapel is on the right of the high altar, and like the rest of the church is rich with marbles. Beneath the altar is the exquisite tomb of bright blue *lapis lazuli*, with the sacred monogram wrought in gold on its shield. A crystal lamp, heart-shaped in memory of the fire of seraphic love that consumed St. Stanislaus' heart, burns before it, to whose flame the jewels set in a ring upon the tomb flash back their brilliant colours. The altar-piece and

the pictures on each side by Carlo Maratta depict respectively the saint receiving the Infant Jesus from Our Lady's arms, his miraculous Communion, and his bathing his inflamed breast with the help of angels. If in their details these productions of a rococo painter are somewhat theatrical, the youthful face of the saint is in all three pictures of great beauty. The dome of the little chapel is frescoed with the glory of Stanislaus in heaven. But his last resting place has been set apart for a more signal honour than that within the power of any earthly artist to bestow. Each Maunday Thursday his tomb is chosen for the Altar of Repose. There, when the air is sweet with the scent of flowers, heaped in true Roman fashion upon the marble altar rails, banked in great bushes about the sanctuary steps, when the rich hangings denote the presence chamber of the King of kings, and, above all, when the tiny home of the Sacramental God is raised high upon the altar that all may come and adore, they who love St. Stanislaus cannot but, as they kneel there, be struck by the significance of the scene before them. For not only is this sweet saint he who shrank from no suffering that he might gaze with undimmed vision and stainless soul upon the God of his heart, but it is he who, from his passionate love to the Eucharistic God, is peculiarly the saint of the Blessed Sacrament ; he who in anguish and desolation at being deprived of the embraces of his Beloved, was permitted, by one of those mystic miracles beyond the limits of poor human comprehension, to feed upon Him from the hands of angels hardly purer than himself. There, then, let us leave him—and where better could we do so?—reposing, to use the noble expression of the Catacombs and by the same privilege as those early martyrs, “beneath the Feet of God.”

MONICA M. GARDNER.

THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

I SET the taper in the pane,
 The Christmas taper got with care
 (In Advent days by stinted fare),
 And bade it burn, nor ever wane,
 From morn to night, from night to morn,
 Until the Christ-Child should be born !

So tall it stood, its slender white
 Encrusted o'er with red and gold
 And purple ; like the kings of old,
 A crown it wore, its crown of light.
 Now, little flame, shine down the street,
 And show the way to travelling feet !

I opened wide the cabin door ;
 The frosty air came rushing in,
 The stars aloft shone faint and thin.
 I knelt upon the earthen floor,
 And, kneeling so, alone was I :
 (The rest are in Eternity.)

A father, mother, one small maid,
 And two fair lads ; a crowd we were
 Around the Christmas taper there
 (Beside the *kille* the four are laid).
 O Christmas taper, shed thy light !
 There's One will come for me to-night.

And oh ! the world was dark and cold
 (But lighted by my taper's flame),
 When down the street the Christ-Child came,
 An ice-wreath in His hair of gold,
 And opened His young arms to me :
 " Now come to where *they* bide," saith He.

Good neighbours, is it Christmas Night ?
Ah yes, I see my taper's flame
Still burning as when in He came
Impelled by its imploring light,
Came in and stood within the door,
And said, "O Mother, weep no more !"

Then I fell fast asleep, and so
You found me. Now I go to them,
As bid by Him of Bethlehem.
Ere my sweet taper wanes I go ;
For He, the Christ-Child, bids me come
Where they wait for me in His home.

R. M. G.

AT THE TUAM STATION

"YOU don't like emigration," said my friend ; "well, go to the morning train on Wednesday next, you'll see a sight." And I went.

The crowd was very large, young and old, men and women, boys and girls. They made a brave show in the morning light of a day that seemed undecided whether to grow dark and weep or allow the sun to smile. And the former was the more natural, for this was a funeral—one of the funerals of Ireland. The sinister meaning of it all did not occur to these laughing, jesting, people and to suggest that these young men and women would be better off, physically and morally, at home would cause one to be gazed at as a curiosity. But I risked it.

"Why are these people going to America?" I asked a man standing near.

"O, sure I heard you makin' a speech about that," said he.

"But why are they going?" I persisted.

"Musha, sure, to make their fortunes, sir," he said.

"And then, I suppose, you do know some who have made their fortunes?"

"Arrah, yis, to be sure, there's Mary—look at her over there. She came home lasht spring, an' the sight o' things she does be

talkin' about is wonderful. She made her fortune [in a decided tone]. It's she put it into the heads o' some of thim to go."

"She is going back again, then?"

"No, thin, she isn't. She's staying at home in th' oul' place."

"With her parents?"

"Oh, no, they're dead; but her sister is marrud in the houldin' and she's livin' with her."

"It is a large place, then?"

"Well, no, sir, it isn't. There's only five acres, all tould."

"She pays her share, I suppose?"

"Well, now, as ye ask, the neighbours do be saying that she doesn't. She works for what she gets."

"And what about the fortune she has made?"

A pause, a shake of the head—

"Musha, faith, that never struck me."

"By the way, how long was she across?"

"Five years, sir."

"How old was she when she went away?"

"About nineteen."

"And she looks about forty to-day."

"Faith, it's true for ye, every word o' it."

"And is *that* worth going to America for, and making a fortune?" And I walked away, leaving him to think it out. It was a simple way to get him to look at the "other" side of the picture. Byandby he will come to realise it in its entirety.

But there were two who felt the sword of sorrow piercing their hearts. An old woman stood by the railway carriage. She had sobbed herself into silence, and it was heart-sickening to see her gazing up into her weeping daughter's face. Her body swayed to and fro in an excess of grief; from time to time she clapped her hands to the accompaniment of a low moan. She was old, and she would never see her child again; the eyes would look in vain and the heart would hunger without appeasing for the daughter she bore and reared and cared for—*she* would be out in America, "making her fortune," and a lonely widow's heart in a lonely homestead by the hillside would slowly break and die. The picture was awful in its intensity, and I turned to another group for relief—and I found it, but not in the way I expected. A very old man stood beside the carriage clasping his son's hands.

Bent with age and toil, the man could scarcely raise his head sufficiently high to look into his son's face; but he kissed the two young hands passionately, fiercely, while the tears flowed gently down his furrowed cheeks. I tried to imagine the sorrow of the son, but I soon felt a wave of anger swept over me, for a man near by told me in a whisper that the old man would now be alone in the world. "The son is his only living child, and nothing will prevent him from going 'to America to make his fortune.' No, nothing; not even the sight of this terrible sorrow—a sorrow that would make one weep tears of blood. He must 'make his fortune,' and when he has it made he will come 'some day.'" And to make that phantom fortune he goes to throw away his young life, and by and by he will come back disillusioned and broken to fill an Irish grave. But that side of the picture is only for fanatics on stopping emigration. Wise people who look on all effort at stemming the tide of Ireland's life as it flows to death as so much labour in vain, will not look at any but the "fortune-making" side of the canvas.

The sounds of music came from the next carriage—and laughter, boisterous laughter. Four young women and two men bound for Europe's dust-bin also. At one window sat a young woman staring out at the throng, her eyes scarcely seeming to recognise what she looked at, wide and liquid with unshed tears. At the other side sat a young man, his head supported in his hand, his eyes closed in an effort to sleep, tired out with the rioting of the "American wake" on the previous night, when the slopes of Knockma resounded to the bursts of song and the "music" of the melodeon (now being "played" by a young woman sitting beside him) which betokened the gathering of the people of the countryside to give him and others a "dacent sind-off." The remaining occupants were laughing and joking in a reckless kind of way, which made one ask if there were any real mirth behind it.

And while I watched these people I heard some girls giggling behind me. "It's great fun," said one—a little thoughtless girl who won a prize at a Feis some time ago—"It's great fun: I wouldn't miss it for the world."

JOHN HAMILTON.

BEFORE THE CRIB

I COME with those who left their sheep
To find Thee cradled in the straw ;
I wake Thee from Thy infant sleep,
Great love prevailing over awe.

I bow my forehead to the floor,
With all I am I worship Thee ;
In lowly homage I adore
My God made man for love of me.

Into Thy little right hand's hold
I put this body that is mine,
Its health and strength, its wealth of gold—
Take them, O Babe, and make them Thine.

Within Thy other hand I place
Thy gifts of intellect and will,
My soul, its royal dower of grace,
And everything I hope for still.

I lay down humbly at Thy feet
This love that flashes in my heart ;
I give Thee all, my Saviour sweet,
So gracious and so kind Thou art.

And then with backward looks I go
To face again the lone hillside ;
The world is cold beneath the snow,
But in my breast is summertide.

J. W. A.

TWO LITTLE MITES

IT was about half-past seven on an Australian September evening. Darkness had come on a good hour and a half before, and the air was rapidly chilling down into frost. A few days previously the heat had been oppressive, and clouds of dust were everywhere to be seen driven by the rushing hot winds from the north. Since then rain had come and the thermometer had gone down fifteen or twenty degrees. Now, as I have said, it was preparing for a good night's frost.

I was waiting for the particular tram-car I wanted when my eyes were attracted by two little figures crouched together in a darkish spot on the kerbstone; their little bare feet were in the wet gutter, but of this they seemed absolutely heedless. I stooped down to get a better look at them. The moment I did so, the smaller of the two, who, I should imagine, was between three and four years of age, rose up and darted over like a timid rabbit to the side of his brother furthest away from me. His brother I should put down as between five and six years of age.

"What in this world," I said, "are you doing out here at this time of night? Where did you come from?"

"From Fitzroy," said the elder; "and me and my brother is waiting till the big hall over there is opened." He seemed thoroughly frightened, as if he had been guilty of something, and had fallen into the hands of the law.

"And what are you going to do in the big hall when it is opened?"

"Going to learn how to act. There is a man there that is showing us how to act."

"I see," I said in a musing sort of way, for I was completely thunderstruck by the reply. It was about the last answer I should have dreamt of receiving.

"Are you not cold?" This I asked, because he seemed to have absolutely nothing on him but a sort of old bile which he had tucked closely all round him as he sat crouched on the kerbstone. In the meantime I could see the eyes of the younger lad dilating with apparent amazement, that any well-dressed human being should stop and stoop to talk to them. All the same he kept

securely at the further side of his brother, ready to bolt at any moment.

"Yes, we are," he replied.

"How many are there of you at home?"

"Three of us, and my mother. We have no father. My mother works, and I come here to learn to act."

The tram-car I wanted had arrived. I put into his little grimy hand the smallest of silver coins; it was all I could afford, but he looked in amazement, and the younger lad climbed suddenly over his brother to see what he had got.

"Good-night," I said, and as I did so I got a clear view of the elder boy's head and face; it was literally beautiful, though thin and pale. The face of the smaller was rounder and softer, but then he was younger by probably a year and a half.

Now why have I described such a simple incident as this at such length? Those who mix more with the world and are better acquainted with the poor, will, I feel, if their eyes ever light upon this page, give a kind of commiserating smile at my simplicity. All the same, I cannot banish the little incident out of my head, nor the face of that boy from my memory and imagination. It literally seems to haunt me still. Such unconscious pleading mixed with wonder as I saw in it! And such a handsome intellectual face to be found on the shoulders of one of those who are called and looked on by many as "mudlarks" and "gutter-sparrows." Oh, the mystery of this world! Who will even partially unravel it for us?

I hurried into the tram-car and was borne away rapidly to quite another scene. I had been invited to a social gathering of Catholics to be held in a newly-erected hall. It was a friendly pleasant gathering of young people of both sexes, for mutual improvement and refinement, was half-religious in its tone, and was presided over by the Parish Priest. Nothing could have won my approbation more highly than what I there witnessed.

One of the greatest attractions of the evening was the singing and performances of a little female actress of about the same age as my young friend whom I had left half-naked, crouched side by side with his brother on the cold kerbstone, and his brown little bare feet in the gutter. Now, if this little actress had one fold of muslin, silk and gauze, it seemed to me that she had at least a dozen. They were light and feathery, no doubt, but the number

was there, and any one of them was worth a great deal more than the soiled rag or shirt that was enveloping the limbs of the poor boy. His hair, though beautiful, was uncombed and uncared for; every ringlet of hers had been specially studied and arranged. Her little feet were enveloped in patent leather shoes, her hands were in delicate white gloves; his feet were in the gutter, and not only his hands but his arms were bare and unwashed. He was both handsome and intellectual looking, she was neither one nor the other.

Now, I am not finding fault with either her or her parents for the fact that she was so beautifully dressed. People have a right to maintain their position in life, and are bound, according to their means, to set an example of cleanliness and order. What I am thinking of is this: Might not she or her parents have dispensed with one, or say two, of her gauzy dresses, and found out some fitting object on which to bestow either it or the money it cost? Was there not some children within easy range of their charity, whom they might have made supremely happy by their gift? And would not their own happiness have been enhanced a hundredfold by the memory of that little act of charity and kindness?

D. G.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

1. *A Girl's Ideal*. By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). London, Glasgow, Dublin, and Bombay: Blackie & Son. [Price, 5s.]

These spirited publishers place after Lady Gilbert's name on the title-page those books only that they have themselves published, namely, *The Girls of Banshee Castle*, *Cynthia's Bonnet Shop*, *Giannetta*, and *Hetty Gray*, which have this in common, that they are specially but by no means exclusively suitable for those who are "standing"—but why with "reluctant feet"?—

Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet.

Older readers of both sexes will enjoy this very pleasant and vivacious story, which seems to us to rank almost highest of all in that division of Lady Gilbert's work just referred to. The number of nice people that we come to know and love, or, at least, like ; the individuality given to so many characters, is, indeed, remarkable ; but, then, the canvas is large. It is a full-length narrative, filling the four hundred pages of a large crown octavo, with half-a-dozen pictures by Mr. R. Hope scattered through it. The scene shifts, backwards and forwards, between Dublin and Galway County, after a brief prologue in the United States, and with bright interludes at Rouen and Verona ; and, indeed, some of the time is spent in London also, so that there is no lack of variety of scene, while the tale wanders through the interesting stages which most ingeniously delay, till the proper moment, the happy consummation. *A Girl's Ideal* is not only a crown octavo, but a crown in price also ; and with its " cloth elegant and olivine edges " it is sure to be many a girl's ideal of a Christmas present. There is plenty of wit and wisdom in it and generous feeling, and over all the quiet fascination of an exquisite style.

2. *A Roll of Honour : Irish Priests and Prelates of the Last Century*. With Preface by the Most Rev. John Healy, D.D., Archbishop of Tuam. Dublin : Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, 27, Lower Abbey-street. [Price, 4s. net.]

This admirable Society has done wonderful work during its brief term of existence. Besides putting into circulation immense quantities of edifying literature, issued by others, it has published for the popular penny a long series of tales, essays, biographies, very many of them of great merit and interest. It has also published longer and more important books like *The Art of Life*, by Dr. Kolbe ; *Under the Cedars and the Stars*, by Canon Sheehan, etc. But this new *Roll of Honour* is, perhaps, the largest and most attractive volume in their catalogue, consisting of very full biographies of four bishops and five priests who did good work in Ireland during the nineteenth century ; three archbishops, Murray, MacHale, and Croke, along with Dr. Doyle, the famous J. K. L. ; and then Father Mathew, Father Burke, O.P. ; Father Robert Haly, S.J. ; Father Hand (the founder of All Hollows), and Dr. Russell of Maynooth. It is a pity that the new processes which have facilitated so much the printing of pictures were not put into requisition to brighten this volume with portraits of all that we

have named. But without this additional attraction it is a most interesting and instructive volume.

3. *In the Morning of Life. Considerations and Meditations for Boys.* By Herbert Lucas, S.J. London and Edinburgh: Sands & Co.

In this tastefully produced volume Father Lucas gives the instructions and exhortations that he addressed to the boys at Stonyhurst College during the school year 1903-4. He is certainly not mistaken in his hope that they will be found helpful by others besides schoolboys. He was quite right in not pretending to talk down to his audience, and there are few passages in the volume that would not suit any gathering of Christian souls. Without any affected novelties Father Lucas gives a good deal of freshness to his treatment of such subjects even as Heaven and the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

4. *The Way that led Beyond.* By J. Harrison. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. [Price, 6s.]

Miss Harrison is the author of *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, and sundry paragraphs in American journals allow us to attribute to her some other excellent work under another name. We do not like her new novel quite so well as the first, though probably it may please the ordinary novel reader still better. The plot is too melodramatic for our quiet tastes and the author seems to venture too boldly into scenes which she is obliged to evolve out of her inner consciousness. A free-born American is not bound to be familiar with the intricacies of the British peerage, but the wicked baronet and his mother have impossible titles. The story is interesting, and is cleverly and sometimes even brilliantly written. The directly religious parts seem to be introduced somewhat abruptly.

5. Benziger Brothers, of New York, have now for twenty-two years brought out the *Catholic Annual*. The number for 1905 is excellent. Beside almanack matter, it is rich in good pictures, illustrating valuable articles about Catholicity in Japan, Early Missions in California, etc., and interesting stories by Grace Keon, Lilian Mack, Mary Waggaman, Magdalen Rock, and others. There ought to be a table of contents. It deserves the wide circulation that it is sure to get.

6. One of the newest stories published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland is *Eileen's Reward*, by Nella Hughes, whose

name we have never seen before. There are some signs of inexperience in the manner in which the incidents of the story succeed one another; but the little tale has decided merit. We wish proposals of marriage of the kind here described turned out always in the end as satisfactorily as the one which forms the crisis of this little tale.

7. *Tommy and Co.*, by Jerome K. Jerome (Hutchinson & Co., London), has been sent to us, but we are not certain that it comes from the publishers, or was intended to be noticed in our pages. It is not precisely in our line; but, as it is quite innocent and undeniably clever and amusing, there is no harm in giving it our good word.

8. *Stars without Stripes, a Celestial Masque*, is a play got up to teach Astronomy pleasantly. It will not be all play, but a good deal of hard work for the juvenile performers. It is published by Burns & Oates, 28, Orchard-street, London, for sixpence net. For fourpence Messrs. Gill & Son, Dublin, give a good selection of Gerald Griffin's poems.

9. *Moral Briefs. A Concise, Reasoned, and Popular Exposition of Catholic Morals*. By the Rev. John H. Stapleton. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. [Price, 6s. net.]

Ninety-nine pithy and clear chapters on all sorts of practical subjects—conscience, sin, faith, prayer, war, theft, calumny, debt, etc. An American priest first published them by instalments in a newspaper, and has now issued them as a volume, with the changes that he discovered to be desirable during this previous method of publication. The book will be useful to many.

10. The publishers of the preceding volume have brought out two small volumes in honour of the Blessed Virgin. Fully in time for the December festivities, which will celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the Definition of the Immaculate Conception, comes an extremely neat little volume by the Very Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL.D., price, 1s. 6d. Its sixteen chapters form a complete treatise on the subject, including, as it does, a great deal of Bishop Ullathorne's book on the subject published sixty years ago, and using freely and judiciously other good authorities. There are indeed two hundred and sixteen pages, and the book is not dear at 1s. 6d., though it looks small. The other book is *The Rosary: Scenes and Thoughts*, by Rev. F. P. Garesché, S.J. It is dedicated to the Students of St. Xavier College, Cincinnati—

"for the love I have always borne them. Amongst them I began my life work, amongst them I wish to die." There is a great deal of freshness, a great deal of heart in this little book in which "I have tried, old man as I am, to see and feel and think as I venture to suppose you, my young friends, are well able to do, and I trust are willing to try to do." Father Garesché tries to enable the youthful reader to imagine himself actually present at the scene of each of the Mysteries of the Rosary; and he hopes that then the proper thoughts will come of themselves.

11. The *Ave Maria* Press, Notre Dame, Indiana, has issued as a brochure of 24 pages Mr. William J. Onahan's admirably clear and vivid summary of the history "Joan of Arc." The vicissitudes of her marvellous career are described rapidly but very carefully and skilfully and gives the reader a better idea of the holy Maid than he could draw for himself from a minute biography. May she again, from her high place in heaven, plead for her beautiful, unhappy country.

12. *Forget-me-nots from many Gardens; or, Thirty Days' Devotion to the Holy Souls.* Compiled from various sources by a Member of the Ursuline Community, Sligo. London: R. & T. Washbourne.

This beautiful book did not reach us in time to be included in our November notices of books, but it is good reading in every month of the year and not in that month only which begins with All Saints and All Souls. This Irish Ursuline has drawn her materials from a great variety of sources and has grouped them together very skilfully. She has done well in appending to most of them the signatures that they bore originally. For instance one pathetic passage has the initials "J. M. M.," which enable us to recognize it as contributed to the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, when there was only one organ of that name for England and Ireland, by a gifted Irish maiden, Josephine Macaulay, who bore another name when she died a year ago. May she rest in peace. The table of contents hardly does justice to this attractive little volume; the subjects of each day's prayer might have been specified. The publishers have expended even more than their usual taste and care on its get-up.

13. *Terry; or, She ought to have been a Boy.* By Rosa Mulholland (Lady Gilbert). London, Dublin, and Glasgow: Blackie & Son: [Price, 1s.]

The second title of this book shows that Terry stands here for Terentia, and a very sprightly young lady Miss Terentia is. She and her younger brother are a delightful little pair, very good and amiable, yet managing somehow to get into a good many very amusing scrapes. It is a child's book, but one grown-up has followed the story to the end with the keenest interest. Though there are many good pictures to bring some of the situations bodily under our eyes, and though it is a prettily bound book of quite a respectable size, the price is only a shilling.

14. Two English Jesuits, Father Herbert Thurston and Father Thomas Slater, have edited a beautiful little Latin volume which is published by B. Herder, of Freiburg, in Germany. Father Thurston, in a Latin introduction, explains all about the codices that have been compared in order to ascertain the genuine text of this treatise on the Immaculate Conception, which was formerly attributed to St. Anselm, but can now safely be assigned to his disciple, Eadmer. Some contemporary documents bearing on the subject are given in the Appendix. Small as it is, it is an interesting and valuable work.

15. *Blackie's New Programme Readers* have been prepared for Irish schools, and the publishers, who on other title-pages announce their establishments in London, Glasgow, and Bombay, confine themselves here to 89, Talbot-street, Dublin, and 44, Wellington-place, Belfast. Nay, they add on the title-page itself the gratifying statement, "*Printed and Bound in Ireland.*" Very well bound and very well printed they are. The Junior, Intermediate, and Senior Readers are graduated in price also—fivepence, sixpence, and sevenpence respectively. They are marvels of cheapness, when we add that they are thickly strewn with excellent illustrations, some of them coloured; admirably. Irish legends and Irish writers are drawn upon copiously, such names figuring in the list of authors as Father Abraham Ryan, Charles Kickham, Rosa Mulholland Gilbert, Ellen O'Leary, etc. Pleasant and useful reading for more than schoolboys.

16. When we first saw the *Redwood*, we did not understand why the name was chosen for the College Magazine of Santa Clara, California. We learned soon after that the youthful editors named their organ after a fine tree that flourishes in that favoured part of the world. The *Redwood* for October, 1904, contains several excellent items even for readers far away, such as the study

of Tennyson's "St. Agnes' Eve" and "The Lotus Eaters." How kindly the local advertisers rally round this vigorous offshoot of "the pioneer University of the Pacific Slope"!

The *Georgetown College Journal* in the first number of its thirty-third volume has ten lines in memory of Walter Reed Benjamin, who died on St. Matthew's Eve, aged nineteen years. This tiny *In Memoriam* is very beautiful.

The October part of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology* is, as usual, very well printed and illustrated, and full of original materials concerning several points in Irish history.

17. *Vera Sapientia, or True Wisdom*. Translated from the Latin of Thomas à Kempis. By the Right Rev. Mgr. Byrne, D.D., V.G. London: R. & T. Washbourne. [Price, 2s. 6d.]

This is a rather large and very readably-printed volume, and its authorship is a guarantee for its holiness and unction. The Vicar-General of Adelaide would have done well to have furnished some bibliographical particulars about this particular treatise. Is it acknowledged to be the genuine work of him whom almost all now revere as the author of *The Imitation of Christ*? There is no such title as *Vera Sapientia* in the prospectus of the fine critical edition of the writings of Thomas à Kempis that Herder of Freiburg is publishing for Dr. Pohl, who is the highest living authority on Kempensian literature.

18. *Two Convent Plays*. By Madame Cecilia. London: R. & T. Washbourne. [Price, 1s. each.]

These are Numbers 4 and 5 of the "School and Home Plays for Girls" which the Mother Superior of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham, is publishing for the benefit of a very special audience with whose wants we are not ourselves sufficiently acquainted to judge of her success. She gives very minute suggestions as to the staging of these plays, drawn evidently from practical experience of what is effective on the convent stage. We can only judge of them as closet dramas; and, even when thus read in cold blood, they are not by any means the dreary, absurd stuff that most things of the sort seem to be when examined in that manner. "The Mistress of Fernleigh Grange" has, perhaps, a better plot than "Ancilla's Debt." The attempt at Irish brogue is deplorable.

It is not stated for what special purpose the Third and Fourth Book of Kings are issued by Burns and Oates, with Bishop

Challoner's notes as in the ordinary editions of the Holy Bible, and with three pages of new notes by Father Kent, O.S.C., and some blank pages for manuscript notes to be added by the reader. Sent post free for a shilling.

WINGED WORDS

Insistence on the impossible means delay in achieving the possible.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

I would never have made any success in life if I had not bestowed upon the least thing I have ever undertaken the same attention and care that I have bestowed upon the greatest.—*Charles Dickens.*

Humility is a needle that mends many a hole.—*Madame Barat* (Foundress of the *Religieuses du Sacré Coeur*).

Before you light the fire of the love of God, be sure you sweep the chimney to get rid of the soot of pride.—*The Same.*

A wise man needs but little, and a saint still less.—*The Same.*

The sort of man whose favourite boast is, "I think now exactly as I did twenty years ago," very seldom exercises much influence on the course of history.—*William Dillon.*

In investigating Divine ways we are sure to arrive at the inscrutable; and, when we do so, it is better to leave off and confess our ignorance and incapacity. This was the practice of St. Augustine, who was fond of St. Paul's phrase, "Unsearchable are His ways," and who, as Lecky says, had a constant and vivid sense of the darkness around us.—*W. H.*

An invisible Church would be a very sorry antagonist against so very visible a world.—*William George Ward.*

Oh! if we would but throw ourselves more upon Mary than we do, with the whole weight of love, with the whole weight of our necessities! She is loving each one of us this moment with a surprising love. No friend, no parent, no saint, no angel, has ever been to us what she has been. It is wonderful what she has done for us without our asking; more wonderful still what she has

done for our little asking ; but most wonderful of all is what she can do and will do if we will ask more and trust more.—*Father Faber.*

Perpetual idleness must be one of the punishments of hell.—*Alfred Tennyson.*

The artist is known by his self-limitation.—*The Same.*

It is only the concise and perfect work which will last.—*The Same.*

There is nothing pride can so little bear with as pride itself.—*Charles Dickens.*

What joys are lost, what hopes are given,
As through this death-struck world we roam !
We dream awhile that home is Heaven ;
We find at length that Heaven is home.

—*H. C. G. Moule.*

Nought like the simple element dilutes.—*Dr. Armstrong*
(quoted constantly by Leigh Hunt, while drinking water).

The mysteries of human nature are wonderful, and we must take people at their best, even though they may not be as nice and reasonable as ourselves.—*M. R.*

Advesperascit ! Oh, the infinite pathos of it all !—*P. O'B.*

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Please return promptly.

~~Oct 22 1941~~

